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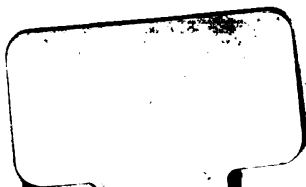
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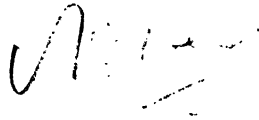
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THE
JEW OF VERONA :

An Historical Tale

OF THE
ITALIAN REVOLUTIONS OF 1846-9.



Translated from the Second Revised Italian Edition.

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PREFACE.

DURING the painful hours of his tedious exile, the Sovereign Pontiff meditated in silence and in sorrow over the unhappy events which had defiled the face of Italy and of Rome. He saw, with feelings of bitter anguish, that his people had been deceived and misled by the intrigues and cunning artifices of the conspirators, and intoxicated by the cry of liberty, they had plunged into the vortex of anarchy and crime.

While revolving these things in his mind, he conceived the happy idea of establishing a periodical, as a medium of restoring sound principles to the minds of the Italians, and of removing the dark cloud of falsehood and misrepresentation which had been so assiduously thrown around the recent events, by the Mazzinian press. For this purpose, during his residence at the royal villa at Portici, he directed the Jesuit Fathers in Naples to undertake the publication of some periodical, which, with the blessing of heaven, might accomplish these desirable results.

Father Curci was placed at the head of this literary enterprise, and he immediately selected Father Bresciani as one of his associates, and committed to him that department of the projected Magazine, which should furnish those pleasing and attractive articles, so essential in a work which is intended to be made popular. The brilliant and comprehensive mind of the venerable ecclesiastic rose in proportion to the importance of the department committed to his charge. Soaring above the ordinary writers of fiction, he sought to unite pleasure with utility, and to adorn the pages of truthful history with all the gaiety of romance. The field of the recent convulsions of Italy lay before him—the sad and mournful recollection of the heart-rending

scenes which had just taken place, was still fresh in the public mind. Here he determined to lay his plot.

On the evening of the 6th of February, 1850, during the course of a solitary walk along the enchanting Bay of Naples, and while contemplating a violent eruption of Mount Vesuvius, the happy idea of the "Jew of Verona," was conceived, its outline sketched, and even before the author had retired, the first pages were committed to paper.

Father Bresciani, who was an eye-witness to many of the events which he relates, and for the truth of which he vouches, even in the most minute particulars, gives a faithful history of the convulsions of Europe, and more especially of the scenes of devastation committed in Italy and in Rome, from the death of Gregory the XVIth to the attack on the Quirinal Palace, and the flight of Pope Pius the IXth. Owing to the combined efforts of the sectarian and secular press, and their emissaries, the most exaggerated misstatements of facts have been published and ingeniously circulated, and thus the most erroneous impressions relative to these transactions, have been made upon the public mind, both in this country and in Europe.

That a rebellion took place in Rome, that the Sovereign Pontiff was compelled to fly from his dominions, that a so-called Republic was proclaimed in the metropolis of the Christian world, are well known and public facts, but how few are aware of the nefarious means by which these extraordinary events were accomplished. And for the want of better information thousands of well-disposed persons have been betrayed into false conclusions; they have been led to impute blame where none was justly due, and to applaud actions the most atrocious and unjust.

But the principal object of the author in preparing the work, was to expose the wicked tendency and the treacherous designs of the secret societies. Of these nefarious associations, he draws the most vivid picture. He removes the dark cloud which envelopes them, and exhibits them in all their hideousness. He shows from the writings of their leaders, that their avowed object is to force back civilization into a state of barbarism, in order, as they pretend, to lay anew the foundation of society, and to build up a system better calculated to insure the happiness of mankind. These objects they pursue with unremitting energy, everywhere and against all opposition; in prisons and in dungeons, in palaces and in hovels; in the army and

in the navy; in the halls of legislation, and even "under the altar of God."

But with a hypocritical air of sanctity they deceive the superficial observer; with religion on their lips and infidelity in their hearts, they diffuse the venom of their pernicious principles into every department of literature, and among all ranks and conditions of life; in silence and in secrecy they meditate destruction against the most cherished institutions of society, rebellion against law and order, and treason against God. They mislead the incautious, and corrupt the innocence of the young. And, alas! how many parents have had cause to exclaim with the present venerable Pontiff, when he saw the ravages they had committed among the noble and generous youth of Italy: "Ah! they have robbed me of my children."

The ultimate tendency of secret societies is everywhere the same. The truth of this remark may be gathered from the language of Mazzini himself, the arch-leader of the secret societies of Europe. In a letter or circular addressed to his followers in 1846, he says: "Secret societies give to the party on whose side they are enlisted, a power that is perfectly irresistible. Be not alarmed, if you see them split into several divisions; the more the better; *they all tend to the same end, only they take different roads.*"

With such admissions from a source so reliable, how important is it for our own citizens, more particularly for the Catholic, to pause for a moment and consider these truths, especially at a time when secret societies overspread the land; at a time, when the aspirant to political honours, in order to attain the goal of his ambition, is frequently compelled to bind himself by the most solemn vows, to carry out the foul and impious designs of certain secret associations,—associations whose open and undisguised object is hostility to the Catholic Church, and opposition to Catholic emigration,—associations which, under the [pretence of "liberty," "progress," "enlightenment," tend to supplant revealed religion, and, when developed, may re-enact upon the shores of America, the bloody deeds of the Red Republicans of France and Italy, and the Radicals of Switzerland. While we hear this warning voice raised from the plains of Italy against the dangers of secret societies, we should bear in mind, that those secret agencies are everywhere, and at all times, in active operation; and if it be only occasionally they give signs of vigorous action, and as it were by accident percolate through the disguises which

envelop them, the final explosion of the mine is only the more to be dreaded. A key, therefore, to movements which may at any time, even in our own country, lead to the most fearful revolutions, cannot prove otherwise than acceptable.

But the warning which it raises against secret societies, is only one of the many merits of the work. The danger of bad books, their corrupting influence over the minds of the young, is distinctly marked out. They are the ready vehicles in the hands of secret societies for disseminating their pernicious doctrines, and of ultimately accomplishing their nefarious ends. On this subject the author holds the following language: "Be assured that bad books can teach you nothing whatever. There are innumerable histories which, with intentional malice, distort and misrepresent facts, and store the mind with a collection of falsehoods. The community is flooded with philosophical and moral treatises, written in a pleasing and attractive style, but poisoned with sophisms and fallacies, which fill the minds of those who read them with pernicious errors. These works are the more dangerous because they conceal the poison which penetrates the roots of fundamental principles, and corrupts the minds of youth in matters of the first importance. Lying histories, false and erroneous speculations, are in our days the murderous arms by which impiety seeks to corrupt the world. The followers of Voltaire, of the last century, were in the habit of interweaving with their errors the most disgusting obscenities: at the present day more craft is displayed: vice is concealed under the mask of virtue; they thus insinuate the venom into the first principles; they seek no longer to poison the fruit, *but the roots.*"

It is superfluous to add a single word in reference to the character and the evil tendency of this class of literature in our own land, where perhaps it has acquired a wider circulation, and is read with more avidity than in any other country in the world.

The true character of Mazzini, of Kossuth, of Lola Montes, and of other prominent actors in the late convulsions of Europe, and even that of "Father Gavazzi," is unfolded in the truthful pages of the *Jew of Verona*; and as many of these noted personages have visited our shores, and are at the present moment disseminating in our midst their poisonous principles, it is important that the public should know their history and understand their characters.

But while the "*Jew of Verona*" possesses all the merits of a truthful

history, it combines all the beauties of the most interesting romance. The author, like an accomplished artist, relieves the narrative by introducing to the reader a number of interesting characters, who exhibit virtue in all its charms, and depict vice in all its deformity. In the person of Polissena, parents may learn to guard against the seductive influence of those, who under the cloak of piety, agreeable manners, and personal accomplishments, seek to poison the fountain of domestic happiness, to beguile the young, and to infuse into their innocent hearts the bitter portion of wickedness and crime. In the virtuous Alisa, they will learn to place a proper estimate upon the blessings of a religious education; in Ursulina, the lamentable effects of evil associations are vividly drawn: and in Aser, the hero of the tale, we behold the noblest qualities of mind and heart degraded and debased by the fearful abominations of the code of Weishaupt, whilst in the circumstances which led to his conversion to Christianity, the reader, with mingled feelings of wonder and admiration, contemplates the infinite goodness and mercy of God, whose overruling providence directs all human actions, and often conducts the most untoward events to the happiest results. Thus a deep vein of religion and morality runs through the whole work.

The translation and publication of the work have been undertaken at the earnest solicitation of many eminent Catholics, who, having read the work in the original, were desirous of having it circulated among the Catholics of the United States.

Certain portions of the original work have been omitted or abridged in the translation, either to preserve a proper connection, or because their interest was considered merely local. The work terminates with the death of Aser, the chief character in the scene, as the author could not conveniently continue after that event, which was literally true. The excesses committed in Rome, after the flight of the Pope, the author has minutely described in a subsequent work, entitled "The Roman Republic," which may at an early period be given to the public.

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THE JEW OF VERONA.

CHAPTER I.

“ There are fables which resemble truth,
And truths which resemble fables.”—VOLTAIRE.

THE sides of Mount Vesuvius present a most delightful view to the spectator who stands near Portici, or on the Torre del Greco. The eye never grows fatigued, nor does the mind ever become satiated with the grandeur of the scenery; the heart overflows with the delight which those luxuriant heights everywhere breathe. The noble and delicate mind of the Sovereign Pontiff, Pope Pius IX., frequently contemplated the beauties of those hills during the sad hours of his tedious exile, and from the terrace or portico of the villa, watched the tranquil sea, and scanned the circle of the gulf from Posilippo to Sorrentum. On the one hand, he beheld the fertile shores, studded with villas and palaces, environed by well-cultivated lands; on the other, groves of orange trees and cedars, vineyards of the choicest grapes, gardens in the freshest verdure, and orchards of the most delicious fruit, crowned the declivities of the mountains. The softness of the climate, and the clearness of atmosphere, the placid sea, the gentle breezes, the scent of flowers, and the splendour with which the groves of myrtle and laurel clothed the landscape even in winter, partly assuaged the sorrows of the Pontiff, and softened a heart overwhelmed with the most poignant afflictions. More than once he exclaimed: “ O blessed land! O tranquil abode! O sweet refuge of peace!”*

On the 6th of February, upon the high summit of Vesuvius, was seen a dense column of smoke, increasing rapidly and extending into the clouds. The profound caverns of the mountain began to send forth groans resembling the rumbling of distant thunder, the heavens were darkened, the sun grew dim, and the sea raged with the violence of the wind. The horses, with waving manes and ears erect, neighed and pawed the ground; the dogs ran howling with terror through the

* During the sorrowful vicissitudes of 1848, the Sovereign Pontiff Pius IX. retired to Gaeta, where he was welcomed with the most filial love and generosity by Ferdinand II., King of Naples. In September, 1849, he changed his residence for the Villa Reale di Portici, where he remained until 1850. The eruption of Mount Vesuvius occurred in the February of that year.

streets of Ottaiano, Resina, and Bosco; the birds with doubtful flight escaped to the mountain of Amalfi; the ducks fled noisily from their ponds; domestic fowls uttering the most doleful cries, collected their young beneath the refuge of their wings, and the doves regained their retreats in silence and sadness. The hollow sides of the mountain redoubled their thunder; the clouds of smoke driven impetuously by the tempest overspread the plains beneath. The heights staggered and the mouth of the volcano yawned; rocks, flames, and ashes were vomited forth to the clouds with a threatening and dreadful sound, resembling the roaring of artillery. The fiery torrent, hurled by the fury of the internal tempest, darted forth with the noise of thunder, heaved up red-hot rocks from the abyss of the crater, and rushed down the precipices into the valleys beneath. For three days and nights, fire and smoke, rocks and ashes, were vomited forth from this mouth of the infernal regions. The smoke, driven by the wind, moved in black masses over the bay, and along the mountains of Castellamare; then stretching over Sorrentum, it extended up the acclivities of Amalfi, and over the broad bay of Salerno, even to Pestum. Whirlwinds, darkness, and stench accompanied the stormy vortex; the sea itself seemed in flames, and sent forth exhalations which obscured the heavens.

Consternation spread through the surrounding country. From the middle of the crater, columns of fire like a swollen torrent launched into the air, and were precipitated down the ridges of the mountain in the direction of Ottaiano. The fiery lava, like another Phlegethon, descended flashing and blazing amidst the smoke and ashes, which increased the horror of this infernal flood. The unfortunate population of Ottaiano, beholding its ruinous course, fled terror-stricken from their dwellings to seek safety elsewhere. Mothers snatched up their children and pressed them to their bosom, and called aloud to their husbands, who tore their hair in desperation, as they saw the flood of fire devouring their lands. But the inexorable torrent rolled onward, burning and exterminating trees and buildings, until, roaring and foaming amidst sulphur and brimstone, it reached the plain near Sumo, where it stopped, having traversed a distance of nearly seven miles. Crowds of persons flocked from Naples to view this terrific scene; and while, from the opposite heights they stood contemplating the devastating stream, its lurid glare shone upon their horrified countenances; terrific explosions stunned their ears; the roaring of the waves, the quaking earth, and rocks dashed against each other with fearful sounds, presented before them a horrible vision of the infernal regions. Whilst many, sensible of the danger, were reproaching themselves for their curiosity, others still more incautious ascended the opposite ridges of Vesuvius, to obtain a nearer view of the raging torrent of lava, which was hurled upwards by the fury of the volcano. What madmen! Some of them fell crushed by the enormous rocks which fell from above; others had their limbs broken, while the rest rushed headlong down the precipitous paths by which they had ascended.

Among those who were contemplating Vesuvius from the opposite

side of the mountain, stood a Roman, named Bartolo Capegli. This man, striking his forehead at the sight of the sudden eruption, exclaimed: "Oh! who that beholds this Vesuvius, does not see an image of the fortunes of Italy! Italy, our beautiful, our generous country! How pressing thy invitations, formerly extended to the pilgrim! The traveller could never sufficiently contemplate the magnificence of thy sacred ceremonies; the richness of thy scenery; the sweet repose of thy cities; the ardour of thy youth; the enchanting beauty of thy women; the industry, the valour, the genius and refined policy of thy citizens. How art thou thus suddenly convulsed! How has a volcano thus broke forth in thy centre, scattering smoke and flames in every direction, and overwhelming thee in such immeasurable ruin! Oh, my country! Oh, dearest treasure of my heart! Oh, sacred object of my gladdened hopes, how do I now behold thee, thus crushed and spurned, and robbed of every blessing! Thou art humbled to the dust; thou draggest along thy lacerated and bleeding side. Look in thy death-struggles upon thy children; thy sons whom it was ever thy pride to see great among nations, but who were incapable of recognizing the glory to which thou hadst purposed to exalt them. Such was the future with which I also had flattered myself, when a malignant influence corrupted and poisoned thy noble aspirations, and turned into ruin all that thou hadst with consummate wisdom devised for the liberty and honour, the virtue and power of thy people. Thy sufferings harrowed my soul, and unable to stem the fury of the vast conflagration which consumes thee, I tore myself from thy beautiful plains, and wandered into a strange country to weep over thy misfortunes."

Bartolo, inflamed with indignation at the remembrance of his country's wrongs, gave vent to these lamentations in the midst of a large circle of friends, whom he had joined in Naples, shortly after his arrival from Switzerland, and with whom he had come to view the foaming lava, which was now devastating the fertile plains, and destroying the delightful gardens of the luxuriant sides of Vesuvius.

I imagine that I still see the people asking each other, who could this Cato be, that, comparing Italy to the graceful and flowery borders of Vesuvius, had thus broke forth in loud lamentations over the volcano which had exploded in their midst, and which was producing such unutterable ruin; and who had been so pierced with sorrow, that he had abandoned Rome and Italy and taken refuge in a foreign land.

Bartolo Capegli was now in his fortieth year, tall and well formed; of a powerful and penetrating mind; affable to his friends, and in less unfortunate times an agreeable companion, being full of jest and wit. He was kind and prudent in his own family; he carefully attended to his private affairs; was just, loyal, and of an excellent disposition. His father was formerly a member of the Curia, and appeared at the Courts of the Rota, or Monte Citorio, decorated with a full powdered wig, a purple cassock, rochet and mantle, and in everything resembled a monsignore. This active, laborious, and venerable man was in the daily habit of taking his son Bartolo, when a boy, to hear mass at the

Madonna di Sant' Agostino, and to the ceremonies in which the Pope officiated; above all, he never omitted to take him, at Christmas, at Easter, and on the festivals of St. Peter and St. John, to receive the Pope's benediction. There were appointed days for visits to the Madonna dell' Archetto, to that of the Pieta in the Piazza Colonna, to the Bambino d' Araceli, and to St. John decapitated at the Cerchi. In the evenings, a select company of Consistorial Advocati, Judges of the Rota, Councillors of the Sant' Uffizio, and other distinguished personages, assembled at the house of Capegli. The majority of these were dignified old men, who still remembered the fortunate days of Pius VI. They described him to the young Bartolo, as the most handsome and dignified Pope that ever filled the chair of St. Peter; tall and portly, with a countenance full of majesty; grave and imposing in his deportment; a voice clear and sonorous; magnificent and kinglike in his movements; but in giving benediction from the balcony at the Vatican, his manner was particularly calculated to inspire awe and admiration.

"Then," said one of the company, "came those dreadful times of the French Republic, when he was dragged from Rome and carried into France! What weeping, what lamentation through Trastevere and the Monti! What mourning through the entire city!"

"I," continued another, "was then at Viterbo, and cannot remember that, but I shall never forget the scaling of the walls of the Quirinal, to carry off Pius VII. Dear Bartolo! thou art but a boy, and wast perhaps not then born, but ask thy father how disastrous were those days! You remember," said he, turning to Bartolo's father, "when, for refusing to take the prescribed oath, you were compelled to fly and conceal yourself in some unfrequented place, and were perpetually haunted by suspicion. You recollect the assassinations, and the imprisonment of so many unfortunate monsignori; some were sent to Finestrella or Alessandria, others to Corsica or the galleys of Genoa, Toulon, or Bordeaux."

"For my part," added another, "I never moved from the Barberini palace; I had, however, many narrow escapes, and was finally saved only by disguising myself as a stable-boy, and employing myself among the horses. In the evening, I occasionally stole forth to visit my friends and companions, who were even in a more laughable plight than myself, lurking about in holes and corners. They often climbed to the roofs of the houses by means of ladders, and after these were removed, there was but little danger of a discovery. Others secreted themselves in certain hovels of the Suburra, or at San Cosmati. It was lamentable to behold men of the highest talents passing their days without occupation, and wasting months among the wash-houses of Trastevere, and the gardeners of the Monti. In the Ruspoli palace, we were exceedingly diverted by the adventures of the arch-priest of Ariano, who sometimes secretly entered Rome from the residence of a nobleman, where he had been concealed by the aid of the carriers and herdsmen on the estate. He would sometimes come on horseback in the dress of a buffalo-driver, called in Rome a *Buters* wearing a sugar-

loaf-hat, under which he wore a scarlet network cap, with its tassel dangling over his right shoulder. A silk sash, variegated with green and blue and ending in a long fringe, encircled his waist, and with the addition of a dagger and pistols, he might easily have passed for one of the most valiant sbirri of the Corte Savella. His red doublet turned up with white, buttons like pistachio nuts, large boots buckled up the sides, two rusty spurs, a long club hanging on his arm, and his coat bound with lace, and interwoven on the back with the Ruspoli arms, he seemed to the French sentinels at the city gate a personage of some importance, and they saluted him with a good grace as he entered."

One lively old man, a member of the Sant' Uffizio, who attended the evening parties at the house of Capegli on Thursdays and Sundays, and in his time had seen Clement XIII., would exclaim, from his accustomed seat in a low arm-chair of Cordovan leather, "Ah, unhappy Rome! how it moved one's compassion to behold it without a Pope! How melancholy, how wretched! General Miollis used to say, that the Emperor Napoleon would soon be crowned in the Capitol! Crowned! The Capitol, since the crown of the Cæsars, never had and never will have any other crown, except the triple diadem! *L'empereur! l'empereur!* Whilst all this time Rome was so gloomy and miserable that it filled the beholder with pity. No foreign visitors, no arts, no commerce; grass grew over the Piazza di Spagna and on the Via del Babuino. The people groaned in dismay and without hope. The household followers of the cardinals were scattered; the deans, the gentlemen 'di cappa,' the grooms, the coachmen, the masters of the palaces, all were sent abroad without support, and many had to live upon charity. Such was the scarcity in Rome, that in order to provide bread, and to prevent the people of Trastevere from breaking into open revolt, the French were compelled to build bakehouses and bread-stores at the Ponte Sisto, at the bridge of the Quattro Capi, and at other places; otherwise 'l'empereur' might have seen more than one of his dragoons and grenadiers precipitated into the Tiber. As it was, I heard the Trasteverini, at the taverns of the Scala and the Santé Quaranta, shout with gnashing teeth, 'We *will* have the Pope! What! are we not Romans, and of the race of Troy? Without the Pope Rome is a corpse: that it is! And if the Emp'rör Bony don't free the Pope, he will catch the keys of St. Peter upon his head! St. Peter has done for finer heads than his. Hurrah for the Pope!'"

"Oh, my dear little Bartolo! what times were those! You might live a thousand years and never see Rome so wretched and deserted. Happy art thou, who hast never experienced our disasters! At present thou seest everything flourish; the city again wears the aspect of a queen; the Seven Hills are filled with a concourse of strangers, and the arts have again taken up their abode in their midst. There is a general resurrection. Dost thou understand the meaning of all the gold and silver which the English, Germans, French, Russians, and gentlemen from every nation of the north scatter among us, during their prolonged winter visits to the sunny hills of Rome? When they

were all Catholics, they paid their Peter-pence, and now it is paid a hundredfold, and all through the Pope, for without him, they would not come to see anything here. Thinkest thou, that during the captivity of Pius VI., and Pius VII., Pincio was as beautiful and delightful as now? Look at the terraces, the noble avenues, the shady walks, the marble steps, and the sculptured columns, the fountains, the antique statues, and the delightful pavilions. Would the Villa Borghese display so many carriages, such cavalcades of brilliant foreigners, such elegance among the ladies from every nation? Rome, in those days, without the Pope, descended to the rank of a provincial city, even to one of the most decayed; to that of Venice, Milan, Genoa, Turin.

"Florence and Naples being commercial cities, although they had lost their nobility, suffered no depreciation in their arts or trades, nor in their local or foreign commerce; while Rome, deprived of the fine arts, had no other life, but that of its churches; Rome, without a Pope, had nothing left but its monuments."

From all this it may well be imagined, that Bartolo was a strenuous advocate of the Pope. With such sounds continually greeting his ears, he beheld in the Pope, not only the Vicar of Christ, and the head of the Church, but also his sovereign, the father of the people, the glory and the light of Rome. With such lessons daily before his mind, the young man grew up; and they were imprinted still more deeply on his heart at the schools of the Roman college. In this institution he was the favourite pupil of the Abate Laureani and Graziosi, who frequently conducted him, together with a large circle of students, to divert himself at Monte Mario or at the Villa Panfilii, or at other delightful spots in the neighbourhood of Rome. Among other youthful sports in which he engaged in these places, his favourite game was that of football, in which, owing to his remarkable strength and activity, he excelled all competitors. As he grew older, his chief amusements consisted in a walk in the Corso, or a ride on horseback, through the Villa Borghese. His gracefulness in the saddle, and the perfect elegance of his dress and demeanour, never failed to attract the notice of the young Roman ladies, and of the youth who were on a visit to Rome from foreign countries. Even the Roman princes willingly admitted him into their company, in their evening rides, and in pleasant groups they galloped through the shady avenues of the Villa Borghese, crossed the meadows, passed through the middle of the forest, and round the small lakes and fish-ponds. The young ladies who frequented the delightful promenades, fountains, and arbours of the villa, fixed upon him their approving eyes; even the Roman princesses were unable to conceal their admiration. Yet, however Bartolo might be admired, he could not ascend the steps of the great palaces to participate in the levees or soirees of Doria, Borghese, Piombino, or of the other Roman princes; at most, during the carnival, he was admitted to the banquets which the Duke Torlonia gave to his foreign correspondents, and afterwards, the same distance was resumed.

Among the young Roman ladies who paid the most attention to the handsome Bartolo, was the rich and beautiful daughter of one of the chief directors of public edifices, who had become rich in a few years, owing to the magnificent undertakings of Cardinal Gonsalvo, Secretary of State under Pope Pius VII. This gentleman, whose great riches consisted chiefly in cash capital, had invested it in the city, in the purchase of houses and palaces, containing splendid apartments, which he let to cardinals and foreign noblemen, who took up their residences in Rome. From these, he collected large rents, and lived in opulence. One of the Roman monsignori had made a proposal for the young lady in favour of his nephew, and her father was disposed to accede to the arrangement; but the young Flavia resolved, under any circumstances, to give the preference to Bartolo, and persisted with such firmness, that the proposed match was broken off. The father, to whom fortune had not shown herself so propitious as to favour him with a son, gave his consent on condition that Bartolo should reside with him as his son; and Leonardo Capegli, having two other sons, readily agreed to the proposal.

Bartolo was a husband calculated to render happy his youthful wife; he never failed in that refinement, and those delicate attentions, which are so pleasing to ladies, and the honour and respect which he manifested towards her in public, displayed his tenderness and esteem. But the state of leisure in which he lived in the house of his father-in-law, was almost the occasion of his ruin.

Among the friends with whom he became acquainted in his new position, were some who often led him into paths full of peril and remorse. For although he steadfastly maintained those principles of fidelity to the most delicate duties of a citizen, which had been sown in his heart by the uprightness of his father, still there were many others which had been neglected or forgotten much to his misfortune. The young are frequently involved by their presumption, in difficulties, which at first appear easily overcome, and only when too late, find themselves entangled in the inextricable meshes of the strong net which has closed around them. It often happened that Bartolo owed his safety to the advice and good sense of his wife; for after the first few years of her married life, she imposed upon herself the generous task of moderating the imprudence, and restraining the inconsiderate rashness of her husband, who, far from being naturally inclined to profligacy, generally listened with attention to her mild and discreet counsels.

From this want of experience, and the natural levity of youth, Bartolo was also materially protected by his constant friendship with the Abate Graziosi,* who aided him with his advice, and recalled him into the ways of prudence, and delivered him from the paths of danger, into which he was hurried by the indiscretion of youth. To this excellent man many of the Roman youth were indebted, and it would

* The Abate Graziosi, Canon of the Lateran, was a man of consummate wisdom and most active and zealous in the cultivation of every virtue among the Roman youth.

have been fortunate for all, if they had attended to his advice, under the circumstances which immediately succeeded the death of Pope Gregory. Among the good offices rendered to Bartolo by Graziosi, must be numbered the wise endeavours to instil into his mind a love for the study of antiquity. In consequence of this, he formed a habit of visiting, two or three times a week, the Vatican museum, where he became acquainted with Monsignore Mezzofanti, a great lover of youth, and possessed of wonderful power in attracting it to virtuous pursuits and occupations. Bartolo frequently enjoyed the pleasure of taking the monsignore back into Rome in his carriage, and the opportunities thus enjoyed of conversing with a man of such eminent talents, proved a living source of knowledge and wisdom. After the latter was elevated to the dignity of cardinal, the friendship with which he had honoured Bartolo, at the time of his visits to the museum and library of the Vatican, suffered no diminution. Therefore, on being privately informed by Flavia, that her husband frequented the evening assemblies of an English lady, characterized by conceit, prodigality, and deceitful flattery, and that he there engaged in play to a ruinous extent, the cardinal, to preserve him from the loss of both fortune and character, sought some method of removing him from so guilty a course, and at the same time of conferring upon him an honour. It so happened that the Pope wished at this period to visit, in person, some of the remains of the Pelasgic or Cyclopien walls of Latium, and the cardinal appointed Bartolo, in company with several professional men, to examine these walls, and to designate those which were the most remarkable, and in the best state of preservation. He eagerly accepted this commission, and thus personally assisted at the discussions of the most celebrated antiquaries and architects of Rome, with Viscount Canini, Visconti, Campana, and the Marquis Melchiorri, and with all the other learned men who took part in these examinations. He hastened to Rieti, and visited all the summits of the Aborigeni, seeking remains of those gigantic polygonal walls; he examined Ameria and Spoleto, in Umbria; he saw the Circle of Preneste; he overran the territory of the Equi, then descended into that of the Volsci, explored Norba, Sequi, Sezze, Terracina, and Circei; but none appeared more imposing than the walls of Ferentino, and the citadel of Alatri.

He stood amazed at those immense stones, some angular and others irregularly shaped, yet joined together with perfect exactness; he took their dimensions, sketched their forms, and examined their variety. In the Porta Sanguinaria, and in the second great circle of the Acropolis of Ferentino, he sought to realize the faultless skill of the architect, and the well-regulated perseverance of the workmen; but when he saw the immovable fortifications of the rock of Alatri, nicely mortised, fitted with so much evenness, and so artfully turned at the angles and projections of the bastions, Bartolo was struck motionless with astonishment. When he completed his commission and returned to Rome, he gave such enthusiastic descriptions of these wonders of the genius, power, and skill of the aboriginal inhabitants of Italy, that the Pope resolved to visit the Saturnian citadel of Alatri.

CHAPTER II.

ALISA.

ABOUT the beginning of May, in the year 1846, on one of those brilliant mornings which offers so many attractions to the delighted eye of the foreigner who visits Rome, a travelling carriage drove into the piazza of the Quirinal, and having at a rapid pace reached the Quattro Fontane, turned up the street of San Dionisio.* At the sound of the bell the portress was heard calling to another lay sister: "Call Alisa—quick! quick!—Alisa! Alisa! your father has come."

Then appeared a young lady of about fifteen, of slender form, of a gentle and angelic beauty, and ready dressed for the journey. Her rich deep auburn hair was arranged with perfect taste and elegance. Her beautiful countenance beamed with joy, when she heard that her father was waiting at the gate. Her eyes became suffused with tears as she separately embraced her dear companions, who clung to her weeping, while they bade her adieu. Then running to her beloved teachers, she took her leave with grateful thanks and many tender caresses, during which they vied with each other in their parting proofs of love and affectionate kindness. In passing through the work-room Alisa stopped a moment to admire some work in embroidery; and turning to a companion: "How beautiful Lauretta," said she; "how pleased your mother will be on her birthday! Happy art thou, who still hast a mother!" Seeing the piano, she ran her fingers lightly over the keys in a mournful and trembling cadence; then as she came to the corner of a passage where a picture of the Blessed Virgin stood, with pious affection she exclaimed: "Oh, my mother! be thou my protectress. Julia," said she to a companion, "remember the flowers every day; you know that from the appearance of the first violet in spring, to the latest flower in autumn, the Madonna never missed my daily offering. And mind, there is that beautiful vase of Sevres porcelain, take care of it now; you know it is for festivals; that burning heart which is painted upon it, is the counterpart of my own." She was still speaking when she arrived at the door. Again she affectionately kissed her companions, and amidst their tearful adieus the superioress consigned her to her father. He took her arm, and assisting her into the carriage, he drove off. For awhile she seemed bowed down with regret; her head was bent on her bosom, and her eyes covered, while her father, seated beside her, abstained from breaking in upon the first sorrow of his daughter, and remained contemplating

* The religious order of St. Dionisius, or Denis, is of ancient French institution. This monastery, in which are educated the daughters of the chief families in Rome, gives great satisfaction by its success in the instruction of youth.

her in silence. This was Bartolo. Three years and a half before this, he had lost the amiable and virtuous Flavia, his wife, who died shortly after the birth of a son. The infant was seized with convulsions, and, shortly after its birth, expired in the arms of its mother. Fever and inflammation supervened, and unable to resist the force of the malady, Flavia died. Bartolo was thus left alone with his daughter, Alisa, who had already, with his consent, been placed by her mother under the care of the superioress of San Dionisio while still very young.

She had grown up among these pious and skilful nuns, and had been early instructed in the lessons of virtue and modesty. She was now an amiable and accomplished young lady, endowed with every quality that could endear her to society, or render her an ornament to the domestic circle. Her beauty and personal accomplishments were only surpassed by the qualities of her mind. To a refined and cultivated taste, she added a most brilliant imagination, and was possessed of all the vivacity peculiar to her age. Her heart, open and generous, glowed with every tender emotion; and her ardent disposition was enthusiastic and sensitive.

After the death of Flavia, Bartolo, without abandoning himself to anything like a depraved life, had nevertheless allowed himself to be carried away by the attraction of certain societies of his friends, who in the midst of the pleasures of affluence involved themselves in political agitations, and discussed in their assemblies the most dangerous projects of state policy. Gregory XVI. was far advanced in years; but always great in the government of the Church; always invincible in the contest, which he waged with every power hostile to the Holy Roman See; always firm in his exalted position among the Catholic cabinets; vigorous and determined in his resistance to the powerful attacks of heterodox governments. He was, moreover, a generous patron of the arts and sciences, and among the many institutions which shared his patronage, the rich and noble Etruscan museum at the Vatican received his special care and attention.

"All very well," said the friends of Bartolo, after he had been pouring forth one of his frequent encomiums on the aged Pope; "but Gregory is too haughty, too intractable, and too much opposed to the progress of European civilization at the present time; he has shown himself an enemy to enlightenment and useful inventions, and seems even to take delight in stifling the aspirations of Italian genius. He is, moreover, ignorant of the details of administration, introducing disorder into the state, and oppressing it without compassion with new debts and imposts."

"I agree with you," returned Bartolo, "as regards his aversion for what you call progress, which does not accord with certain notions which he entertains as Pope; but as for the other accusations, I am of opinion that he is not the cause of the evil, it must be laid to the charge of the rebels in Romagna and elsewhere, who have forced him to take the Swiss into his service, as he formerly employed the Austrians. But, believe me, under another Pope, Italy will become united in one confederation, as Gioberti plainly intimates in his

Primato. We shall behold Rome's resurrection, her reinstatement, under the presidency of the Roman pontiff, in her ancient supremacy, and her restoration to her former flourishing state of magnificence. Think you that the Austrians will ever agree to this Italian confederation? What unsuspecting innocence! As for the Austrians, Cesare Balbo, in his '*Speranze d'Italia*,' has become our security, and he points out a very simple method of getting rid of them. In a word, place the Pope at the head of the Italian confederation, and Rome will not only fulfil her engagements, but she will become great and opulent, and will scatter her treasures among foreign nations, as in the times past, when the Pope was truly Pope, and held in his hand the destinies of the Christian world."

Some admitted the justice of these remarks, while others thus expressed their dissent: "Bartolo is perpetually dreaming of Alexander III. and the Lombard league, and now he is bent on the Pope's heading the Italian league; but until we find a Pope in the vigour of youth, and ready, with the resolution of a Napoleon, to sally forth on his war-horse, your Pope, my dear Bartolo, will remain snugly enveloped in his robes, and instead of riding through his states on horse-back, he will be carried by his throne-bearers to the Vatican, to bestow his benediction."

"Gently, my friends, Urban VII. was an old man, yet he was the first to mount his horse and march against Garigliano at the head of his warriors; and Julius II. was far advanced in years when he marched into the heart of Lombardy, led the assault, and triumphantly mounted the breach of the conquered city." At these fervent words the company smiled; but there were two who watched him sternly and remained silent.

CHAPTER III.

POLISSENA.

SUCH had been the idle life of Bartolo during the two preceding years; equally devoted to the Pope and the welfare of Rome, he was loud in his predictions of the revival of the whole Italian nation. His high sense of true liberty made him an enemy to all secret societies, and yet, through want of consideration or knowledge, he remained the friend of many of their members. After the loss of his wife, all his affections were concentrated on his daughter Alisa. He consoled himself with the idea of her brilliant entrance into society in Rome, and of the domestic happiness and youthful light which her presence would shed around him at home. They had passed through the San Giovanni gate, and were rapidly approaching Albano

where Bartolo possessed a beautiful country seat, before silence was broken.

"Come, my daughter," said he to Alisa, "dry up those tears, and kiss your father. You cannot imagine how impatiently I have waited for this day, which, I hope, is the first of the many happy days yet to come. We will enjoy the beauties of May at the villa; and then I intend to take you into Tuscany, to see our friends there; then to Florence, Sienna, Pisa, and Leghorn, where you shall indulge in every enjoyment which these flourishing and elegant cities can offer—where your mind can be stored with every elegant accomplishment befitting your age. Moreover, that you might not be tired with living alone at home, I have found you an agreeable and virtuous companion, who will aid you by her experience, and facilitate your studies by her kindness and instructions; you must make her your friend and sister, and, I doubt not, she will be both to you, my dear Alisa."

Accordingly, when they reached Albano, they met a lady, of prepossessing beauty, waiting their arrival in the garden fronting the Casino; she approached them with a smile of welcome, kissed Alisa, and with many caresses led her immediately into the house, where she untied her bonnet, and arranged her hair upon her forehead, and then seated her on a sofa opposite a glass door, which opened towards the garden.

This lady, who was to be at the same time her companion and governess, according to those who had recommended her to Bartolo, was amiable and virtuous, well qualified to form the mind of his inexperienced daughter, and to divest it of all impression of what they called the childish mummeries of the nuns, which were not, they thought, consistent in a young heiress, whose mother had left her a fortune of no less than eighty thousand dollars. Polissena (for such was her name) was born in Tuscany, and brought up to the profession of an actress in the Conservatorio of Milan. She was an opera dancer until the age of twenty; but by some accident she was taken from the theatre at Berlin by a Hungarian patron, and returned into Italy, where, for some time, in various cities, she professed to cure certain diseases by the Homœopathic system, and by magnetism. This adventuress was, however, a thorough Italian: and so ardent was her patriotism, that every faculty of her mind and body was consecrated to young Italy; and she pursued her course with the most inviolable secrecy. When she removed from one city to another, she was the bearer of certain particular oral communications, which it might have been dangerous to commit to paper. Her dexterity was also successfully exercised in conveying secret advices. As paper produces a crackling noise, she had her communications written upon silk; these she concealed in the lining or in the folds of her dress. She could thus foil the searches of the police, in case their suspicions should induce them to attempt an examination.

Bartolo, as may be supposed, was entirely ignorant of all these exploits; he saw only that she was a lady of taste, with a countenance so open, and an eye of such sprightliness, that there was a pleasure in

contemplating her; and that she was well versed in all the usages of polite society. From time to time she was in the habit of giving utterance to sudden exclamations, relating to the resurrection of Italy, a subject at all times agreeable to Bartolo. It was usual for them, after dinner, to hold long conversations on the means of reinstating to its throne, that queen of nations, which was now sunk in ruin and misfortune.

During the first days of her sojourn at Albano, Alisa, sometimes with her father, and sometimes with Polissena, took long walks in the shady avenues which overhang the high banks of Lake Albano; she climbed the hill of Jupiter of Latium, visited the ancient wood of Ferentum, or the grove of Nemi, which still, with its profound and silent shade, brings back the memory of the bloody sacrifices of Diana Ericina; then she descended to the sanctuary of Galloro, in which the people of Aricia and all Latium venerate an ancient and miraculous statue of the Queen of Heaven, to whom our holy religion has substituted the offering of hearts instead of the cruel rites and human victims which were formerly offered here to Diana Nemo-rensis. A fortnight had thus passed, when Alisa one day smilingly requested the company of Polissena to the church of Our Lady of Galloro, where she wished to go to confession to a venerable Jesuit father, who had been recommended to her by her pious teachers at San Dionisio. At this unexpected request, the countenance of Polissena visibly changed, and it was with difficulty she concealed the violence of her anger. At length she said, with hypocritical mildness, and in a gentle tone: "What are you saying, my sweet angel? Go to confession to a Jesuit! You, so good, so pure, so noble, so intelligent. And to a Jesuit! Better to be buried alive. Don't you know that the Jesuits are the enemies of every virtue; that with infinite art they pervert the minds of youth, and stifle every energy and every virtuous affection? If you fall within their remorseless grasp, bid adieu to every affectionate feeling towards your father; they will make it your duty to hate him. God preserve you from ever confessing to them; your faults would be sent by post, to be opened every Saturday under the eyes of the Father-General, who always, on the evenings of those days, holds a meditation on the sins of young girls who have confessed to them. Before a young woman is married, her future husband confidentially asks the General for a list of all her sins, and is informed of the most secret thoughts of his unfortunate bride. The Jesuits," continued she, "are treacherous and cruel wolves, under the hypocritical cloak of piety; do not trust yourself to them, if you value your soul's welfare.

Alisa remained stupefied at such a novel lesson; "Yet," said she, "my dear mother used to go to confession to Father Bonvicini, and she was so pious, so kind, and so patient, that she was considered an example for the ladies of Rome. And, I assure you, that at the convent of San Dionisio, where some of the windows gave a distant view of the gardens of the noviciate of the Jesuits, we could, without being observed, see the young novices walking about, three or four

together, in silence, or reciting the rosary, and although they thought no one saw them, still their posture was that of the most pure and attentive devotion, and we could not help comparing them to so many saints. Indeed, I was frequently so much moved by this beautiful sight, that I ran down to our dear Madonna in the corridor, and prayed to her to make me as good, and I even shed tears of pious jealousy."

"Oh, you're too good and unsuspecting. The Jesuits excite their young men to these impostures, to allure the simple, and to draw people to their devotions, for they are as cunning as serpents; in fine, never let any one again hear you mention the Jesuits."

Poor Alisa thought it was better to say no more. She had, among other books, brought from the convent several works of piety, all of which disappeared, one by one, she knew not how, and Polissena, in their place, gave her books of a very opposite nature.

"In these volumes, dear Alisa," said she, "you will see how virtue may be allied with love of our dear country. They, who do not feel the blood of Italy flowing in their veins, are not worthy to breathe the vital air which animated the first Pelasgi. Look at Alba, Cori, Ardea, Laurentum, and, still nearer, at Aricia; there the Opici, the Ausoni, the Rutuli, and the Aurunci, burned with the most ardent patriotism."

They generally read these books in the morning, under the shade of the green oaks upon the banks of the lake, and Polissena was an apt commentator upon those passages, which were the most passionate in their allusions to the future condition of Italy.

One day, while Alisa was reading a touching passage in Marco Visconti del Grossi, a young gentleman on horseback passed rapidly through the avenue of the Capuchins, and was struck with the animated features of Alisa, who was at that moment stirred to the most lively pity for the sufferings of some heroine in the story. She was motionless, and seemed not even to breathe. Her colour, heightened by excitement, came and went alternately, and her whole countenance denoted the rapid emotions which succeeded each other in her mind. The horseman, on reaching the end of the avenue, turned and passed again at a rapid pace, and Alisa scarcely raised her eyes to see him. Polissena, finding that it was near time to return, and unwilling that the stranger should again overtake them, broke off their reading, and returned to the house.

Two days after, they were again seated in the shade, near the banks of the lake, when Alisa saw through the branches, at a short distance, a young artist, seated, pallet in hand, engaged upon a painting of the deep circle of the lake, with its steep borders, and Monte Laziale; and as the whole district is much frequented, on account of its many delightful views, by German, Swedish, and Belgian artists, they took no further notice. Alisa, however, raising her eyes from time to time, observed that he was a youth of handsome appearance, and at last discovered him to be the same who had passed them a few days before, in the avenue.

On their return home, Bartolo hurriedly entered, and throwing his straw hat on the piano, turned with an air of abstraction to the window which faced Rome; then, suddenly addressing the two young ladies who stood before him,—

"Well," said he, "Pope Gregory is dead!"

"Dead!" exclaimed Polissena; "dead! Long live Italy!"

Bartolo walked about the room in great excitement, then stopped abruptly, and passing his hand over his forehead, rested it on his chin in a pensive and disquieted attitude. He then threw himself into a seat, and with his eyes turned to the ceiling, he spoke half aloud, as if reflecting,—

"How can they elect a Pope in the present agitated state of Italy? Piedmont is reeling with excitement; the provinces of Romagna are agitated like the sea, when it threatens a tempest; Tuscany, immersed in luxury, fixes its eyes upon the future victims of its treachery; Naples, with outward simplicity, secretly sharpens its sword; Sicily lies prostrate, like its own Enceladus, under Etna. Woe to Italy, if it should arise! it will tear up the hills, and vomit forth fire and flame! The Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, in the midst of ease and opulence, is watching for the appearance of signal-fires beyond the Po, or listening for the trumpet to re-echo among the Apennines. Elect a Pope in such times! Is it possible that the cardinals can be so daring as to meet in conclave?"

"Yes, Signor Bartolo," said Polissena, with an impertinent wink, and in a bold and jeering tone, "we shall have a conclave and a Pope; without either, we shall never see the resurrection of Italy."

"So it ought to be, at least," replied Bartolo; "but I doubt if all will embrace your opinion."

"Unanimously!"

"You speak with great assurance to-day;—I know upon what grounds."

Here a servant entered to announce dinner.

On the 6th of June, Count Pompeo Campello arrived in Rome, by the coach from Florence, and hearing that Bartolo, and several of his friends, particularly Polissena, were at Albano, he joined them, with the intention of holding a conference with them, and of enjoying a few days' repose among those delightful hills. He was welcomed with many demonstrations of affectionate respect, and a number of friends having assembled to dine, the Count related the particulars of his travels in the north of Italy.

"I am in hopes," said he, "that our star will at length rise to the zenith; already it gleams upon the horizon, and its first rays are cast over the heavens. At the time of the death of Pope Gregory, I was in Florence, where the brave friends of our cause in Tuscany were in close council, and I there communicated the intentions of our partisans in Piedmont. I afterwards explained the same to Pietro Giordani, at Parma, and to the other members in Placentia, Reggio, Modena, and Bologna. All are of one accord, and they have despatched letters to that effect, where it was not dangerous to write; and where it was

oral messages have been sent, more especially in Lombardy and Venice.

"My friends, by open conspiracies and rebellions, tumults, or sudden outbreaks of mutineers, or by bloody contests, Italy cannot be restored to its rightful position. In vain fires may be lighted here, while they are extinguished elsewhere; the sovereigns are on their guard; suspicions are rife; our strongest champions are prisoners, and buried in prolonged misery in dungeons, or under the bastions of fortresses and citadels. We need only to look at the dungeons of Bologna, Rimini, and Cosentia, for proofs of this. We must therefore seek another line of action. We must imitate the mice of Venice. While the Lion of St. Mark lay asleep in his gilded cage in the court of the Ducal palace, they crept silently on his back, gnawed by gentle degrees through his skin, and penetrated the flesh, gnawing and licking at the same time. The lion, tickled, rather than pained, by these gentle bites, opened his sleepy eyes, but their honeyed tongues soothed his irritation, and, resting his nose upon his paws, he sank again into a deep slumber, during which the mice reached his heart, and he died. My meaning then is clear, that the friends of Italy, having failed in attaining their object by violence, must try the opposite course of gentleness. The princes are prepared, sword in hand, and their artillery is drawn out ready for action. For ten of ours they have a hundred, yes, a thousand men; and, unlike ours, they are trained and disciplined to war. Flattery is the dagger with which alone we can reach them; no mail of steel can turn its point; timely praise, opportune applause, will pierce them where they are adamant.

"Our first experiment has already been made at Turin. On the sixth of last month, one of our champions, on the arrival of the king, at the review in the Field of Mars, incited the soldiers to shouts of, 'Long live Charles Albert I., King of Italy.'

"The Piazza Keale, the Via Nuova, and the Piazza San Carlo, as far as the Artillery Park, were crowded with people, among whom we scattered numerous partisans, echoing, during the king's return, the joyful shouts which had resounded in the Field of Mars. Gaily dressed young ladies stood upon the balconies, and at the windows; some threw crowns of laurel, others showered down flowers wherever he passed, and waved flags with the motto of the king of Italy embroidered in gold, such as in ancient tournaments the ladies presented to the victors. The king was sensibly moved; already the royal groom held his horse ready at the foot of the palace stairs, and the field-marshal was assembled in the great hall of the throne, when two infernal renegades, envious of the glory of Italy, rushed into the royal presence, and by their importunate representations, succeeded in breaking up the arrangement, and thus our plans were defeated. The impression produced, however, upon Charles Albert, is indelible.

"Believe me, it is an infallible method, and will encompass the noble and exalted end which we have in contemplation."

"You don't know the Popes," said a stout old gentleman at the head of the table. "The Popes are generally advanced in years, and are

not to be caught with that sort of chaff; and if the choice should fall upon a monk, I should be little surprised if he should turn out another Sixtus V., and roll more than one head into the moat of the castle. Pope Gregory, after all, was too mild; he was even kept in awe by the Carbonari, for when they were taken and secured in St. Angelo, Civita Castellana, the towers of Spoleto, or in the Rock of Ancona, he still gave them their lives, and had he lived a while longer, depend upon it he would have dismissed them in safety to America, as was done in 1837. But if that bearded old man at the Triton of the Piazza Barberini should hold the Papal chair, were it but for half a year, Pope Sixtus himself will be eclipsed.*

"The race of Popes, like Sixtus, my dear Pantaleone," returned the Count, "has long ago run out, and no such mischievous weed will ever again take root in the field of St. Peter. But if, in the present conjuncture, there should arise a Pope possessing deep insight into the present state of affairs, he may find means, on the one hand, to ward off the tempest which now threatens all crowned heads, and on the other, to raise up our oppressed Italy from the dust in which it lies grovelling. In short, we must have a Pope, and quickly; and if the cardinals have not lost all judgment, they will give us neither an old man, nor a monk, nor a politician, but a man of God, of profound wisdom, not of the age of Gregory VII., but of Gregory XVI., and not blind to the fact, that for ten liberals in chains, there are a thousand who are free, and who have sworn to restore their country, or die in the attempt. He will understand the nature of the Caudine Forks, through which he must pass, and the necessity of submitting; that the only course to be pursued, is one dictated by a generous policy, despising the old ideas of the past state superstitions, and dealing bountifully with the people, who are longing for an extension of their freedom. Give us such a Pope, and I wage my head he will be our idol."

"It remains to be seen," replied Bartolo, "if this idol will give as much to the liberals as will satisfy their hunger, or whether they will not resemble a furnace, which crackles, and roars, and consumes the more it receives."

They rose from the table and walked into the garden, where coffee was served beneath the cool shade of a bower of creeping plants and flowering vines; and on a sign from the Count, Polissena left the company, and was shortly joined by him in a retired part of the garden. He took her hand, and said in a low voice,—

"*'Even unto death,'* Italy beholds thee; Bartolo will be in Rome during the approaching election: help thy brethren; everything is in good order; *'Even unto death.'*"

* An allusion to the Capuchin Cardinal, Micara, a man of invincible resolution.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIRST DAYS OF THE PONTIFICATE.

ANURLO BRUNETTI, one of the Roman populace, called by his comrades *Cicernacchio*, was a gambling, quarrelsome character, tall and muscular, ready for every kind of disorder, and looked up to as a model by all the ruffians in Rome. His usual dress consisted of a high-peaked hat, knowingly thrown over his left ear, and adorned with a feather, a short jacket and knee-breeches; a scarf of vermilion and sea-green silk bound his waist, and a vest of skyblue velvet, shorter than his jacket and laced in front with a saffron-coloured cord. On festivals at the taverns, he threw off his jacket and wore it hanging from his left shoulder. His frequent broils, in which he made an unsparing use of his knife, had brought him repeatedly in contact with the officials, but his deep cunning, concealed under an open and frank demeanour, had generally shielded him from punishment. He was a carman and was chiefly employed in furnishing the taverns with wine, in those parts of Rome which lie between the bridge of Sant' Angelo and the Piazza di Spagna, and down through the Babuino, as far as the Popolo. He was bound in the strictest league with the boatmen who brought wine, wood, and charcoal to the Ripetta on the Tiber, and especially intimate with the carmen of the worst and most ferocious character; and by frequently treating them at the taverns, he had acquired among them the reputation of a clever and open-hearted young man. No worse character lived in the city; his hypocrisy and cruelty he concealed under a kind and sedate appearance, and even so far back as 1830, he was a sworn partisan of the Carbonari, who charged him with the task of corrupting and depraving his followers by leading them into every species of vice. Such, however, was his skill in the art of dissimulation that the authorities never suspected his connection with the enemies of order.

Such a character was not likely to be overlooked by those who had conspired in favour of Young Italy; his craftiness and unscrupulous depravity rendered him a fit instrument to aid in carrying out their secret designs.

The Cardinals in the middle of June, had returned Cardinal Giovanni Mastai, as the elect of the Conclave, for the Sovereign Pontiff of the Holy Church, under the title of Pius IX. This event was hailed by the societies as a propitious occasion for the execution of their plans for the ruin of the Italian princes, by intoxicating them with deceitful praise and flattery, and thus bringing them to favour their own course. In fact, the Roman Pontificate, against which the hatred and rage of

the impious had so long been exerted, instantly, on the elevation of Pius IX., became the idol of Catholics, the envy of Protestants, and the admiration of Mahometans.

In July, the Pope proclaimed a general amnesty, and those writers who had heaped every species of obloquy upon the See of St. Peter, were most extravagant in their praise and admiration, nor could they find words to express their exultation. Under the beneficial influence of the Popes, tyrants had become the fathers of their people, despotism was mitigated by equitable laws, and justice softened by mildness and clemency. Laws promulgated by oppressive cruelty, the statutes of Gothic and Vandal ages, were repealed and replaced by the emanations of love, discretion, and charity. The Pope had become the support and counsellor of kings, but he would also curb and chastise them. He was the guardian of the people's rights and the defender of their liberty, the advocate of the poor, the protector of widows and the supporter of orphans. The papal authority was made the guarantee of the liberty and peace of Christian nations, the umpire between the people and their rulers. The true liberty of Christian nations remained intact so long as their rulers recognized the authority of the Pope as sacred, but when that authority was diminished and defied, nations, by a just retaliation, withdrew their obedience from their rulers. These and innumerable other such rhapsodies, were poured forth both in prose and verse from the pens of men notorious for their insatiable enmity to the papal throne, as well as to the whole order of the priesthood.

The white and yellow colours of the papal flag, hitherto the colours of scorn and degradation, suddenly became objects of admiration, and mingled their rays of gold and silver with the refulgence of the sun. These colours shone in the tapestry of saloons, under the curtains and hangings of windows and balconies; the boxes in the theatres were resplendent with white and yellow, with gold and silver. They became the sole fashion; the shawls and dresses of the ladies, their plumes and ribbons, their bracelets and earrings would admit of no other colour.

And what had become of Bartolo during this revulsion of popular feeling? He was in an ecstasy of joy! If from his education, his good sense, and his innate piety he loved the rule of the Popes as identified with the glory and wealth of Rome, his devotion and affection for Pius IX. knew no bounds. He was present at every festival and every demonstration in honour of the Pope. He undertook a subscription for the liberated prisoners, and such was his ardour and eloquence in this charitable undertaking, that he obtained not only ample succours, but so moved the feelings of both rich and poor for his protégés, that they were frequently unable to restrain their tears. He canvassed the most frequented places in the city; the hotels and restaurants; the saloons and stores; at the theatres he went from box to box; at the churches he raised contributions in the sacristies; in the colleges he moved the hearts of the students, and in the convent he excited the tears of the young ladies, and raised among all, a chr

able emulation, even among the monks and nuns in the different monasteries and convents of the city. For this object he laboured almost day and night. He attended to the arrangements for the holy communion, which the same prisoners wished to receive from the hands of the Pope; he prepared the benches, provided the wax tapers and candles, and vases filled with every variety of flowers which grew in his gardens.

A few days after this, on the festival of St. Peter in Vinculis, this remarkable communion took place.* In the Piazza di Santo Spirito, Bartolo met an aged curate of St. Peter's, and taking him affectionately by the hand, he said:

"Oh! my dear Don Alessandro, what happy days, what new honours for Rome! What an unexpected triumph for the church of God! What a wonderful and joyful change in our affairs in so short a time! When we were expecting nothing but outbreaks of popular violence and rebellion, it seemed as if St. Peter's was about to crumble in ruins, and that we should behold the demolition of the Holy See and the total abolition of the papacy. Lo! this our new Pope, like an angel from heaven, has suddenly changed the face of things; everything seems to be restored to youth and prosperity; everything is bright with smiles; even Protestants themselves are in an ecstasy of delight; even those to whom enmity of the Sovereign Pontiff seems an indispensable element of their religion. Then the revival of virtue and religion among ourselves. It is something prodigious. The churches and confessionals are full to overflowing, and those who were formerly most notorious for irreligion and immorality are now foremost in works of piety and repentance. And the poor prisoners; did you see their ardent devotion and their tears of repentance at the communion? Even the Pope himself shed tears of joy as they kissed his ring." . . .

"Say rather scalding tears, which will not fail to raise blisters where they fell," interposed Don Alessandro. "That the young men, who parade themselves in the Corso, should indulge in such idle theories, is not a subject of astonishment; but a man of the world and of your sound judgment ought to know better. What real piety do you expect in these deceitful renegades, by whom God and every divine law are held in detestation? Don't you know that more than one of them boasted of having breakfasted on steaks and cutlets before that very communion! Such a mockery is a fine proof of piety!"

"Gently, gently, Don Alessandro mio," cried Bartolo, in an altered tone; "those are downright calumnies, and you priests should be the first to welcome those poor penitents with the kiss of peace, to forget their faults, and to clothe them, as did the father of the prodigal son,

* On this festival, the chains with which St. Peter was loaded by Herod in Jerusalem and by Nero in the Mamertine prison in Rome, are exposed to public veneration. There the liberated prisoners received communion from the hand of Pius IX., and the greater part of them two years later joined in the rebellion which overthrew his government.

in the richest and most noble mantle of the Church—that of charity. Look at the fatherly love of Pope Pius IX."

"Yes, my friend," replied the old man, "Pius has the heart of a father; but the hearts of these men are not those of sons. Believe me, the Pope knows them better than any one; in pardoning, he thinks there may be a chance of their amendment; but God grant that they may not act like the viper of *Æsop*, which stung to the heart the compassionate bosom which had warmed and cherished it! Don't talk to me of the conversion of such; you are an enthusiast."

"And you a disparager."

"And you a poor innocent. - Addio!"

And the venerable curate departed, shaking his head, and with his hands joined behind him, muttering as he went, "Yes, religion, piety; wait until the claws of the cub grow. Yes, religion!"

Bartolo was not, however, so weak in judgment as not to foresee that some commotion was about to take place in Italy, chiefly by the instrumentality of the liberals; but as he himself was upright in his intentions, he hoped that the revolution would be brought about by such open and honest means as would lead the princes voluntarily to the reforms necessary for the interests of the nation. He fixed his eyes on the Pope, from whom he justly expected everything great and noble; he argued that if he had shown a disposition to march at the head of the other princes towards a restoration of popular rights, it was through a desire for the happiness of his people, and to put an end to the threatened commotions of the *Carbonari*; it was thus he sought to smother every germ of revolt which had been so long fostered in the cities in Italy, menacing the existence of the Church, and of every civil and human institution. Bartolo was not mistaken in thus interpreting the intentions of the Pope; but, on the other hand, he could not measure the deep treachery of Italian "*Carbonarism*;" hence he flattered himself that the demonstrations of joy, which he beheld in Rome, were the dawn of the fulfilment of his hopes.

"Dear father," said Alisa, about the beginning of September, "do you know that *Cicernuacchio*, of whom you spoke as a good man, seems to me very far from it. Yesterday I was returning from the *Villa Borghese*, and stopping the carriage at the foot of *Pincio*, near the *Meloni Hotel*, I passed through the crowd to obtain a closer view of the beautiful triumphal arch preparing for the passage of the Pope on the festival of the *Madonna*; and while I was looking up at the workmen, who were drawing up the framework of the frontispiece, there was *Cicernuacchio* cursing like a Turk, and using language that made my blood run cold."

"What would you have, my dear? They are all tavern people; and, after all, he is but a carter."

"And if he is a tavern-keeper, how does it happen that the gentlemen make so much of him; treating him with such strange familiarity, and shaking hands with him on the open piazza, absolutely as if he were a friend and brother! I saw a certain Roman noble link *h* in his, calling him '*Tribune of the People*;' another took him

carriage just as he was, without a coat, down the Corso to the Caffè Nuovo.

"You see, my daughter, that Ciceruacchio makes himself very useful, and he has a great deal to do in the preparations for the festival of the eighth. It requires a perfect army of people to decorate the Corso with the splendour required for such a triumph. The fine yellow sand, which it is customary to spread upon the streets through which the Pope must pass from the Quirinal to the Popolo, takes a great many carts; for the myrtle and laurel branches he sends out the grass gatherers of the Monti; then from the Ghetto he collects the materials for the banners and flags; the damasks used for the windows, the white and yellow muslin for the hangings, and for the screens placed round the illumination lamps upon which the papal arms and devices are painted. Then there are the torches and the taper-holders, along the walls of the monasteries, and a thousand other objects to be prepared. Ciceruacchio looks to all, knows all, and urges everything forward with an activity, a tact, and a precision that is quite astonishing. So you see, Alisa, that even the nobles show him great attentions for all this, to incite him by kindness to be active in preparing for the festival."

"You will take me there, will you not, father? I should like to be at a window in the first story, for I wish to have a good sight of Pius IX., and that he should see me, when I wave my handkerchief and cry 'Viva!' with all my might. Then he will give me his blessing with that celestial smile which he always wears. If, at the moment when I cry, 'Long live Pius IX.!' he raises his eyes, then, you know, he gives me a special blessing, and I shall obtain the indulgence, shall I not?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Very well, I intend to apply it to the soul of my dearest mother. Ah, if mother could but be present on this joyful occasion, what a consolation it would afford her!"

After this triumphal procession of the Pope to "Nostra Signora del Popolo," Alisa and Polissena went, in October, to the exhibition of the paintings, which were that year offered for prizes in the Academy of St. Luke. In that great gallery were seen the different styles of the Roman school of art. The bold, spirited manner of Podesti, with his gay and lively countenances, his draperies full of light and fanciful. Velvets, with their deep lustre, others with their ever-varying and reflecting tints; satins of voluptuous softness; cloth of gold, and silver tissue, with glittering strokes of light, all prove the painter to be a man possessed of a cultivated taste, in addition to a vigorous and life-like execution. Then the severe style of Overbeck, full of calm and sweetness; that comeliness in his countenances; those peaceful eyes, and those serene smiles, and those delicate features, awaken in our remembrance the heavenly pencil of the blessed Angelico, the moving touches of Perugino, the tender delicacy of outline, observable in the Florentine school, from Giotto to Ghirlandaio. There, also, is the spirit and truthfulness of Coghetti, rivalling Titian in the warmth of his colouring,

and in his powerful motion. On the other side appear the imitators of the grand and magnificent manner of Minardi, reminding one of Leonardo's purity of design, with the bold foreshortening of Michael Angelo, approaching Raphael in sublimity of movement, Correggio in the splendour of figure, and Domenichino in warmth and proportions.

Alisa could not exhaust her admiration in beholding these magnificent paintings. In one place she would stand gazing at a beautiful copy of Albani, or a soul-inspiring Madonna of Dolci; in another place a Titian, a Pordenone, a Vandyki; copies of Guido, Andrea del Sarto, and Annibal Caracci, drew her wondering attention; or she smiled at a graceful or mischievous boy of Gianbellini, or Tribolo. Polissena was conversing on some exciting topic, evidently not relating to paintings, with two artists of a strange and gloomy appearance, when Alisa came upon a country scene representing Lake Albano and its environs. She stopped to examine it. Under a fine group of green oaks was seated on a stone a young country girl, dressed in the fashion of Ariccia; a lamb, with its head resting on her knees, was looking up affectionately in her face, while the beautiful girl, in reward for its love, was crowning it with a garland of flowers. "What's this?" thought Alisa, as she discovered, or imagined she discovered, in this country scenery her own portrait. She changes position; then removes to one side, and looks again: "That, certainly, is my own face!" Then shutting her hand in the shape of a tube, she looked through it in order to see the face by itself, isolated from the rest of the painting. "It is myself exactly; there can be no mistake about it." Near her was a window, with large panes, and half open; the dark tint of the door behind caused it to give a reflection of her countenance, and turning to it, and examining the reflection carefully, she again turned to the landscape, and was at length convinced that it was indeed her own portrait. Then came a thousand conjectures; her heart beat rapidly, her temples were moistened with perspiration, her face was suffused with blushes. "Who can have done this? When and where could any one get my portrait? Oh, if it should be some one that loves me! Who can it be?" In her excitement, the innocent young girl never thought of the youth who, in May, had passed her on horseback in the avenue at Albano, and who had fallen deeply in love the moment he had seen her. She did not see, while she was thus examining her portrait, a young man, with his elbow resting upon the pedestal of a statue of Zeuxis, at the end of the gallery, and who, pale and motionless, was absorbed in watching all her movements. There was a small ticket in the corner of the painting, on which was the name "Aser," and underneath, "First premium for landscape." "Aser, who is he?" said she to herself, and taking a small ivory tablet, which she used for memoranda, she wrote the name by itself on a single leaf, and tremblingly closed and replaced it.

Polissena now joined her, with many highflown eulogiums upon the surpassing genius of Italy in the production of all those wonders of art. On their return home, she again poured forth a torrent of pompous

vapid phrases on the imperishable glory of Italians, as they passed in succession the remains of ancient Rome scattered round the Capitol. But Alisa looked with an absent air upon all those temples, and arches, and columns; Aser had banished every other thought. For several days she continued revolving in her mind the subject of the portrait. At last, however, the festivals and unceasing rejoicings in Rome banished it from her mind, or rather confined it to the deep recesses of her heart. Her father, proud of his beautiful daughter, took her with him to every public and private entertainment; an evening never passed, on which she did not accompany her father to the theatre or to the gayest "*conversazioni*," and assemblies of the most elegant Roman and foreign ladies. In the morning Alisa was always among the first in the Piazza di Monte Cavallo, to be present at the Pope's benediction from the balcony, and in the evening she went on foot or in the carriage to the Porta Pia, to see him return from his drive, admiring and applauding him with the crowds that collected round the Quirinal. Having observed that he often went out at the Porta Maggiore, and alighted from his carriage for exercise on foot, she and her father waited for him on the road, and then she would throw herself at his feet, with such ardour as to bring smiles on the countenance of the holy father. One day, as he held his ring for her to kiss, and asked Bartolo, whom he knew before, if that good young lady was his daughter, Alisa absolutely wept with joy, and for several days this little incident was the subject of her conversation with her friends, as the happiest moment of her life.

From the time when our Saviour invested St. Peter with the dignity of head of the Church upon earth, history does not instance a similar commotion of minds on the election of any Pope. In the glorious epoch of the pontificate, when Europe was one fold with one shepherd, there may have been more pompous and imposing triumphs, illuminations, processions, arches, and other extraordinary display; but Rome never beheld and perhaps never will again behold such heartfelt gladness, as was diffused throughout the world immediately succeeding the election of Pius IX. Herein God exhibited a ray of his divine glory, to show how in the end of time he will revive in the hearts of men their almost exhausted faith, and how by his divine light he will draw them again into one fold, which will submit with docility and meekness to the guidance of one shepherd. It pleased the Almighty on the 17th of June, 1846, to raise up Pius IX., and one man alone was found able, at a time when the pontifical dignity had fallen so low, to resuscitate it and carry it to a position so exalted that the world was amazed.

The assertion, that all this enthusiasm was the result of the operations of the secret associations, is but a proof of weakness of judgment in those who have advanced it. Such an idea is worthy only of commiseration. As if the whole world constituted one secret society, or as if in these days the extent of their power were not thoroughly appreciated. They are the parents of anger, hatred, treachery, inhumanity, and desolation, how then from such can arise peace, joy, admiration, and the sublime sentiments of the soul? What they could

not erect they had, however, sufficient influence to corrupt and destroy. There were many generous and sincere men, who beheld in the Pope the security and foundation of the revival of Italy, and fell at first without being aware of the consequences, and afterwards, for want of fortitude, yielded to the outcries of demagogues, who meeting with no resistance rushed on in their headlong course. They did not perceive, that instead of heaping reproaches and derision upon the heads of princes, and laying to their charge the mistakes of some minister or magistrate, it was their sacred duty to stand up in their defence before the people, and make known the goodness and fatherly disposition of their nature. Italy was never, perhaps, governed by sovereigns of greater mildness and clemency than those of our own times; none were ever more disposed to make the reforms needed to raise Italy to its natural rank among nations. Statesmen proved themselves incapable of turning this to advantage. The virtuous and loyal among the Italians were defeated, not by the power, but by the craftiness of the conspiracy. Treason, with its accustomed worldly wisdom, attacked every weak point, and profited by the supineness of its adversaries. It is by no means true, that all who had been for so many years crying out for a revival of Italy were either traitors or irreligious; there were many great and pious minds, men of sterling excellence, who would have sacrificed everything in the cause of justice, but they were wanting in that wisdom which teaches us, that the first sacrifice to be made for one's country, is the union of prudence with the exercise of power, the avoidance of municipal strife, a noble disinterestedness, generous liberality, activity in operation, energy of language, a holy fearlessness in encountering obstacles, and the exposure of life itself, if necessary, for the country. The societies, on the contrary, practised and continue to practise all this; though under different names, in the nature and object of their machinations, they are so intimately connected, that they are governed and guided by a single mind. To this head they commit the formation of their plans, and each member contributes according to his station. They include persons of every dialect, and are dispersed through every province of Italy; nobles fraternize with tradesmen, townsmen with peasants, and treat each other as if they were all members of one loving family. They are subtle and crafty, full of feints and disguises, quick and daring, patient and constant. The eye of justice does not deter them; the imprisonment of their brother does not discourage them; they increase and multiply in the face of the chains and the axe, which are prepared for their treason; they rush undauntedly into the most dangerous enterprises; lavish in their contributions to the general treasury, they involve themselves in debt, impoverish their children, and consume their estates. Put down in one province they spring up in another; patient in exile and hopeful in prisons and dungeons; even with their heads laid upon the block, they mock at the executioner, and turning their treacherous eyes upon their fellow conspirators they stimulate them to revenge.

Let not Italy be deceived; let it not suppose that peace is restored. At this moment their fury and ferocity are greater than ever; at

very moment they meet in small numbers, to discuss and form new designs in the most obscure corners of the city. They communicate their information, they encourage their dupes, they excite the lukewarm, they inspire the timid, they restrain the rash; and ever bearing in mind the objects they have in view, they snatch every opportunity, and watch the errors of governments. Dissimulation and hypocrisy introduce them into the confidence of princes, make known to them the secrets of cabinets, the dissensions among ministers, and the mysteries of the police; they find their way into the ranks of the army, the vessels of the navy, and the heart of every fortress. They know everything, they profit by everything; every weapon is lawful in their hands. In the day they are all activity, in the night, all watchfulness; among them fatigue is unknown.

Such tact and ingenuity are worthy of a better cause; and if patriotic and sincere Italians do not exert a similar activity and vigilance for the attainment of good, Italy will ever be the prey of the factious, and instead of recovering its ancient glory, it will sink into the abyss of destruction.

I have been led to this digression from witnessing the festivals in honour of Pius IX. in Rome, and have been forced to lament the blindness of those who, in their simplicity, closed their eyes to the employment of the conspirators on those occasions. For while those good people stood on the Monte Cavallo, looking in ecstasy at the Pope as he came out on the balcony, and prostrating themselves and striking their breasts, made the sign of the cross as they received the papal benediction, the traitors were laughing in their sleeves, while with their pious gestures they surpassed even the notable Fra Cipolla at Certaldo.

One day as Bartolo was returning from the Quirinal, he joined a young silk-mantled monsignore.

"Oh!" exclaimed he, "Don Achille mio, what a touching sight! Did you see Rienzi, Sterbini, Galetti, how devoutly they crossed themselves?"

"What would you have?" returned the foppish little monsignore; "it is a miracle; it is the triumph of religion!"

"Yes, and the feast of the devil!" exclaimed an old keeper of the palace, who was passing at the time.

"Those old fellows," said they to each other, frowning, with their ruby-coloured hose and their purple doublets, "are like the owls in the ruins of Caracalla's baths; the brighter the sun the more it offends their eyes."

"It is such priests as you, who by your negligence disgrace your character, that are the owls," muttered the old man, "and the day will come when the bats will not have holes enough to hide you from the talons of these vultures, that can be satiated only with the flesh of priests! Alas!" And chafing and fuming he continued his way up to the Quirinal.

"Like a deluge they crowd up here for the Pope's blessing, and if he keeps them waiting a minute or two, they bawl out their 'acci-

dente,' and are for bringing him by force. Benedictions from the balcony, and then maledictions on Pope Gregory, signs of the cross, and the next moment, 'Death to the Cardinals!' It will drive me mad! Instead of blessings from the balcony, I would give them a blessing from the tower of the Swiss, with two cannons loaded with grape."

"Softly, Signor Pacifico. Grape! Among whom would you fire your grape?" asked the Dean of a Cardinal, who was coming out of the palace. "Ha! your grape, I suppose, would be the pipeclay comfits used in the Corso in the time of the Carnival! What is the matter, what has thus raised your indignation?"

"I am enraged at those hypocritical blessing-hunters. If the padrone only knew them, oh, glory to St. Peter! he would make them keep a respectful distance."

"Do you suppose, Master Pacifico, that the Pope does not know them? Depend upon it, he reads their very hearts. One day the cardinal, my patron, had at his table an aged monsignore, one of those who lived in the time of Pope Leo. The old man was lamenting the frequent disturbance offered by these people to the Pope, when the cardinal, seeing that the footman was not present, and that I myself was busily engaged in arranging the plate upon the sideboard, addressed the old man, saying:—

"Monsignore do not distress yourself; the Pope has often told me that he has excellent reasons for such paternal government. Moreover, if on the one hand such bounty should move their consciences to a repentance of their misdeeds, and should lead them to maintain tranquillity in future, the Pope would have accomplished at a cheap rate the pacification of his own states and of all Italy; if, on the other, abusing such clemency, they should obstinately persevere in their treasonable course against legitimate authority, and, in their revolt against God and his Church, heap burning coals upon their heads, Italy, Europe, and the whole universe will be convinced of the manifest stubbornness of these impious men, and of the sordid baseness which governed their entire generation; every honest man will seek to exterminate them from the earth which they contaminate and set in flames with their rebellions."

"I quite agree with all that," was Pacifico's reply to this just and natural reasoning; "and I sincerely hope," he continued, "it may turn out exactly as your cardinal predicts; but, mind me, if the second part should come to pass, these fiendish rebels, whether they heap coals of fire on their heads or not, will take good care to put the treasures of the Church into their own pockets; and upon us poor fellows they will bring unutterable terror and misery."

CHAPTER V.

THE INSTALLATION OF THE LATERAN.

THE Pope had returned from his autumnal vacation among the hills of Albano and Frascati, and in the midst of joy, festivity, and triumphs, November set in, bringing with it from the north a crowd of strangers, who were impatiently awaiting the installation of Pope Pius IX. in the basilica of the Lateran. The Pope's master of ceremonies, Monsignor de Ligny, had made every preparation for this solemnity, and the Pope wished to restore the ancient procession on horseback, which, after the fall of Clement XIV. from his horse, had grown into disuse, and ordered the court to ride in advance of his carriage.

A squadron of mounted dragoons opened this magnificent procession. Their high bearskin caps were surmounted with white and yellow plumes, beneath which were suspended cords and tassels of brilliant white; they wore buckskin gloves turned high over their wrists, and high boots; their saddle-cloths were of brown sheepskin. At a short distance followed the Swiss trumpeters in their steel breastplates, their coat-of-arms embroidered with ornamental foliage and party-coloured strips of cloth, their trumpets carrying flags of white brocade with gold fringe, and the device of the keys and triple crown worked in the centre.

Then came the honorary chamberlains, dressed in the Italian fashion and flat caps of the sixteenth century, mounted on splendid horses with richly-ornamented trappings. Their rich mantles were of black velvet with slit sleeves, puffed out at the shoulders with satin. Round their necks they wore gold chains supporting the palatine cross. Their caps, also of black velvet, were adorned with delicate black plumes hanging gracefully on the left.

The ecclesiastical chamberlains followed, in large purple cloaks, with hoods lined with rose-coloured silk on their heads, and the ample folds of their cloaks covering their horses.

After these followed the colleges of prelates in their large purple mantles, attended by their clerks, who wore green hats tied in front with long cords and tassels. The saddles and saddle-cloths of those monsignori, consisted of velvet of the colour of the amaranth, and the trappings were of scarlet, and fastened with gold buckles.

Next in order were the chaplains, ecclesiastics, and other personages of the papal household, in purple gowns, each bishop and prelate attended by two grooms. Last rode Monsignore Sacrista, mounted on a white mule and bearing a processional cross.

The Pope's carriage, drawn by six horses, with riders in ruby-coloured cloaks, was of such richness of design and execution, in relief, and of such splendid brilliancy, that it seemed a mass of solid

gold moving through the streets of Rome. The Swiss marched on either side of the carriage, a part on horseback and a part on foot, with morions or steel caps on their heads, steel breastplates delicately relieved and inlaid with gold, and coats-of-arms embroidered with devices.

After these came the papal carriages, some with six and others with four horses, followed by the carriages of the cardinals, with rich and magnificent liveries. The Roman Senate closed the triumphal march, preceded by a band of trumpeters on horseback; after these followed the standard-bearers, with the standards, on which were the ancient S. P. Q. R. in letters of gold.* The mace-bearers marched on foot at the heads of the horses. In the front carriage was the "Senator," in magnificent robes of cloth of gold; and in the others the "Conservatori," in black velvet. The pages of the Capitol walked on foot at the sides of their carriages, in yellow liveries and short crimson mantles, the seams of which were covered with lace embroidered with the arms of the Senate.

The whole of Rome had flocked on that day to see the Pope on his passage from the hill of the Quirinal to the Lateran Basilica. Pius IX., in rochet, cassock, and stole, saw on all sides thousands of hands raised to applaud; he heard thousands of voices shouting his praises, and saw himself surrounded by thousands whose radiant smiles bespoke the joy that overflowed their hearts. He answered these demonstrations of the love of his people with paternal and celestial smiles, and invoked upon them, as he passed, the blessing of God.

Alisa, from a window opposite St. Sylvester, watched the procession as it moved from the Quirinal, extending from the fountain of the Horses of Phidias as far as the Villa Aldobrandini; but as soon as the Pope had passed, eager to obtain another view of him, she was so urgent that she prevailed upon her father to take her to the piazza of the Forum of Trajan, to the house of one of her friends. In spite, however, of their efforts they were too late to turn the front of the advanced guard of dragoons which was pressing back the crowd; and Bartolo, greatly annoyed, retired with his daughter as near the wall as possible while they passed. The horses took up the greater part of the breadth of the street, and the people were so crushed together that mothers were compelled to hold up their children above their heads to save them, when a white handkerchief fell from the hand of a lady who stood upon a balcony above. This frightened one of the horses of the dragoons; he reared and bounded aside, and in another moment Alisa would have been crushed beneath his hoofs. She gave a cry of terror, and in an instant a young man threw himself under the horse, and snatching her up, pressed rapidly with her through the crowd, and after placing her in safety under the arch of a doorway, disappeared.

The horse, however, in his plunging, had struck him upon the left

* S. P. Q. R. Senatus Populus Que Romanus. The Senate and People of Rome. (TR.)

shoulder, and he hastened in the most acute pain to regain his dwelling. He had reached the corner of the street which leads to the Santi Apostoli, when, overcome with agony, he fell to the ground. Two persons from the crowd conveyed him to the house of a physician, who at first thought that the pressure of the crowd was the sole cause of his suffering. He soon discovered, from the difficulty of his breathing, that he was seriously injured; his coat was removed with difficulty, as his shoulder was already exceedingly swollen; but by various applications, he was somewhat relieved. The bystanders observed, suspended from his neck, as they opened his vest, a miniature richly set in gold, and on examining it, a priest who was present told the doctor that it was the portrait of the daughter of Bartolo Capegli. On the back were written in blood the words, "Without hope." The first subject of anxiety of the youth, on being restored to animation, appeared to be this portrait, which he hurriedly replaced out of sight, and giving his name, "Aser," directed them to remove him to his place of residence in the Via delle Vite.

CHAPTER VI.

A SER.

WHILE every order in Rome seemed absorbed in these festivities, there were not wanting men of sagacity and judgment, who perceived certain signs that gave them considerable disquietude for the future. Ciceruacchio redoubled his activity in leading astray the people, and in exciting them to excessive indulgence of their passions. He multiplied himself by means of his subordinates, whom he had collected from the worst dens of the city. The idle and dissolute, who are always ready to snatch at every method of living without labour and fatigue, ran about the city predicting the arrival of a new era, a new *Queen*, said they, who would restore the golden age: and the people listened in stupid amazement.

Bartolo, with his Utopian ideas, was in an ecstasy of delight at the sight of so much agitation, such exaltation of spirits among the people of Rome. In the excess of his delight he exclaimed to his friends,—

"Look at the stirring activity of people! See how they have awakened from their long trance! Believe me, the Roman people, emulating the virtues of their forefathers, shall yet arouse Italy from its long sleep, to magnanimous deeds. What are the broad states of Italy in comparison to the cantons of Switzerland? I do not speak of the smaller cantons of Uri, Schwitz, Unterwald, and Glaris, but of the largest and most populous,—Lucerne, Lausanne, Argovia, and Berne,

which altogether are not equal in extent to the half of Piedmont, of Tuscany, or Lombardy. Yet united in a confederacy, they form the invincible and noble Helvetia, which, with an undaunted and sovereign countenance, ranks itself as the sister of the most powerful kingdoms and empires of Europe. Form an Italian league, elect the Pope its president, and appoint Rome the seat of its Diet, and the modern Rome from its Capitol will vie with the ancient. Let each state in Italy maintain its independence; let it be governed by its own laws, its own usages and customs; let it be bound solely by the federal compact; let it have conformity of weights, measures, and coins, of tolls and customs; let each one maintain its own army, always in readiness to succour its neighbours; and let the Diet possess full power to declare peace or war, under the orders of its statutory councils, approved of by the sovereigns."

"Fine castles in the air, these," said the Abbate Palma, who was one day present among a number of friends at one of these speeches; "but the establishment of confederations had better be left to the monarchs of Italy. I cannot understand how it is that in every caffè, every druggist's, salt-dealer's, and tobacconist's shop, so many talented statesmen should suddenly have sprung up, so many politicians and diplomatists, all spouting eloquent speeches on public affairs of the gravest importance. I tell you, that during all this idle prate among the Roman men and the Roman women, who seem all at once turned into Sempronias, Cornelias, and Hortensias, I have seen a number of morose and savage faces, which I don't like at all. In December last, on the anniversary of St. John, which is the Christian name of the Pope, and on that of Pius V., his assumed name in the pontificate, the people marched about the city in uniforms, under banners, each body of them headed by their corporals. From what quarter do they look for their support and that of their families, if they thus continually leave their business? Does some secret hand pay them their wages on those idle days? Who supplies all this money? Where does it come from?"

"My friends, last year the demonstrations made in honour of Pius IX. were spontaneous,—they came from the heart; all concurred, all joined in the universal jubilee. But now this same people, who, on the least pretence, troop together in the day-time, are seen also in the night running from tavern to tavern, shouting and yelling and singing certain vile and impious songs, which, you need not be told, were not taught them by the Collaroni of the Caravita.* We begin to hear cries of parties, of cabals, and conventions, and especially the partisan nicknames of 'the blacks' and 'the whites,' 'progressionists' and 'retrograders,' 'mustaches' and 'pig-tails,' 'liberals' and 'papalists,' 'enlightened' and 'Jesuitists.' What has the confederation of Italy to do with all this clashing of Guelphs and Ghibellines? In Romagna

* An oratory held open at nights in Rome, the brotherhood of which, called the Collaroni, move through the streets, singing, in procession, to invite the faithful to go and hear the discourse of the missionary.

again, there are mid-day assassinations in the streets, and even in the open market-places, of men of acknowledged excellence; and the murderers are surrounded by a mob of accomplices who studiously screen them from justice. Signor Bartolo, let me hear you unravel this enigma; pray enlighten me also respecting the reports against the cardinals, which have brought upon them the public hatred, by spreading against them every kind of base aspersion. Why are they proclaimed the enemies of the Pope, friends of darkness, and the parricides of their country? What sort of liberty do you call that, which forbids a citizen to please himself even in the arrangement of his hair? which prevents him from showing himself in the daylight unless with a beard and whiskers? which prescribes the shape of his mustaches, and decrees that his beard shall be pointed, or rounded, or square, according to the caprice of the champions of the Caffè Nuovo: and if some poor snuff-taker finds mustaches uncomfortable and gets them shaved off, he is ridiculed and cut by his acquaintances. I expect nothing less, than that next we clergymen should have to wear majestic beards like Bembo, Sadoletto, or Monsignor della Casa. I suppose that our three-cornered hat will also fall under the popular ban, and we shall have to put on some new-fangled affair in its place. I'll tell you what, it is my opinion, that we shall finish with the 'red cap of the reign of terror.'

On the departure of the good Palma there arose among the company every expression of violent disapproval and contempt. He was an enemy to enlightenment, a "retrograder," a calumniator of the Roman people. "Our clergy," say they, "are behind the age; they cannot keep pace with the progress of modern civilization. Canon law, the Decretals, and the Council of Trent, embrace the whole of their requirements. As for the affairs of this world, they, especially the aged, are in utter darkness."

The spring of 1847 was advancing with renovating steps, scattering its flowers over the lovely hills of Latium, and pervading every place with delightful fragrance. The noble Roman villas had unfolded the splendours of their verdure, the beautiful serenity of their lakes, the gaiety of their meadows, and the magnificence of their gardens. Towards evening, Pincio and the Villa Borghese were open to the crowds of noble foreigners and Romans; the Villa Panfilì, the Villa Albani, the Villa Patrizi, and others, were frequented by parties of pleasure, composed of the citizens, who in some pleasant retreat, on the banks of the lakes, or on the borders of the flower-beds, seated themselves in circles and enjoyed a frugal feast. The seasoning of the conversation at these rural entertainments was invariably politics; the praises of Pius IX., the hopes of Italy, the means, arts, and plans by which the resurrection of their country could be effected with the least danger.

As the assemblies were partial in their nature they did not fully answer the designs of the more impatient, who had their own objects in view: it was resolved that public banquets should be held, at which every class of people should meet on a footing of equality. This idea was immediately acted upon. Ciceruacchio, Sterbini, and Masi were

without delay set in motion, and from the month of May, the rural festivities, the monster "picnics," and the public dinners in the villas round Rome, rivalled the royal feast of Assuerus, which lasted, in the gardens of his palace, one hundred and eighty days without intermission. One day Doctor Sterbini, who was Bartolo's family physician and on terms of intimacy with him, called to see him.

"You see," said the doctor, "how all Rome is in joyful commotion, what animation there is among the people, and that the time of our ransom is at hand; these festivities may be compared to the public dinners of ancient Sparta, from which the Spartan youth arose with souls inflamed with the love of their country, with ennobled views, and renewed courage for the magnanimous enterprises of war. This is perfectly clear to you, who never absent yourself from any of our entertainments, and who have so generously contributed to the supply of wine and bread and cheese for the Roman people. The popular commission does not ask you for money on the present occasion, but that you would, on next Monday, throw open to the people your splendid vineyard near Ponte Molle, for a grand banquet, which it proposes to offer to its friends. You will not need to put yourself to any expense; everything is in order; the tents, tables, and utensils; wines, fowls, vegetables, and meats; all are prepared, and we shall have waiters and carvers in abundance."

Bartolo answered, that he accepted as a very great favour the opportunity of giving so small a proof of his devotion to Italy and Rome.

"Good," replied Sterbini, "the matter is settled. Pray keep your seat, don't let me disturb you: you rich gentry have always plenty on your hands. I am going in to see the Signora Polissena, who has been troubled with headache. Sit still, I pray; with friends there is no need of ceremony." And leaving Bartolo, he went to Polissena, closed the door carefully, and looked round before he spoke.

"Well, you see we are not satisfied with the usual mode of progression on foot, we are flying with outstretched wings. Everything is in our favour. The impatience of our brethren in Switzerland can scarcely be restrained; those holy water dupes and the pilgrims to the Madonna of Einsiedeln will soon get their thick skulls broken. At Vienna all is ready to spring the mine; nothing more is needed but to apply the match. Germany is prepared; France will blow up Louis Philippe, with his Macchiavel in his hand; Piedmont, Tuscany, and the whole of Italy, are like a pond surrounded with an impervious net, and not a fish of them all can escape. England scatters its baits, which are eagerly swallowed; the Jews of Italy, Germany, Poland, Bohemia, and Hungary, will lend their aid in various ways. They are our treasurers and our printers; they supply us with books and every kind of prints; and what is infinitely more important, they have men of every condition, old and young, travelling, apparently, for purposes of trade, who render us, with perfect safety, the most faithful services. They pry into every corner, and through every keyhole; they thrust themselves everywhere; in a word, they are our electric telegraph."

"What! do you trust to Jews!" exclaimed Polissena; "to the scold, ignorant, covetous, cowardly Jews, who, for two quattrini, would outdo Judas?"

"Exactly! and it is neither magnanimity, nor generosity, nor courtesy, which binds them to us; it is the madness of Judas. The resurrection of Europe would crucify and bury again the Nazarene, and for this they would give the last drop of blood. You measure the ultramontane Jews by those of our own despicable Ghetti in Italy. You deceive yourself; they are liberal, enlightened and rich; they attend the universities; they move in the highest circles; they have merchant vessels in every port; they are mixed up in the affairs of every government; in short, they are excluded only from the most influential places in the palaces of kings. Be of good heart, Polissena. You will soon see our friends from Leghorn. We are now waiting for a few members of the 'Legion of Death' from Romagna, some half dozen Calabrians, the 'Lion of Ancona,' the 'Leopard of Rieti,' the 'Dragon of Perugia,' and the 'Desperate Soul,' of Viterbo;—those four alone are worth a thousand. Fear nothing, Polissena, true daughter of Italy! How have you got on with Alisa? I would have you to leave nothing undone. She is rich and beautiful, and full of spirit; she must be a good Italian. We need ladies, they have an infinity of arts to bring over their lovers, their husbands, and their sons."

"What would you have, Sterbini mio?" answered Polissena, smiling. "There is little to hope from Alisa; she remains, in spite of all my attempts, devout to the Blessed Virgin, and proof against every attack. I have placed in her hands books such as you approve of, the 'Journals of Young Switzerland,' the 'Wandering Jew,' the 'Religion of the Future,' by Fuerbach, the 'Poems of George Herwegh,' the discourses of Weitling and of Marr. I have gained little more than to corrupt her heart somewhat, and inspire her with a love for the amusements with which our party has inundated Rome. On the occasion of the installation of the Pope in the Lateran, she narrowly escaped being crushed by a horse, and was only saved by the interposition of a young man, who received a serious injury on the shoulder. On being carried insensible into the house of an apothecary, a miniature was found upon him which was recognized to be the portrait of Alisa. He is some foreigner of the name of Aser; Alisa knows this, and since this occurrence she seeks solitude, she is absent and thoughtful, and has lost all taste for amusement. I believe this foreigner is desperately in love with her; he follows her everywhere: at the theatre he waits at the door; then takes a box which looks down upon ours, and from behind the curtains he never takes his eyes off her. At the benedictions of the Pope, he is always close by in the crowd; at the shows in the Corso, he stations himself opposite the balcony of Alisa, always alone and silent. He is handsome, has a high forehead and piercing eyes; dresses in the Italian fashion, and wears in his hat a black plume somewhat inclining to the the right. Do you know him?"

"This Aser, my dear Polissena, is a mystery even to us; but the determined soul and the resolute bearing which he has displayed in our affairs in Italy and Rome, by no means partake of the same character of obscurity. There is not another youth of such intrepidity as he; none who have adopted our cause, are more deeply engaged in all our practices and secret plans; he is a captain and duke in the 'Sacred Cohort.' He raises our boldest and most efficient levies; he is vigilant and active both in public and private. His recruits are idle or fraudulent young debauchees and malefactors, worthless fellows and spendthrifts, who have abandoned their wives and families and squandered their property, who are loaded with debt, or who have pawned everything, but the honour of their wives and daughters. Those dregs of society we need for a thousand purposes; they are our 'food for powder,' our breastwork in time of danger, into which they rush headlong, and whether they conquer or perish, they are still but a vile slavish throng, fit only to receive the blows intended for ourselves, and whose blood may flow the streets in torrents without exciting compunction. Aser, in these respects, is invaluable; and already the members, whom he has enlisted in Rome, overreach the suspicions of Nardoni or the fears of the cardinals. Who this Aser is no one knows; he wraps himself in an impenetrable disguise. He is generally supposed to be a natural son of some great prince in the north; it is, however certain that he came to Rome with a passport from Hamburg, that he brought letters of introduction from the first bankers of the Hanseatic towns, that he was recommended to several consuls, and that he was always in the company of Lord Minto; but he avoids the minister of Russia, and more than any other the ambassador of Austria. He scatters money with a profuse hand, and is still always well supplied; his house is furnished like a nobleman's; he is a generous patron of all the artists, particularly the Prussians, Hanoverians, Swedes, Danes, and Norwegians; he speaks several languages with fluency, especially French, English, and Italian, and pronounces the latter with a softness and delicacy unknown in a German. He plays on the harp and on the piano, sings well, paints like a master, and rides with inimitable grace."

"He certainly is," interposed Polissena, "a youth of great courage, and it is positively a crime not to know his origin."

"Of what advantage would it be to know it?" said Sterbini; "if we desired it, our police would not be long in discovering it, and we should soon be informed of his father, mother, and parentage, four generations back. But that which to us is of real importance—he is our friend and ally. He is a friend of Mazzini, Ruffini, and Rosales; he keeps up an unbroken correspondence with Scharpff, Breidenstein, Barth, and Stomeyer, the leaders, as you know, of Young Germany. I need not mention the Swiss, or that he is well acquainted with all the regenerators of Lausanne, Berne, Geneva, Zurich, and the other cantons. In short, he is for us a real jewel. Polissena, keep up your courage, and exert your whole strength to raise up this degraded Italy from its debasement." With these words Sterbini retired.

CHAPTER VII.

THE RURAL BANQUET.

BARTOLO now busied himself in embellishing his vineyard for the banquet; he set his men to work in every part—on the walks, the paths, the flower-pots and shrubberies, the fountains and seats, everything was renewed and beautified. The casino was delivered up to painters, cabinet-makers, and upholsterers; everything underwent thorough repairs. The meadows below were alive with tradesmen and artisans, who seemed to have brought with them the stuffs, the damasks, tapestries, and curtains of half the Ghetto. In the middle was planted an immense Persian tent striped with white and yellow. Over the tables in the interior were suspended innumerable magnificent chandeliers, which in the evening would illuminate the entire space with the brightness of midday; festoons and garlands were tastefully mingled with the curtains and entwined about the mirrors, which hung round the sides and supported three-branched chandeliers, the light of which they vividly reflected. In the middle of the tent was raised, to serve as a buffet or sideboard, a large pyramid of steps, terminating in a grand trophy composed of flags and warlike emblems. From the centre of this ascended the high jet of a perennial fountain, which fell back in spray into a splendid antique cistern, from which, by hidden passages, it escaped into the garden. The highest steps were crowned with bottles of choice wines, on the middle steps were the richest preparations of creams and confectionery, and on the lower steps were arranged the more substantial contributions to the banquet, with pyramids of fruits and flowers of every season and climate, and finally, on the broad table round the base were arranged vases and dishes of porcelain, and the stands and cases of the silver plate.

Round this rural temple were ranges of tables resembling the Pantheon of Agrippa, with covers of the finest and whitest linen. Upon these were placed, at intervals, vases of flowers, the citron, the orange, the lemon, and olive trees. Four long galleries had been constructed within the circle of the tent, forming platforms adorned with magnificent curtains. These were designed for the use of the ladies, who, instead of sitting down at the great tables, were provided with beautiful marble stands, upon which were arranged silver baskets and dishes filled with fruits, sweetmeats, and flowers. Bartolo had caused bouquets of flowers to be brought from his Alban villa; these were distributed in vases over the tables. From the gardens of the vineyard, and from the villas of his friends, he had collected a great number of earthen flower-pots, containing the richest native and exotic plants; moreover, every variety of trees and shrubbery were collected for the

occasion. These were arranged in tasteful lines and groups in different parts of the pavilion.

On the appointed day, Ciceruacchio and his satellites drew the people up in ranks and led them with songs and shouts through the Porta del Popolo to Bartolo's vineyard.

They were followed by long lines of carriages containing the artists of every nation; painters, sculptors, engravers, carvers, workers in mosaic, coral and cameo cutters, artists in bronze-work, pattern-makers, and even the workers and grinders of colours. Then came burgesses, officers, and magistrates, every description of merchants and tradesmen, men without recognized occupation of every order, nobles, and patricians, and princes of every grade and dignity. Such a commingling of all ranks was never before witnessed in the city. Ciceruacchio was the golden link, the "*funiculus charitatis*," which bound with its chains of love every grade and position; here he shook hands with a prince; there he walked arm in arm with a duke, or he embraced a marquis or a count, or he playfully jested with a banker, or caressingly curled the moustache of a colonel; and by way of greeting, he shook the judges of Monte Citorio and presidents of the Wards by the shoulders. The next moment, saluting with a blow of his heavy fist the shoulder of some porter of the Ripetta, or some carter of the Piazza del Oca, he would utter some horrible curse: "Ho! shout, hurrah for Pius IX. Hurrah for Italy!" "Long live Misther Angelo, our *Tribute* o' th' People," replied a number of tinkers from the Regola. "Viva," repeated the costermongers of the Monti.

A company of elegant young gentlemen had assumed the task of receiving the ladies, and escorting them to the platforms erected for their especial use. These youths were dressed in the Italian fashion, in tunics and trousers of black velvet, plumes in their hats, and a belt in which they wore daggers with cross-hilts. Aser on this occasion appeared more brilliant and handsome than ever. His tunic was of the velvet of the celebrated manufacture of Bracchetti di Ala in the Italian Tyrol. His belt was fastened by a gold buckle in the form of an escutcheon deeply engraved, and holding in the centre a magnificent emerald. The hilt of his dagger, instead of being in the form of a cross, like those of the other young men, was fashioned in the shape of a serpent entwined in triple spiral folds, with its erect crest forming the guard for the hand; the sheath was of glittering steel variegated with tracery of gold; the point, likewise of gold, terminated in a ruby. His hat was adorned with a large ostrich-feather; round his neck he wore a gold chain of almond-shaped links, which sustained a medal representing, in relief, Italy crowned by genius, with the motto, "*Arise and Reign*." His canary-coloured Grenoble gloves hung at his belt near his dagger; and his wristbands contrasted their snowy whiteness with the black velvet sleeves over which they were turned. Pointed moustaches, beard à la Vandyke, his hair in the fashion of the Buondelmonti of Cimebue, made him a living representation of an ancient Italian. After conducting each lady to her seat upon the platform, he

again rapidly descended the stairs and hastened out of the pavilion ; he seemed thoughtful and absent, and often turned his eyes towards the gates of the vineyard.

When Bartolo arrived with Alisa and Polissena, Aser was in a moment at the carriage door, and offered his assistance to Alisa ; as she descended from the carriage, she felt his hand tremble as if he were shaken by the ague. Polissena went in advance with a young man from Rimini, and Aser followed with Alisa, of whom he merely asked, if her ride there had been agreeable. " Perfectly so," she answered ; " the distance is short, and this is one of the most beautiful days of this delightful season ! Oh, this festival will be most pleasant." As she said this they reached the ladies' platform.

The gentlemen were already seated at the tables of the grand pavilion, and the military bands placed at the foot of the galleries, and another, composed of the great masters, in the Rotunda, played alternately, and enlivened the feast. The refreshments were circulated among the ladies ; beautiful young girls, who waited upon them, moved rapidly to and fro with watchful activity, and offered to each one the varied delicacies of the feast. In the mean time, Aser stood behind the seat of Alisa to see that the attendants did not pass her by, and he himself would remove her plate, and if any pistachio nuts or almonds remained upon it he stealthily took possession of them, happy to preserve some memorial of such a day. While he was thus silently paying his attentions, a certain Casemirsky accosted Aser with intentional insult. This man was a Pole of furious and ungovernable temper, constantly on the watch for every occasion of quarrelling, and who, notwithstanding frequent chastisements, still indulged his fractious disposition.

" What are you doing here ? I wish to attend to this young lady myself."

Aser turned upon him a look of burning contempt, and kept his place ; but Casemirsky proceeding to elbow him from it, Aser seized him by the arm with an iron grasp, and dragged him rapidly out to the open green. There three other Poles came to the assistance of their countryman, with drawn daggers ; Aser had also drawn his dagger, and was warding off their blows in silence, when several Romagnuoli and Sicilians threw themselves between and separated them. Casemirsky cried with impotent rage : " I expect you to-morrow with pistols."

Elsewhere every one was delighted with the perfection of the arrangements of this great banquet. The foreigners pay their compliments to the Roman magnificence, which manifests itself on every occasion. But this festival was looked upon by a majority of the spectators, simply as a demonstration of public happiness under the auspicious government of Pius IX. ; but it was clearly manifest to those who did not walk with their eyes shut, that it was designed by the revolutionists as the first movement of the conspiracy against the most paternal of princes, and the most mild and generous of popes. From time to time, while the wine circulated, silence was proclaimed

by the heralds, and the Tiberine bards intoned from an elevated platform the hymn of Italy. The poets Guerrini, Gherardi, Sterbini, Meucci and Tomassoni, boldly proclaimed in every species of metrical composition the future triumphs of Rome. The Roman people were the sons of heroes; Rome had been the mistress of the universe; the Capitol was the rock of liberty, whence the eagle of Quirinus had taken its flight to civilize the world; it was the rock to which the triumphal cars of their forefathers had tended with so much applause. "Arise, people of Rome, arise; burst your bonds and reign." "Ye are the sovereign people; ye gave the Vatican to the Popes, but the Capitol must still be your own." The ancient names of Mucius Scævola, Cocles, and the Horatii, were invoked to inspire the men, while the ladies in their turn were exhorted to emulate the hatred of tyranny displayed by Clelia and her companions.

At the end of every recitation, Ciceruacchio scattered his heralds through the galleries, to excite the people to shouts of "Rome for ever! Italy for ever!" And to blind the well-intentioned to their evil designs, he spread a report in Rome on the following day, that a man from Leghorn had unfolded a revolutionary tri-colour, and that the people were ready to tear him to pieces, with cries of, "Down with those colours; white and yellow for us; woe to them that touch them! Long live Pius IX.!"

These poetical effusions were printed and dispersed through the city. One admired them as noble conceptions, while another pronounced them sheer theatrical ranting and the ravings of lunacy. "Very likely!" said they; "show us your Cocles and Scævolas nowadays! They have exchanged the Aventine for Monte Testaccio,* and in its wine-caves they find it more interesting to handle bottles than burning coals. Pshaw! Old Meo Patacca sang better in the piazza Barberina, and at the crossways of the Suburra."

But men of judgment, the sterling and virtuous Romans began to look around in alarm. "If matters proceed at this rate, the Pope had better at once take shelter in San Giovanni, as its arch-priest. These strangers who are crowding into Rome like flocks of rooks, make a croaking and din that is perfectly deafening." They saw gathering over Rome dense and dark clouds, which foretold the approach of a terrific storm. "Already," said the more clear-sighted, "we have seen the lightning's flash, and we hear the distant muttering of thunder."

On the other hand, the ladies who on the preceding day were on the platforms in the pavilion, had held a grand parley that evening at the theatre, on the subject of the occurrence which they had witnessed behind Alisa. Although Alisa herself had scarcely been aware of the short but angry altercation between the rivals, the envious young ladies and jealous mothers had not missed a single movement:—"So

* The Monte Testaccio is a high mound or hill, composed of the rubbish from the ruins of Ancient Rome. Inside there are wine vaults, to which the common people resort in the month of October to drink and amuse themselves.

young," said one to another; "and already so artful. Already she is mixed up with adventurers. Ah! the silly coquette! how delighted she was to have so handsome an admirer at her back! And yet what an air of innocence and simplicity!"

"She is even younger than my Virginia," said another, "and already she is puffed up with her eighty thousand pounds. They say that young man with a diamond clasp is a Swedish duke; at any rate, he has a fierceness in his eyes, that carries fear wherever he fixes them."

"If Lady Flavia were living," remarked a third, "we should have none of these scandals. It is truly astonishing! A young girl, just loosed from the convent, running to every festival; dressing with such elegance, and frequenting every society! Again, that lady companion, or tutoress, or female mentor, or whatever you may call her, is not the one for me. She affects reserve, but I understand the malice of those hawks, which force themselves into dovescots; they are more cunning than magpies. Was she ever seen at church? When Alisa goes to Father Ventura she always has a headache, and sends a waiting-maid to accompany her, or Signor Bartolo takes her himself. As for Alisa—why, at least, she is the daughter of an excellent mother. Enough! may she have much joy with her Swede. Who knows what difficulty he will have yet with that Pole with whom he quarrelled yesterday?"

Casemirsky, enraged against Aser, was not satisfied with the verbal defiance on the green; but he sent him a note at the theatre, challenging him to a meeting at noon on the following day, among the old ruins behind Santo Stephano. Aser had, for seconds, a friend from Palermo, and another from Leghorn. Casemirsky was accompanied by a Hungarian and a Persian. They left their carriages on the green of the Navicella, and chose a level space at the foot of Monte Celio, where the seconds loaded the pistols, and the combatants made their preparations. But Polissena, who had received intimation of the duel, sent in great haste two Romagnuoli, to beseech them not to throw away their lives at a moment of such vital importance to their country; to reserve their ardour and daring for their enemies, and for the deliverance of Italy from its chains, since for that alone both had abandoned their native soil, and devoted themselves to its cause; but let them remember their oaths, and consider, whichever should fall, would be one champion the less in the ranks of the brave.

Aser coolly answered, "I have already devoted my life to Italy; tell the generous lady who sent you, that I forgive Casemirsky, notwithstanding his insult and defiance; but my blood is of some account, and if he be resolved to fight, and I fall, it shall call down vengeance upon the enemy who uselessly sheds it on the Roman soil, instead of leaving it to flow on the plains of the Adige, or the Po."

Casemirsky grew ferocious. "Tis fear that makes you thus play the hero. Fight, coward, and die!" and approaching Aser, he wished to fight breast to breast; but the seconds interposed: "No," said they, "it shall be according to our rules of duelling,—at five paces."

So saying, they bandaged the eyes of both. The first shot fell to

the lot of Casemirsky. He fired, and the ball grazed Aser's temple, carrying away a lock of his hair. Then, instead of pointing his pistol at his adversary, Aser raised his arm and fired in the air, with a cry of "Viva l'Italia!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SECRET SOCIETIES.

WHOEVER examines, with a discriminating eye, the condition of our age, and having read the recent history of European nations, and having recalled to mind the events of which he has been an eye-witness, and seeks to discover the cause of so many revolts in so short a period, will clearly find, from their effects, that they have one common origin, viz., *secret societies*. Although they exist as a common principle among nations of different race and country, the constant effects which flow from them, prove them to be perpetually the same. Whoever entertains a different opinion, is either unacquainted with the present state of affairs in Europe, or he lives at home, secluded from society.

The very soul of all the unlooked-for and rapid changes in the states of Europe is the *Pandemonium* of the secret societies. This is the mysterious *demiurgus** of the oriental religions, which animates everything in the physical and in the moral world; which shows itself in every form; which warms all life with its hidden fire; which gives intelligences to the invisible spirits dispersed through the universe. This supreme *protogoneus*, the first cause of all things, was the active and passive principle of the world, symbolized under the figure of the *serpent* by pre-eminence, which, among the Egyptians, was the *Pftà*: and, among the Greeks, *Apollo Pythoneus*.

The secret societies could not have imagined a more appropriate emblem than this. The serpent glides noiselessly under the grass and beneath the flowers; it winds its coils in secret into the innermost recesses of mouldering ruins—into the crevices of rocks and the holes of the earth; it broods beneath foundations, under the roots of trees, and even under the altar of God. It dwells in solitude, in the depths of wells and cisterns, in the empty vaults of sepulchres, and in the most profound caverns. In its loneliness it meditates carnage, it accumulates venom, wets its fangs and sends forth threatening fire from its blood-red eyes. Issuing forth into the sunlight, it rolls forward in proud and menacing undulations, casts off its skin, unfolds the splendour of its new colours, and, with crest erect, it darts its forked tongue, and sends forth its horrible hissings. But if its silence strikes the heart

* *Demiurgus* (δημιουργός), the supreme magistrate in some free states in Greece. (*Livy*.) Here it holds its natural signification—a mechanic, artist, or builder; one who constructs. (Tr.)

with fear, the shrill sound of its hissing fills it with horror, and is the knell of death.

But that property of the serpent which more especially resembles the secret societies, is the fascination of its eye,—that motionless, piercing and searching eye of the serpent, which infuses horror into the object upon which it is fixed, while the wretched creature is seized with a mysterious spell, and without thinking of flight, or unable to move, suffers itself to receive the blow of death. Thus the world holds in detestation those associations; it dreads their horrible mystery, mourns over their ravages, and yet lets itself sink paralyzed into their deadly embrace. These secret societies also hide their head like the adder, which coils and knots its folds round itself in such a manner, that its back and tail are only offered to the blows of its enemies. Though frequently discovered, and so often wounded and cut to pieces, it revives again by degrees; its head having been preserved, it collects its folds, and, with renewed vigour and increased subtlety, it concocts venom more murderous than ever.

Kings know it; the ministers of every government know it; yet at every new outbreak they raise their eyes in astonishment and ask, "What now? Did you ever hear of such a thing? Who would have thought it?" But they have scarcely recovered from their first amazement, before they hear the thunder of fresh outbreaks, of the crumbling thrones, and the ruin of every order, civil and religious.

We have seen these things in the short revolution of a few years. In 1830, in France, at a single blow, they overthrew the throne of St. Louis. Charles X. was driven into exile; Louis Philippe d'Orleans usurped his place, supported by the few against the many. Spain, after quelling the commotions of 1820, was still governed as a monarchy under Ferdinand VII., who, on his deathbed, cancelled the Salic Law and assigned the crown to a female. Her brother, Carlos, had recourse to arms to vindicate his claim; wars, agitations, and changes without end ensued. Don Miguel of Braganza reigned in tranquillity in Portugal. Peter, his brother, Lord of Brazil, being expelled by the Brazilians, sailed with a small armament, more in the guise of a free-booter or pirate than of a warlike prince, landed at Oporto, met his brother, who was at the head of the entire force of the kingdom, defeated him and expelled him from the country. From 1831 Italy has despairingly struggled in the grasp of the conspirators; it snatches up its arms and shouts *Liberty*, while it is trampled on and suffers every indignity. Austria appeases without extinguishing the rage of this conflagration; it bursts forth at Bologna, and then at Rimini, and is subdued only to break out again with increased violence. Switzerland, which has remained longer undisturbed than any European nation, raging with commotions since 1830, has finally exploded, and like the bursting of a shell, has mutilated, torn, and destroyed everything within its reach; and while it consumes itself with its own fire, it inflames and consumes the countries that surround it. They whose position made it a duty to foresee the conflagration which would follow at the first gleamings of those furnaces, fed by the secret societies,

were stupefied at the result. Then they exclaimed, "Ah, the felons! Ah, the assassins! Ah, the worst, depraved of men!" Yet it is well known these men only follow their natural trade; and they follow it with profound artfulness, and the utmost refinement of subtlety. They deceive none but the inattentive, for they proclaim in a thousand ways that they will have no Christ, no church, no kings, no governments; but that they will pursue their designs until they have overturned the thrones of kings and the altar of God. And when they have accomplished their threats, we hear exclamations!

Even after the triumph of Druey and his partisans in the overthrow of the legitimate government of Lausanne, they stupidly continued to wonder; after they had heard their yells of "Down with God! Death to Christ! Death to all that pray! Death to the Methodist pastors, to the Momiers, to the ministers of the Reformed Church!" At Echallens, the doors of the Protestant deaconesses were burst open, their furniture broken and reduced to fragments, all that was precious plundered, and the Bible was torn up and trampled under foot. The Protestant ministers were hunted as Jesuits, and took refuge among the Catholics of the Vallese. The rabble shouted through the streets, "Death to the rich! Death to all that have domestics!" Treichler, Fournier, and Considerant, preached in Lausanne the Communism of the *Phalana*, which Proudhon himself pronounced "*bestial*" and "*infamous*;" such is its ferocity and the horrible deformity of its villany. Berne, in the Constitution of July, 1846, threw down the impious Neuhaus, to replace him with the impious and still more inhuman Ochsenbein, who called to the theological chair of Berne the atheist Zeller of Tübingen, whom even the journal of Berne styled, "Antichrist descended in disguise into the university of Berne, under the mask of the disciple of Strauss." The perfidy of the "Free Corps" has become notorious; they war indifferently against the Catholic Church and against the Protestant Confession; they threaten with slavery the Free States of the conservative cantons. After their recent examples developed under our own eyes, can we continue to wonder at the power, the direful and treacherous intentions of the secret societies?

We had reached July the 17th, 1847, and Ciceruacchio was at work on the Piazza del Popolo upon a great trophy for the annual commemoration of the amnesty of the state rebels. All Rome turned its eyes upon this new festivity, and had no other thought but to surpass in magnificence every other demonstration. Triumphal arches, gigantic statues, magnificent galleries and platforms, all were to concur in forming as it were an immense temple of immortality. But while the people were flocking to these public demonstrations, Young Italy was preparing in secret other machinery to triumph over the liberty and happiness of Italy. According to the decisions of Mazzini at the Convention held in Paris on the 4th of March with the socialist chiefs, Rome was to be secretly the head-quarters, and afterwards the public workshops of the conspiracy against the ancient institutions of the Italian States. No other capital afforded the same advantages and

inducements as Rome; it was the centre of Christianity, the sovereign seat of Faith, the august residence of the Head of the Church, and the queen city of the whole Christian family; it would shake by its example all the states of Italy and nations of Europe.

One by one the most ferocious and subtle of the conspirators of Young Italy, Germany, Switzerland, and Poland had crossed the Alps and dropped into Rome, under the orders of Mazzini, Ruffini, Dybowski and Zalesky, Marr and Weitling. Among them were the assassins of Emiliani and Lazzareschi at Rhodes, the murderers of the commissaries of the police and other officers of the government, in the piazza at Ravenna, and at the bridge of Faenza, under the colonnades of Bologna. There were desperadoes of Leghorn, who for several years had been keeping themselves in practice by the midnight assassinations of those who had been pointed out to them by leaders of the society. All these ruffians, under innumerable names, in the disguise of artists, merchants, printers, and gentlemen, by pre-arranged signs and the marks appointed by the society, executed its orders, its messages, and decisions; they introduced themselves into every assembly and society; they sat at the same table as the people in the taverns; they mixed with the frequenters of hotels and inns, and by interrogating and observing every one that fell in their way, they sounded the disposition of the Romans. Here they threw out a joke, there they invented a lie; at one time they were *papalists*, at another *republicans*, according to the place they were in, or the company they met.

To elude the watchfulness of the police, they constantly changed their place of abode. They sought the most obscure alleys of Rome; one night would be passed in that of the Pavoue, another in that of the Cinque; the next behind the Piazza Padilla, then near the Ponte Rotto. One day they appeared dressed in the Italian tunic, another in a blouse, or a Lombardy sack; another, they would personate a fop, with hair elegantly dressed and perfumed, and with a miniature comb between their fingers arranging their moustache. They appeared even in the priest's cassock and mantle, with the three-cornered hat, and the buckles of his shoes. Others turned pedlars, and with a show-case suspended before them containing looking-glasses, braces, false jewellery, scissors, razors, &c., they entered every shop, the dye-houses, the mills on the Tiber, the slaughter-houses outside the walls, the tanyards and among the blacksmiths and locksmiths, and while talking and answering questions (the Romans are full of curiosity), they made good use of their time.

But the great den of every iniquity was behind the Lungara; there, in those concealed and solitary vaults, they held nightly conventicles; they hatched plots, and planned revolts and assassinations; there they casts lots to determine the murderer of their next victim; there it was said to the incendiaries—"Go you and set fire to such a hayloft; you set fire to this granary, or that warehouse, which belongs to the infamous wretches whom our brethren of Switzerland have enjoined us to punish." Some were appointed to poison those females of their society whom they feared as being too communicative; others to drop

a dose of morphia into the wine of certain poor unfortunate girls, who, rendered insensible by the effects of the poison, were removed to the hospitals, where in delirious paroxysms they miserably breathed their last. There were the presses on which were printed the infernal productions, which to the surprise of the good appeared in the morning, on every post and wall in Rome, and which stirred the populace to every act of villany. There was the depository of creosote and vitriol which they used in accomplishing their nefarious ends.*

This den was the seat of every depth of depravity and sacrilegious impiety. Here the very altar of Satan (by the permission of the Omnipotent and All-merciful God, for the ineffable ends of his infinite wisdom) was erected to the rival of the Almighty! Here actual adoration was paid to the Devil as to a supreme deity; here he received incenses, tremendous vows, obscene sacrifices, and execrable offerings. Round this altar twelve infamous females danced every night, and as its priestesses offered the execrable sacrifice. Can I express it? can I guide my pen to write it? These wretches came forth in the morning with piety in their countenances, devotion in every lineament; they approached the sacred table of the Immaculate Lamb, and receiving the Most Sacred Host in their polluted mouths, they bent their heads upon their handkerchiefs, and therein deposited the host, to carry it at night to their horrible orgies. The altar being prepared, the fire kindled, incense sprinkled over it, and the Holy Hosts placed in a goblet, these villains drew round with drawn daggers, and the high priest, chosen from among themselves, prayed—"Thou God, our Supreme Lord, accept the homage of the body and blood of thy mortal enemy. Here we lay Christ at thy feet, dispose of him as thou wilt. Thou formerly crucified him by the Jews; 'twas well! This accursed being would have precipitated thee from thy throne; thou hast rewarded him according to his deserts. Here are we Christians, make use of us to turn him into a laughing-stock; we renounce him, we abjure him, we count him ever as our slave. He threatens with hell-fire them that do not believe in him; we do believe in him, yet we do not fear his hell; we join in every curse which the damned hurl against him, and which they and we shall howl forth for all eternity! This cowardly and vile God has fled into the heights of heaven, but we can drag him down to the earth by his own priests, and we grasp him in our hands. Now let him pay the forfeit for preaching obedience, poverty, and the pardon of enemies! Death to the priests! Death to Christ!" Then each one brandishing his dagger, grasped the sacred Host, pierced it, gashed it, and mangled it, and cast it into the fire on the altar, as a holocaust to the fiend. Every night almost, these horrors took place in Rome. In that Janiculum, where Peter was crucified in testimony of his love and fidelity to Jesus Christ, our divine Lord and Saviour; on that soil bathed with the blood of so many legions of martyrs; close by the august seat of Truth; under the very

* In 1851 these horrors are no longer mysterious. Various trials have brought to light far more infamous devices practised by the secret societies.

eyes of the sovereign Pontiff, who, while those demons were sacrificing Christ, himself before that same Christ passed the night kneeling and prostrate, imploring his compassion and mercy upon Rome; beseeching him to enlighten the minds and touch the hearts of so many impious men, who contaminated the metropolis of the Christian world. And Rome, meanwhile, blind and pitiable, was delirious in its festivities, dancing over the infernal volcano ready to burst beneath it.*

One evening Bartolo, as it not unfrequently happened, went to the College of the Propaganda to attend upon Cardinal Mezzofanti, and accompany him home. It was a daily amusement of the cardinal to converse in the oriental languages with the students after they returned from their evening walk, particularly with the Peguana, in the Birman tongue; with the Indians of Madure, in the Tamulic; and still more frequently with the Chinese, in the Mandarin, and the dialects of the Scian-Si. After this recreation, finding Bartolo at the foot of the stairs, he took him in his carriage towards home. On the evening in question, Bartolo appeared somewhat silent and thoughtful, and seemed to be debating with himself whether he should submit some doubts which he had formed, to the profound learning of the dignitary who had honoured him with his confidence. The cardinal, remarking this, kindly asked him what was the matter.

"I desire," returned Bartolo, unable to resist any longer, "to lay before your eminence, a singular case, which occurred to me an hour or two ago. I was just coming out of the druggist's, opposite San Pantaleo, where I had been to get a restorative preparation compounded for my daughter, who has lately been subject to slight attacks of convulsions, when I met Monsignore Morini.† I have been for many years on intimate terms with him, although in several matters we differ somewhat in opinion. He took me aside under the portico of the Braschi residence, and showing me a sort of red bag, full of various little objects, 'Look here,' said he, 'my dear Bartolo, see here, you, who obstinately persuade yourself that religion is in a more flourishing state than ever in Rome, and that all those old Carbonari are sincere in their repentance of past treasons: these diabolical objects were brought to me this morning before daylight, by an unfortunate wretch, moved, I can't tell whether by the stings of conscience or by terror.'

"I looked at him steadfastly," continued Bartolo, "and said, 'Well, monsignore, what do you mean by that?'

"'I wish,' said he, 'to communicate to you, in strict confidence, what that stranger told me. 'Monsignore,' said he, 'I last night,

* This horrid picture provoked many comments in Italy: many were scandalized and pronounced it a ridiculous mockery to introduce these witch's abominations in 1850. But whoever will take the trouble to examine into these matters, will find the very house in which those sacrileges were perpetrated, and that several of the females above alluded to are yet in prison. More of this will be found elsewhere, and it will be known that the author has not related a hundredth part of the horrible crimes which then took place in the locality mentioned.

† Monsignore Morini was waylaid and assassinated in 1850, near Faenza.

with my own eyes, saw the fiend, and I adored him; I heard his voice, which encouraged all my companions (we were six), to labour manfully, assuring us that he would be with us, and that we should be happy if we served him boldly, and as sincere brethren. That horrible spectre is always present before my eyes; that voice resounds unceasingly in my ears; my soul is weighed down by a mortal horror, and my body is exhausted with unspeakable fright. Sprinkle me with holy water, and sign me, monsignore, with the cross.' When I had somewhat calmed him, I told him to come this evening, to receive the salutary remedies of the Church. 'Bartolo mio,' said he to me, 'he told me things which made my hair stand on my head; be wise and faithful to your religion; do not grow cold in piety. Believe me, these impious wretches menace us with rueful calamities.'

"So saying, he went his way. I consider this a mere freak of imagination; or, rather, I refer this matter to your eminence. Can it be possible that the devil should appear in obedience to conjurations? Can there be in Rome a society so detestable as to adore the devil as God? who hold with him a compact and covenant so openly as to second, promote, and encourage the plots and plans of conspirators? This is a serious matter, and hard indeed to believe."

Then the cardinal replied: "Bartolo, what can I say to you? You lead me into an interminable labyrinth, of which it is difficult to see the wanderings, the windings and intricacies, or to find the egress. That there is really in Rome such an image of hell, I cannot assert, but no one who is at all acquainted with the mysteries of human iniquity, will deny but that, in Europe, there is a dark association, which animates and inspires its votaries with the most nefarious deeds. From levity and folly, the greater part of mankind on hearing or reading such facts, turn them to ridicule as old women's tales. Nevertheless, St. Leo seriously says, speaking of the Manicheans, 'To such, falsehood is the sole law; the devil their religion; turpitude, their sacrifice.' Tertullian also says, 'The devil is the counterfeiter and the ape of God, imitating him even in the sacraments.' Moreover, note what Haller declares in his letter to his family, 'The organization of the secret societies gave me a presentiment of the Catholic religion long before I embraced or even studied it.'

"I remember to have heard from the lips of a well-known gentleman of Lyons, of great power of intellect, that Satan has upon earth also his Catholic Church, itself at war with other diabolical sects. He compared the two churches, of Jesus Christ and of Satan, to a palace built upon the tranquil and transparent waters of a lake, which casts an inverted shadow of its façade in all its proportions reflected upon the limpid sheet which bathes its foundations. Hence, also, Satan, in his impious churches, has constituted a hierarchy, a priesthood, sacraments, ceremonies, relics, a calendar, festivals, ferial devotions, fervent adorers, his temples, his missionaries, his religious vows, orders, congregations, the Bible, dogmas, precepts, councils, the liturgy, the ritual, and the liturgical language; all of which, in meaning and object, are diametrically opposed to those of the church of

God. For these impious men, the devil is God; the damned are the saints. Their Messiah has not yet come, but they are expecting him, and he is Antichrist. 'To die in his faith,' as they continually say, is the same as to die in the faith and love of Satan. If they are asked why they consider it a fundamental article never to admit Jesuits, they answer, 'Because they could never be good.'

"If they mark any one for death by the dagger or by poison, they seek first to draw him into sin, that he may die in sin, and be lost for ever. In this sense they pray for our conversion as we pray for theirs; they aspire to the seven mortal sins, and to the infernal Spirit, as we do to the Holy Ghost and his celestial gifts. I knew one who studied the course of moral theology of St. Alphonso Liguori, to find new sins, and new ways of committing sin, as we read the lives of the saints to imitate them. They give to the most nefarious crimes the names of the most celestial virtues. Pride of life, they call *purity*; shameful love, *charity*: the enervation of a mind which is immersed in every uncleanness is *humility*; the debility of the body dissolved in every contamination is *self-denial*; voluptuousness is *divine wisdom*. All this is clear enough if you read attentively the writings of Balzac, Dumas, Victor Hugo, George Sand, Fourier, Victor Considerant, and the works of the latest German Socialists. But that which, in my opinion, reveals most openly the formal worship of the devil, which pervades even the marrow of their bones, is what the above authors depict with strokes of fire in their Satanic men. The demon gleams forth in the eye, in the smile, in the wrinkled face and grinning teeth, in the abrupt nervous motion of the body, in the nervous bitterness of their sarcasms, in the irresistible vigour of the fiendish likeness which plants itself before you, and like an enraged dog strikes into the soul a trembling and consternation which enervate and rivet it to the spot. Let one of them say to you, 'I will,' and you obey; 'Stand,' and you are motionless; 'Silence,' and your words die on your lips; 'Come,' and you follow their guidance, even were it into the mouth of a dragon.

"My dear Bartolo, these are flashings that gleam forth in every line of those tragedies and novels. But in the 'Spiridion' of George Sand, change that mysterious word 'Ideal' to that of 'Satan,' and the veil is torn away; you behold hell open wide before your eyes. That Spiridion, represented by an old monk, is an astrologer, who boasts and glories in every iniquity; two-thirds of the book are taken up in giving a fervent novice instructions in every kind of depravity, until, at last, hearing so many blasphemies, he exclaims: 'But, father, on these terms we are no longer Catholics!' 'How Catholics?' says the infamous old man; 'How Catholics? Not even Christians; not even rationalists; not even pagans. . . . Yet we also have a faith, a worship, a dogma; we believe, we hope, we love.' 'But what?' cries the horrified novice; 'What?' repeats the sorcerer, 'The Ideal!' And notwithstanding all the wrappings and circumlocutions in which he entangles and envelopes himself with such proximity of argument, it is clear that this 'Ideal' is no other than Satan!"

Bartolo, while he listened to these words, was gloomy and thoughtful; and if at first he had been in doubt, he was now disheartened by the great and profound wickedness in human nature. But the cardinal, taking him gently by the hand,—“Bartolo,” said he, “we must not be confounded or dispirited when we behold the war which Satan wages against God; we must bear in mind that he is a rebel indeed, but laid prostrate and enchained by Jesus Christ; he may bark, but he cannot bite; and although it may seem at times, that all hell is let loose upon earth, he cannot, by even one hair’s breadth, pass the limits which God has imposed upon him. Bad Christians are snatched away by him, only when their own guilt brings them within his reach. God permits so many assaults upon his Church that it may be conducted to new triumphs, and deserve new crowns. Ours are sad times, but he who is faithful to God will not be scandalized at these excesses, nor will his hope be diminished. These horrors, which are perpetrated on earth, are the distinct proofs of that eternal life which awaits us after our faith has been proved in this valley of our pilgrimage.”

CHAPTER IX.

THE CONSPIRACY OF THE 17TH OF JULY.

IN the mean time, Polissena was in the worst temper imaginable. Alisa, since the memorable banquet in May, had fallen into a kind of melancholy, which had assumed the appearance of the languor and exhaustion of a mind in deep affliction. She more seldom went abroad; even at the convivial parties of her friends she had lost her playful vivacity, and loved the solitude of her own apartment. She spent more time in the reading of romances, with which the cabinet of Polissena supplied her in abundance, especially some of Balzac’s, which she admired above all others. Five or six days later, feverish symptoms and certain nervous affections having been observed by her physicians, she was ordered to keep her bed. Polissena, finding it necessary to be continually near her, was prevented from attending to her appointments with the leaders of the Italian cause, of which she was a most warm promoter; and Sterbini was absent from Rome, spreading corruption in Ernico. Unable to invent any plausible reason for leaving the house without incurring the suspicions of Bartolo—for she concealed from him all her intrigues with the utmost watchfulness—she resolved to send a note to Agostini, who acted as a medium of communication, or courier, of the society, and in such services was esteemed invaluable. Taking advantage of a few moments, during which Alisa slept, she wrote in haste the following lines:—

MY FRIEND AND FAITHFUL ITALIAN,—

I am consumed with impatience at my inability to see, even for a moment, either yourself, or Pinto, or Guerrini, or some one of our brethren, and to hear what course you intend following to attain the object of our efforts. This accursed police watch us with a thousand eyes. Freddi and Nardoni alone are as vigilant as if they had each a hundred. What shall we do? Some means must be found to do away with them. Be assured, that as long as those vagabonds of the Madonna palace are going their rounds, like so many vile curs, we shall do no good. Why do we thus remain in inactivity, and with empty hands? Do you expect to beat off our opponents with walnuts? or to hold the *Blacks* in check without arms? These Blacks will play the bully as long as they see that we are unarmed; point but one gun at them, and, like cowardly knaves, they will faint with terror. Pius IX., however, is Pope, and that's enough. Pius IX. proposes to pacify us with sugar-plums; he thinks to soften us by a few reforms. We will have all, or nothing; he shall give it with a good will, which he will never do, or we will have it by force. The world may call us ungrateful, perjured, impious: let the fools babble; when our brethren took the oath to the Pope, *on their honour*, they had neither swords nor bayonets; when we have them, we will soon cut the Gordian knot of our oath. Ourselves for ever!

You understand, my friends, that, being a lady, I must observe every lady-like decorum; and I enjoin you to be most discreet in the steps you take to see me. If Alisa should fall asleep, as I hope she will, and Signor Bartolo should have retired, you will see, about midnight, the third window of the second story open. Then come under the portico, which is always open, and turn to the left, where you will find a small door that leads into the court; at the end of this is a private door and secret stairs, which pass directly behind my study. I have already oiled the hinges of the door, that it may open without noise; and you have only to plant yourself behind one of the pillars which support the little roof of the second fountain near the postern, and I will be with you immediately. It is impossible that any one should either hear or see you, for mine is the only window which overlooks the court. Adieu! I expect you without fail.

Liberty and fraternity,

"THE AMETHYST."

The Amethyst was Polissena's distinctive name among the members of the society, each of whom had a name and device known only to the initiated. There was in Bartolo's house a young man, called Alfred, employed under the book-keeper in the office; he carried letters and messages to the advocates and lawyers, assisted in collecting rents, and in transacting such like duties. Polissena had cast her eyes upon him, and had instructed him with great care in the designs of Mazzini; the fledgling's wings were gaining strength; he had already tried some short flights, and seemed a bird of great promise. Polissena, calling him to her, under pretence of sending him out for some trifling pur-

chase, committed to him the note for Agostini, with many injunctions to be faithful, and to deliver it in safety.

Between the hour of midnight and one o'clock in the morning, Agostini, leaving the *Caffè delle belle Arti*, crept silently through the portico and the left-hand door, and took his post at the pilaster of the fountain. Polissena, who was on the watch, soon descended gently, and the visitor taking her by the hand, they sat down together on the border of the fountain, which was of white marble. "Well," said she, "son of Italy, are we to do nothing more than to shout ourselves black in the face in praise of Pius IX.? What has been done? What are we doing? What are we going to do?"

Agostini, stroking his whiskers, and passing his five fingers through his long hair, answered, "We are doing capitally, in every respect. You must know that for several months back we have had in Rome some of the most valiant Janissaries of Young Italy, comrades of matchless courage, and of such intrepidity and resolution, that they would not hesitate to strike their daggers to the hearts of their own fathers in the cause of liberty. They drew lots in our venerable college for the stern office of executors of justice, who were to remove from our path Nardoni, Freddi, Benvenuti, and the other malefactors, who, by a thousand artifices, impede the march of our holy enterprise. This noble act of vengeance fell to the lot of four of the boldest, each of whom has already despatched several of the execrable satellites of tyranny. Everything was arranged; the day appointed, and the hour and the place of their death designated: one, as he entered his house late at night; another, on leaving the Fiscale; a third, as he passed, according to his custom, from the Piazza Madama to the Arch of St. Augustine. But lo! Pius IX., who must have some angel for his commissary of police to whisper our secrets in his ear, got some scent of the plot, and since yesterday Nardoni and Freddi have vanished, and the police is on the look-out.

"The defeat of this grand combination against that guilty enemy of ours will yet turn to our salvation and glory; for if we failed in our attempt, we have resolved to lay it at the door of the very men whom we had destined to fall the victims of our vengeance. The mine which we had prepared to explode under the police, we will now publish as having been contrived by them for the destruction of the Roman people. It will be noised abroad that the great annual festival, in grateful remembrance of the amnesty, is the occasion selected by the *Blacks* for massacring the Romans, who are to assemble in the Piazza del Popolo at the triumphal arch of Pius IX."

"Folly!" cried Polissena. "Do you take the Romans for such fools as to be caught by such trash? What addle-pated simpleton ever proposed such a puerile design?"

"Addle-pate, did you say? Let me tell you it was one of the most subtle leaders of our brotherhood who conceived this cunning idea. You don't know the simplicity of the populace. This matter is perfectly easy, Polissena. We have already sent our men to whisper here and there that the day of the festival will witness a terrible catastrophe;

that the Austrian emissaries have been seen offering bribes here and there in the city. Others have spread a report that, a few nights ago, two large cases filled with stilettos were delivered to the Jesuits, which had passed through the custom-house as books on ascetics and theology; and that a deluge of priest-ridden papalists from Borgo di Faenza had within the last ten days entered Rome, a set who are sold to the 'retrograders,' and most hostile to the Roman people. We have so far succeeded, that a great number have already fallen into the snare; ladies without number have sent refusals of the orders, which they had given to the Parisian modists for the finery destined for that great occasion. On the 15th, Ciceruacchio will publish that he has discovered an Austrian Jesuit conspiracy; he will post on the walls of the Corso the list of the conspirators; our brethren will run from corner to corner, from caffè to caffè, from piazza to piazza, exclaiming, 'Oh! what horrors! What wholesale massacres they have planned against the people! what an infamous police we have in Rome! Ah! the detestable cruelty! They would have washed their hands in our blood! Our blood was sold to the daggers of the Austrians! Down with the "Blacks!" Down with Nardoni! Down with Freddi!'

"Oh! what lamentations, what screams, what despair! Then, what next? Why, what may we not have next? We will form a guard of citizens for the safety and preservation of Rome. Everything is ready, guns and every kind of ammunition. Aser, whose acquaintance you must make, received a month ago drafts and notes for twenty-five thousand dollars from the brethren of the Hanseatic cities and of Hanover, and our own treasury, from the insurances against fire, on ships, merchandise, &c., affords a considerable supply. Mecocetto of the Regola, Girolemetto of the Monti; Tofanello through Trastevere, others through the Ripa Grande and the Ripetta, have gained over influential members of the populace to spread among the people a sudden panic and the terror of this conspiracy. Pius IX. will find us armed, and will even thank us for it, for we will convince him with the rest, that to us Rome owes its salvation; I will pledge myself that we shall succeed in clothing our artifice with such an exterior of truth, as to make the priests and monks thank God with masses and Te Deums, for having preserved the Roman people from impending ruin! This, I tell you, this will be so;* and, what is better still, all Italy will follow suit, and shout with one voice, 'We will have a national guard!' Do you call that nothing? Italy in arms! Oh; we shall see heroes; we shall make the kings tremble; we shall drive out the foreign oppressor; Rome will rise again and eclipse its ancient greatness."

"Regarding Aser," said Polissena; "I have letters from Modoff, of Basiba, instructing me to put myself in communication with him, as he is acquainted with the secret plans of Upper and Lower Germany."

"Bring him here some night, or, at least, explain to him the secret

* It was so, for some parish priest or other returned public thanks in his church for the fortunate discovery of the plot.

of the open window, and let him know that I expect him without fail. If he but touch the little door, I shall hear him, and be down to him in a twinkling."

"I understand. Addio!"

From the night of the 15th of July, Rome resembled an abode of demons. The city was filled with horror at the unknown conspiracy, which was to involve the whole people in destruction.

Every one was agitated by suspicions of which he knew not the object; friends and strangers were avoided with equal care; those seemed more particularly shunned who wore long velvet sack-coats with large pockets, as all such were reputed to be emissaries from Faenza, and they were carefully shunned for fear of treachery. Everything was a dagger, a stiletto, or some weapon, aimed at the heart. "See there! Down with him; he's a conspirator," and each fled for his life, or ran with the crowd, crying out, "There he is!" "Where?" "He was there—there on that side." Then would arise a roaring of voices, like an impetuous wind. Weeping of women, screams of children, and groans of the aged! "Oh God! how dreadful: unfortunate creatures that we are; all to have been murdered! Have you heard? Fifty of them were found secreted in the great sewers; a thousand had concealed themselves in the caverns of the ruined baths. Cicernacchio has caught and chained every one of them; they are now in the castle; I saw them myself." There were mobs and commotions everywhere, meetings of men, armed with poles, swords, rusty muskets, and bayonets; some in round hats, and some in caps, in which they had stuck a cockade. "Come along: let's go the rounds in close file. Down, down to the Field of Mars. Beat them down; double quick, march!" Crowds gathered, every one ran to the doors and windows. "What is it?" "The Civic Guard." "Pshaw, sir, what ragamuffins! and what are they about?" "They are going to take the conspirators, who were about to kill us all." "Oh, then, God help and bless them!"

Meanwhile, Bartolo's residence resembled a market, or a public exchange. Crowds ran backward and forward, some with samples of cloth of every colour, others with specimens of buttons, varnished leather, gold lace, and a variety of other materials. Montegrande, Torri, Spini, Galletti, the druggist, and a hundred other new Fabiuses, Cincinnatuses, Coriolanususes, and Camillususes, were holding a grand consultation on the subject of the uniforms to be adopted for the Civic Guard. Those of every power of Europe were alternately proposed; Bartolo had collected pictures of every uniform in Europe; sometimes he admired the French, sometimes the English, or the Portuguese, or those of other states; none, however, seemed perfect; and it was finally determined to adopt an improved and embellished copy of the Prussian and Piedmontese tunic. The head-piece was to be copied from the Bavarian, or perhaps more closely from the ancient Roman helmet with a narrow rim, and from the bronze point on the top, a voluminous flame or crest of bright red horsehair, like falling tongues of fire, upon the helmet, giving to it a proud and grand appearance.

The swords were modelled also from those of the ancient Roman *lagurns*, and were worn at the belt, instead of hanging crosswise in *surra*.

The gentlemen of the city were the first to deck themselves out in the new uniform thus agreed upon for the new militia; and the young men were delighted by the display and showiness of this noble and well-combined dress. In the first days of the Civic Guard, there was always such a commotion among the curious populace hastening to view its meetings, that one might have supposed there was nothing less than a procession of all the stars of the zodiac through the streets. But the purses of the Romans soon gave strong hints that so beautiful a spectacle could not be enjoyed at a cheap rate, for the city fathers, two by two, traversed every street and quarter, using a thousand arts, *caricatures*, and solicitations, to prevail upon the citizens, for the love of their country, to be liberal in their contribution for the support of the Civic Guard, for the honour, protection, and glory of Rome. It was not enough to have had the thousand and one subscriptions for illuminations, festivals, and dinners; they must now have collections for the uniforms of the young Romans, who, rich in patriotic love, were unfortunately poor in money. There was no escape. Confraternities, monks, priests, and sacristans, were all to contribute to this great work. Then the nuns were to signalize themselves. They said to them—"It is not enough that you holy virgins should offer up your prayers for the cause of Italy; it is also requisite that you aid by your gifts in this holy and magnanimous charity. Yes, while you are watching in prayer before the altars of your divine spouse, the militia, those brave crusaders, will watch over your safety; they will combat the enemies of religion for the liberty of the Church, for the Sovereign Pontiff, the immunities of the most holy basilicas; the guardianship of the sepulchre of the Prince of the Apostles, and the venerable altars of the martyrs, who have consecrated with their blood this metropolis of the Christian world. The Civic Guard will insure the triumph of justice in the tribunals, the fidelity of public officers, the watchfulness of magistrates; it will fly to the succour of the widow and the orphan; it will guard the security of property, the inviolability of domicils, the palaces of the rich, and the humbler dwellings of the citizens." The good abbesses, and prioresses, and nuns, could not resist the eloquent appeals of these new Chrysostoms and Orisologases, and modestly exclaimed from beneath their veils,—"And is it really true? Are the Turks coming to plunder Rome and overthrow our holy religion? God preserve us from so many evils! And who are these our devoted defenders?" "Dear mothers, they are the Civic Guard; confide in them—be generous in your offerings." The nuns tendered their tribute, and, going to their confessors, besought of them to say a mass to preserve the country against the invasion of the Turks.

One day Cardinal Ostini was conversing with the Canon Graziosi, and their discourse turned upon this same Civic Guard. Graziosi, who was of a pleasant disposition, and took things cheerfully, looking only at the bright side, was making some jocose remarks on these new

Scipios and Pompeys. "Does your eminence suppose that the Romans will remain long in this martial mind? They will play the soldier just as long as nothing more is required of them than to have their beards and mustaches dressed by the barber, and to march about the Villa Borghese in those handsome uniforms, nodding those splendid flaming crests,

" 'Which high o'er helmets wave with awful nod,'

like those of Homer's Achæians. I believe their officers at least will hold out; but I want to see them when January comes, when they will have to go their nightly rounds, and stand sentinels in the wind and rain during those cold, dark, long nights. Only imagine, they who have been accustomed to lie snugly in their beds until ten o'clock! Then those artisans, and shopkeepers, and all those who live only by labouring all day: so many fathers of families immersed in the cares of business, of domestic affairs, of public and private affairs. Can they afford to lose the whole twenty-four hours when their turn comes to stand guard at their quarters? I maintain they will not persevere one month."

"You labour under a strange mistake, my dear canon," rejoined the cardinal. "This device is of a very different nature from what it appears, as Rome will soon discover, to its great sorrow. If indeed this new organization of the Civic Guard were a mere ebullition of some temporary warlike fervour, it would soon die away with exhaustion; but in these days, the secret causes have their most profound roots in the universal plot of the societies of Illuminism, the plague and contamination of the whole world. This being the case, as I assure you, the association, with its iniquitous rules, will be sure to give such a turn to affairs, as to divest the Romans of all desire of repose or retirement. It will secretly pay from its hidden funds the artisans, the vicious of every class, debauchees, gamblers, pickpockets, and broken-down spendthrifts: and we shall have a Civic Guard which will reenact the fable of the wolves and the watchdogs. The wolves, with an assumed appearance of modesty, presented themselves to the shepherds, offering to guard their flocks without charge or wages. The shepherds, tempted by the cheapness of the bargain, and blinded by their pretended loyalty, accepted them; but the wolves seeing the success of their plan, went a step further. 'Of what use,' said they, 'are these cowardly dogs? Turn them away; they are only fit to devour bread and lick your dishes.' The shepherds dismissed their watch-dogs, and the wolves remained the guardians of the flocks; and most cruel guardians they proved."

"The secret societies organized the riflemen in Switzerland, and formed them into the Free Corps, which, for so many years, have torn the heart of their country, and have now, at length, brought it to the last gasp; and it will fall a victim to the daggers of liberty. When I was in Vienna, during our conferences with Prince Metternich, we discussed the state of affairs in Germany, which even at that time

was a prey to every seduction of Illuminism, and he foretold imminent evils, believing that he discerned in the amusement of target-shooting a general exercise of the German youth preparatory to an armed insurrection. And you will see, my dear Graziosi, that the bursting of the great German cataclysm is rapidly approaching; its youth are inflamed with the love of novelty; the citizen militia is armed; and Illuminism agitates and urges them onward. At this moment, Italy is on the point of falling into the abyss which this evil association has been so many years digging beneath it. You will shortly see the red plume nodding on the head of every Italian; you will behold unprecedented confusion; and the sovereigns, unless God hastens to help them, will find themselves in the greatest extremity, for Illuminism has seized every pass, and barricaded every egress, to assault the citadel of ancient institutions."

"But what in the world would this Illuminism do with itself?" cried Graziosi.

"It is the enemy of all order and all authority," replied the cardinal; "it wars against God, against monarchs, against republics, against constitutions, and every legitimate power, to throw the world into extreme confusion. Every means is legitimate in its eyes for the attainment of its objects. The corner-stone of Illuminism is that most hideous maxim of Macchiavel, by which he defends and justifies Romulus in the murder of his brother with his own hand, and in the assassination of Titus Tatius Sabinus, to the end that he might be sole ruler. He thus continues: 'No one of sound judgment will ever find fault with a man for having recourse to any extraordinary act whereby to consolidate a kingdom or to constitute a republic. It is quite consistent, that while the act accuses, the effect excuses him.' (Dec. Liv., lib. I. c. 9.) By *extraordinary act*, Macchiavel means murder, poisoning, arson, perjury, felony of every description; for, after justifying Romulus for such enormities, he lauds the Spartan, Cleomenes, who, 'to become the sole ruler, watching his opportunity, caused all the Ephori to be murdered, together with all that were powerful enough to oppose him. This deliberate act was calculated to bring about the resuscitation of Sparta, and to acquire for Cleomenes the reputation of Lycurgus.' Such, my friend, is the dogma of the Illuminism of Weishaupt, which now reigns supreme over this corrupt civilization of Europe, by means of its champions of the secret societies. Baruel draws a terrible picture of it; and yet it is a thousand times more atrocious than it is described by that author, whose work, instead of being in the hands of every prince, as it ought, is carefully removed from their sight, as more replete with falsehood and fables than "The Arabian Nights," "The Wonders of the Fairies," or "The Walnut of Beneventum." A gentleman of judgment and great experience related to me, that a few years ago he was asked by a celebrated queen, what book he considered best adapted for the study of a young prince, in these times; and that when he designated Baruel, the queen was offended; 'What book of wild ravings,' said she, 'would you propose to me?' She now perceives, though too late, that the suggestion was a prudent

one, and weeps inconsolably over the distraction effected by the associations.

"Illuminism was, for some time, confined to the limits of Bavaria and Germany; but it passed into England, and, crossing the Elbe, it penetrated into the heart of Russia; it ousted Napoleon; it has surpassed Masonry, which, in comparison with it, is now but a childish amusement. Illuminism is now boundless; under various denominations, like a mighty river, it extends its branches in all directions. The *Carbonarism* of Italy is one of these branches; it was almost exhausted, but it now pours its small remnant into the ample stream of Socialism, and into the impetuous torrent of Communism, where its waters, confused and nameless, are still guided by Mazzini and his Italian colleagues. You can now no longer think, my dear canon, that the Roman Civic Guard is a company for mere amusement; it is rather the result of powerful machinations, designed to force from the Pope and the other princes of Italy the reigns of sovereignty, and to involve them in inextricable difficulties. Rebellions invariably follow a secret preparation of arms. Cataline is their great model. When, in the name of liberty, he sought to slaughter the flower of the Roman citizens; to burn the city; to devastate the country; and to overturn the altars of the gods, he secretly provided stores of arms for the conspirators; and had others already at Fiersole and Apulia. You now see, that on the creation of this Civic Guard in Rome, arms are disinterred from their secret depositories in the middle of the plains of Romagna, the Legations, and the Marches. You will see the same take place in Sicily, Naples, Tuscany, and Piedmont. In the revolts of Spain and Portugal, the Civic Guards were looked upon as a necessary institution; and afterwards, they were found the fierce instruments for the subversion of every order in those kingdoms; they encouraged the rage of the secret societies in the spoliation of the churches, stripping them of everything, from the chalices in the tabernacles, to the bells which hung in the towers."

"Really, your eminence!" exclaimed Graziosi, "you frighten me; from the chalices to the bells! Good heavens! I came to enjoy an hour of amusing talk, and your eminence concludes with the Lamentations of Jeremiah! But at least, we may thank the Civic Guard for saving us from a conspiracy more tragical and ferocious than Cataline's itself; at the very thought of it I still tremble, and it is impossible to deny, that our young men conducted themselves like heroes. I saw, myself, from the windows of the Propaganda, where I had gone to give my lecture, the exertions which they made to restrain the fury of the populace, which seemed determined to murder that poor fellow, Mignardi, who had fled for refuge from the Vacarra to the Piazza di Sant' Andrea delle Fratte. Some mounted upon the roofs, and ran along near the eaves like cats; they appeared from every skylight; they looked down every chimney; then leaping down upon the lower roofs, they regained the ground with such rapidity and rashness, that it fairly took my breath to see them. Every night they go their rounds; they ferret out robbers, knaves, pickpockets, and debaucher-

of every description. The streets of Rome have been like corridors of monasteries during the first sleep of the brothers; there is no need of watchmen or the police."

"There you are right," added the cardinal, "for the police no longer exist; and thus they have craftily taken from the Pope the means of watching the motions of the conspirators, whose path is now open before them. The people, seeing good men visited with assassinations and insults for more than a year back, complain that the Holy Father neither chastises, nor imprisons, nor condemns; and the poor blind creatures do not see that the government is without hands, which the conspirators have either bound or cut off; they have frequently corrupted public officers, so that disguised abettors of the conspiracy, who hypocritically insinuate themselves into the heart of the police, betray its secrets, impede its operations, frustrate its purposes, threaten the trustworthy, spread dismay among the good, and, what is worse, give their aid to the assassins. Now that Rome is in the hands of this Civic Guard, which has robbed the Pope of all power, under pretence of the conspiracy, you will see what liberty it will diffuse among us. Do you remember, my dear Graziosi, the story of *Pisistratus*?"

"I do, your eminence, but I don't see its application."

"It exemplifies," said the cardinal, "the subtle trick of Young Italy, in the arming of the people. *Pisistratus*, as you know, wounded himself in the face, arm, and breast, and running, all covered with blood, into the public place, he exclaimed, that his enemies had reduced him to that dreadful condition, and that they would not be satisfied until they had shed the last drop of blood; that he threw himself under the protection of his fellow-citizens, and committed to them the appointment of means to protect him. The Athenians assigned him a body-guard of fifty men; *Pisistratus* added more to the number by degrees, and finally became tyrant of his country. Such is the Roman conspiracy which they would fain persuade the world was instigated by *Cardinal Lambruschini*, *Father Roothaan*, *Don Vincenza Pallotta*, and other similar plotters against the lives of the Roman people! You have only to add to this list *Father Bernardo Paulotto*,* and such, no doubt, would have been the carnage, that blood would have flowed in the streets of Rome like the waters of the inundation of July. Now our *Pisistratus* is armed, and we shall have liberty as cheap as air. Adieu, my dear canon, pray excuse me, I have to keep an appointment with Cardinal Gizzi."

* Father Bernardo, of the order of Minims, was much revered in Rome for the holiness of his life, and the people ran in crowds to kiss his garments and obtain his blessing as he passed through the streets. King Charles Albert held him in devout reverence, and called him to Turin to assist at the nuptials of the present king, Vittorio Emmanuel. He died last year (1851) in Calabria. The Abbate Vincenza Pallotta was also eminent for his zeal and charity.

CHAPTER X.

BARBERINA OF INTERLAKEN.

ASER, disguised as the traveller of a commercial house in Dantzic, and having committed to Spini the interests of the Roman faction, went first into Tuscany to confer with Guerazzi and Montanelli; he visited the conspirators of Leghorn, Pisa, and Lucca, warmly exhorted them to exert themselves in the enterprise, and proceeded to Genoa. There he was expected by Pellegrini, Reta, Canale, Bisio, and other members, who were all sufficiently notorious. He continued his route to Turin, and held consultations with Sinco, Brofferio, Borella, Valerio, and a number of other "little great men," who were for exalting the throne of Savoy to the stars. Carrying with him a few samples of silks, he wished to make a tour to Milan, and thence descend into Switzerland by Mount St. Gothard and the Splugen. But his friends in Piedmont advised him not to venture within reach of the Austrian police, that he might rely upon it they would leave no stone unturned in their exertions, and they invited him to meet them in the evening at the Caffè of St. Charles, where they would find means to discuss, at full length, the affairs of the society in Lombardy, Venice, and Central Italy. Aser, therefore, about nine in the evening, passing under the porticoes of the Piazzas, joined Bofferio in the Caffè and accompanied him to Santa Pelagia, to a house which opens upon a narrow street, which, particularly at night, was almost solitary. There they ascended to the third story, and passing through an obscure gallery, they entered a fine apartment, highly ornamented with richly-papered walls, round which were hung fine steel engravings in splendid frames, beautifully relieved with garlands of flowers and arabesques. The pictures were representations of the efforts which have been made by different nations to work out their freedom; the conflagration of Missolonghi, the battles of Nauplia, Idria, and Tripolizza. In the ranks of the valiant Greeks, women were represented fighting bravely against the Turks; some were binding the wounds of their brothers, some were carrying away their dead husbands, others again, behind the columns or the trunks of trees, were loading the muskets of the combatants, carrying ammunition, or preparing balsams and bandages for the wounded. In other pictures were seen the forces of Warsaw against the Russians, or of Cracow against the Prussians and their confederates. The subject of others was the wild mountaineers of Caucasus, shooting down the Cossacks among the passes and precipices of their valleys; the Maronites of Lebanon, contesting an entrance into their villages against the Egyptians, or bounding from rock to rock in their endeavours to escape from slavery, bearing their children in their arms; they were seen

and fierceness of her anger. As she had one day crossed Lake Lemano, from Roll to Tonon in the Ciablese, after a conspirator who had fled from Lausanne with a considerable sum belonging to Young Switzerland, she fell among four carabinieri, who seeing her land from her skiff, surrounded her in a small wood on the banks of the lake. Babette fixed her piercing eyes on them, and pointing a pistol at the breast of the foremost, she shouted: "Ah, vile scoundrels, four of you against a single girl!" and in a twinkling she bounded out of the wood, attained her skiff, and a few strokes with her oars soon placed her beyond the reach of the stupified carabinieri, who stood gazing after her from the shore. Such was this gentle Babette; a young woman of only twenty-four years, yet already so fierce and treacherous. But is it astonishing that such an incarnate fiend should issue from that school of blood, of blasphemy, and iniquity? Similar women were not unknown in Rome; they were not unfrequently heard in the taverns screaming: "Hell-fire for ever, and for all who go to it! Death to St. Peter!" Many of them, with the ruffians of Garibaldi, committed robberies, sacrileges, and horrible murders. Whence these furies sprung, unless from some dark den of the conspirators, cannot even at this period be conjectured.* Babette at the present meeting with Aser, said to him: "Make haste, Ochsenbein awaits you at Berne; he has business which he wants you to transact for him in upper Germany. My friend, the *Jesuitism* of both Catholics and Protestants is at its last gasp; but we must smother the flame of *Romanism*, which is ever vivid in Italy, and especially in Rome. On your return I will give you a few hints on this business, in which you will be seconded by many of our valiant brethren. But when will you leave for Berne?"

"On Wednesday," replied Aser; "but I must first write to Sterbini on the affairs of Italy."

"If that's the case, I will deliver your letter with my own hand."

"How, with your own hand! Are you going to Rome? What for? Pray tell me?"

"I shall pass through Rome without stopping," replied Babette, "on my way to Sicily. You must know that Cestius, a Catholic of the Grisons, one of the first among the *Just* of Wutzling, after having been admitted to the most important secrets of our college, decamped from Nidan, and at Lucerne turned informer to the Sonderbund. He will not be allowed to live any longer! Our forty-sixth article says:

* Many in the north of Italy have denied that such women were ever seen in Rome. Unless we are both blind and deaf, we saw them with our own eyes, and heard them with our own ears. Some were dressed and armed as soldiers, others in the usual dress of women. When at the vineyard of Macao, they took the Jesuit Casaccia in the dress of a vinedresser; there were among the rest two women, armed with pikes, who addressed him without knowing him: "Find us the Jesuit," said they, "and we'll pierce his heart with our pikes and eat it." And when at the bridge of Saint Angels, those three unfortunate men who were taken for Jesuits were torn to pieces, and their limbs cast into the Tiber; there were armed women, who stabbed them previously with their swords and bathed their hands in their blood, as has been proved by the subsequent trials. Those furies had entered Rome with so many other ruffians.

'Every one betraying a member of our association, deserves death. Every member is bound to execute this sentence.' This case fell to the lot of Porzio of Liestal; but having fallen desperately in love with a lady of Lanfen, he was discovered by her husband, who lay in wait for him behind a hedge in the garden, and as he was in the act of creeping through the window of an out-building behind the stable, he received a musket-shot, and fell dead. The chastisement of this Cestius has therefore been committed to me, as a thing rendered difficult by the infinite craftiness of the knave, and the subtrefuges to which he has recourse to avoid pursuit."

"How do you know that he is in Sicily?" asked Aser.

"You know what our police is," replied Babette. "When Cestius found that our leaders were aware of his treachery and of the place of his retreat, he quitted Lucerne, and crossed the inaccessible mountains into the Vallese, where he made an engagement with a peasant of Grampel. There he remained concealed as a labourer until June, when it happened that some mowers from the lower Vallese came to the same place, and among them was a young man from Bex, whom Cestius recognized to have seen him among the riflemen at the match of Aarau. That was enough: he ascended the steep rocks of the Simplon, scaled the glaciers, and by narrow paths and over steep rocks and precipices, he descended into the valleys of Italy; and step by step, under various names, reached Genoa. There, in a commercial house, he had an elder brother, who, having supplied him with clothing and replenished his purse, placed him on board the *Castore*, and sent him to Naples. In the Swiss Guard he had a cousin, a captain, who received him with open arms, and wished to enrol him in the first regiment; but prudently reflecting that some of our new members might recognize him, and report him to his pursuers of Berne, he resolved to pass into Sicily; and there he actually went with letters of introduction to the governor of the island.

"He was offered the post of tutor to the two sons of a prince of Palermo, which he readily accepted, and still occupies; but I swear it, he shall not occupy that position long. In consequence of the threatened disturbances in Palermo, the prince resides mostly in a magnificent villa, among the delightful hills of Bagheria; and lately we were informed, that he has removed with his sons to another beautiful residence in the neighbourhood of Syracuse. But were he to secrete himself in the deepest pits, or, if you will, in the abysses beneath Mount Etna itself, I will reach him with the point of my trusty stiletto, which will pierce even through adamant."

"Be prudent," said Aser; "the Sicilians are not to be trifled with; if your life is burdensome, this will afford you a favourable opportunity of relieving yourself of it; for if the prince whom you speak of be well disposed toward Cestius, he well knows how to protect him, or to avenge his death."

"If that be all, you need not be afraid; I would stab the fellow before his face. But that will not be necessary. I have my own plans. By whose hands do you think that arch-devil of Surgovia fell—that

opponent of the party of Ochsenbein, and the supporter of the conservators in Berne? It was by mine!"

"Was it, really?"

"So certainly, that he has already been beneath the ground for three months, the scoundrel! and I'll tell you how it was done. You know that he was as fierce as a tiger; he always wore a close-fitting coat of mail, and was armed invariably with a rapier and a pair of small pistols in each pocket. Well, what did I do to lay hands upon him? I cast my eyes on a certain deformed wretch, who had lost both his legs; he had a hunch on his back, and two stumps of arms, on which he crawled along by the help of two pieces of wood, which he wore on his hands like gloves. He was as vicious as a toad, and I easily gained him over with a few 'livre.' I knew that our arch-devil had to pass along a solitary road; the hunchback pretended to be going to a hut to beg a lodging, and was creeping along by the margin of a ditch. When he saw my man coming in the distance, he let himself slip and tumble into the ditch, from the bottom of which he set up a shout of 'Help! for God's sake.' The other ran up, leaped into the ditch, and grasped the poor hunchback, and was endeavouring to raise him up and replace him upon the road. I had concealed myself in a field of tall and dense hemp, and while he was thus bending over, I advanced behind him to within a few paces, and fired my carbine at his temples. The ball entered on one side and passed out at the other. He fell dead on the spot. I dragged the hunchback from the place as far I could across the fields, and after rewarding him with a treat, I betook myself to Groningen."

"You're a perfect angel," said Aser; "to-morrow we shall have more leisure for conversation. The company must by this time have had enough of the papers; we must now turn to the affairs of Italy, which you know are so important to the brethren of Switzerland and Germany." These communications passed between Aser and Babette in a suppressed voice, while Brofferio was discussing with two Savoyards from Moutier and Bonneville, the surest means of corrupting the piety and fidelity of the villagers of Savoy, who remained staunch in the ancient simplicity of their manners—thanks to the zeal of their curates, whom those wretches graced with the names of *tonsured marmots*, *dormice*, and *mountain bears*.

Aser remained in consultation with this assemblage until after midnight. Each one spoke of their general plans without fear or control, and proposed the licentious and dishonest arts of rebellion, concealed under the deceptive tinsel of public immunities, the security and liberty of citizens. All was to wear the appearance of the peaceful petitions of a people devoted to their sovereigns, but with the tacit understanding of joining, under the subterfuge of these lies, in utterly fettering the legitimate power of the Italian monarchs. They especially dwelt upon the necessity of proceeding with religion on their lips and hypocrisy in their hearts; they must bear in hand a great book, on the first page of which should be written, in large gold letters, "The Holy Gospel of Christ;" while the interior should contain the codes

of Luther and Calvin, the mysteries of Pantheism, with the decalogue of Socialism, and the Communism of Proudhon, Fournies, and Considerant.

On the succeeding day, Aser wrote to Sterbini the following letter :—

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,—

“ I send you this by a safe hand, and I request that you will show the bearer of it every possible kindness and courtesy,—you, who are affability personified, above all, to the brave; and the hand which will deliver it to you, though so small and white, is possessed of a power that will leave the print of its five fingers wherever it has occasion to press.

“ 1st. You will henceforth receive my letters and those of the brethren, from the couriers of Leghorn, where we have instituted a living telegraph, on the plan of those of the Chinese. Leghorn is the central point, and thence diverge rays which will extend over all Italy like the web of a spider. Every ten miles in every direction there is a secret post. A courier leaves Leghorn, and at the distance of ten miles he finds others; one for Rome, a second for Florence, a third for Turin, a fourth for Milan, one for Venice, another for Naples, and to these he consigns his message, which, if very important and short, he gives by word of mouth, and so it proceeds until it reaches its destination. In this manner, in a few hours we have a post communication, safe, active, and most rapid, and the police may in vain seek to penetrate or discover our secret devices.*

“ 2nd. At present the most important matter before the Sacred League is the Jesuits. We do not wish in Italy to go beating about the bush respecting those Reverend Fathers, as was done in Switzerland. Their *Little Councils* and their *Grand Councils* of the Cantons, and their Federal Diets in the *Vorort* of Zurich, of Lucerne, and of Berne, occupied several years before they effected the extirpation of that evil seed from the Helvetian soil. After all, nothing less would suffice than the whole force of the Free Corps to remove them. At present the Central Committee, consisting of Mazzini, Zaleski, and Druey, have adopted the resolution of rooting them out from the soil of Italy and Germany more readily, and with the most simple arts, without striking a blow or shedding a drop of blood, which we must save for the expulsion of the foreigners. Hence at Turin, Genoa, in Sardinia, at Naples, in the Romagnas and in Central Italy, we are to give a general assault to the Jesuits, all at the same moment, and with no other arms than outcries, hisses, and curses, and, at the furthest, where they are more tenacious, a few volleys of stones through their windows, with occasionally two or three bottles of vitriol, and perhaps a sprinkling of burning fagots. The *Modern Jesuit* of the Abate Gioberti has cleared the ground, smoothed the road, levelled the hills,

* This living telegraph is still in active operation in Italy. Governments have good reason to know it.

filled up the valleys, and turned the sea into solid land; he has lent us such efficient aid, that we may now move forward as if treading on a carpet, so smooth and delightful has he left the ground under our feet. Should we, however, meet with any rugged spot, or stumble against any little impediment, most likely it will be in Rome. Pius IX. is showing a good many attentions to the Jesuits, believing that he will thereby distract us, and that our eye, intent solely on the regeneration of Italy, is not directed to those reverend gentlemen, whom he loves and esteems. But it is precisely because we desire the regeneration of Italy, that we cannot think of leaving in its bosom, characters who are so very repugnant to it. Therefore, my dear Sterbini, all our wisdom will be needed to effect our object. Denounce them as *retrograders*, as persons opposed to every concession made by the Pope to his people; as intriguing to retain the people in the depths of ignorance; as bound in a double alliance with Austria; as traitors to their country,—the destroyers of every noble institution, and greedily appropriating to themselves every office of emolument among the Roman clergy. Represent them as the envious detractors of the virtues and learning of all other orders except their own; and above all other crimes, brand them with being traitors to Pius IX., against whom they are hatching a diabolical conspiracy. The Pope will not believe a word of all this; but if Pius IX. should not believe it, there are many others who will, and that is all we require. The Civic Guard is at our disposal. Against us, we shall have the double-chin, grey-haired old fathers; they will do everything in their power against us; they preach and cry out: 'In the name of Jerico! what's all this? Have we forgotten those times of the cholera, when the Jesuits so distinguished themselves in their noble sacrifices to the Romans? What, banish them from Rome! That shall never be;' and drawing their cloaks round their dignified persons, with their hands on their swords, they will swear to defend them. All a farce! One of our young Civic Guards is worth a hundred of them. Forward Sterbini; it is the will of thy brethren.

"3rd. On the second of November, King Charles Albert set out for Genoa, where everything is in readiness for the popular festivals, at which we intend to set the post-labourers and all the rest of the populace in motion against the Jesuits; to gather them together in mobs; to cluster them round their colours, and to present a heavy and solid front to the cavalry that may be sent against them. Turin is not yet ripe for the plans of our brethren. The gravity of the court and of the metropolis cannot be lightly tampered with, but Genoa still feels under its ashes, the slumbering fires of the Republic; and I assure you, that by raising a cry against the Jesuits, we may play a very pretty little game of chess there. Already Constantine Retz has his eye on the Castelletto, and pushing forward his pawns, he is for removing those towers from the chess-board, and then he can cry, 'Check to the King.' The Jesuits afforded us an excuse in Switzerland, and the Genoese, under cover of the same ample cloak, will seek to dye the White Cross of Sardinia in the red of St. George.

"4th, In France, Guizot, Montativet, and the other moderates, perceived in the distance the English-fashioned reform banquets, and the scent alone turns their stomachs; they seem to be studying some method of snatching the frying-pans from the hands of the two cooks, Ledru Rollin and Proudhon, and of extinguishing the fires of their ovens; but the cooks are backed by so many valiant waiters and scullions, that they will soon make mince-meat of those big personages; and for Louis Phillippe, they are preparing a dish to receive the gravy as he roasts on the spit. England has already provided them the seasoning of the roast. Wait a few months, and the odour will reach you even in Rome. I will write to you from Frankfort on the affairs of Vienna and Berlin. At present I am starting for Geneva, thence to Berne, and Constance, and various other cities on the Rhine, and finally to Schwerin. I have executed the commission for the muskets. Keep the Civic Guard to its duty: Pius IX. will want things his own way, military regulations, articles of discipline, &c.; accept everything, thank him, and then do as you think fit. I recommend to you the Roman youth, render it warlike; the Alien will not be conquered by 'Our Fathers.' You understand. Adieu,

"Yours, &c.,

"ASER."

CHAPTER XI.

EVIL ARTS AND TREACHEROUS DISGUISE.

THE affairs of Rome were daily advancing towards the brink of the unfathomable precipice, which the miners of Young Italy had dug beneath it. They no longer worked in secrecy and silence, but in the full light of day, before the eyes of all Christendom; they robbed the Pontiff of the august prerogatives, with which he was invested, over his temporal dominions. He had no sooner made one concession to the people than the demonstrations of gratitude with which it was accepted, were followed by renewed clamours and demands still more exorbitant; they left him not a moment to breathe, but perfidiously abusing the favours already obtained, they turned them against him; until at last, with treasonable designs and a threatening aspect, they demanded a more free constitution, or rather forced it from their sovereign by violence. Thus concession followed concession, gained new strength at every motion; like a rock detached from the summit of a mountain, it starts on its precipitous course, gaining increased velocity as it moves, until at length, obstacles, which seemed about to impede its progress, only give it a more terrible momentum; it bounds from side to side, and finally rests in the deep abyss, broken into innumerable fragments. Whoever will consider with an eye of discernment

the nature of the secret societies in Rome; their evil arts, and the activity which multiplied their forces; whoever will strip the external show of good from the malignant reality which they covered with the noble mantle of patriotic virtue; whoever will compare their words with their deeds, their public with their private actions, will discover in these formidable machinations, a design ready formed with the most subtle foresight; let him weigh the force and the resistance, the visible and the concealed; compare that which was determined with that which was attempted; see the causes and the effects, the profound study of the character of the people, of the inclinations of the great and of the vanity of the middle class; and he will find with what prudent and vigilant care, like one who navigates an unknown sea, they sounded the depths as they advanced, and were unceasingly on the look-out for rocks and breakers, in order that they might steer clear of them, and reach their destination in safety. Perverse arts were used to corrupt the Roman youth, and the most detestable influences of seduction were practised in every direction, so that the young and inexperienced fell inevitably into the snares without a chance of escape. Every youth of twenty years was enrolled in the Civic Guard; no pretext, no excuse availed, or could exempt even those who were still engaged in their studies, and had but half completed their course: nay, so much did they presume on the wild forbearance of the Roman people, that they had formed even in the schools of the Sapienza a regiment of students, whose leaders and officers were the professors of law, mathematics, and medicine. Many youths, to avoid being ensnared in these nets of perdition, took the clerical habit, or exiled themselves from Rome as travellers, as if they were going by the order of their physicians, or for the purposes of commerce, or in search of new pursuits. The Sovereign Pontiff, with the eye of a watchful father, saw clearly that the impious were wounding the most sensitive point of the glory of Rome. The hearts of his beloved and ingenuous youth were robbed of the precious treasures of piety and virtue. He wept over the scene, and exclaimed: "Ah! they are robbing me of my young children! They are staining their bright innocence! They are slaying those beautiful souls!"

One morning, an aunt of Alisa, the sister of her mother Flavia, came to visit her. Polissena, under pretext of making some purchase, had gone out, and had secretly entered the establishment of a milliner, where she had an appointment with Masi, the secretary of Prince Canino. Alisa's aunt sat down with her niece, and finding themselves alone, she said,—“My daughter (I call you such, as your mother's last recommendations give me the right), you certainly know that Aser left Rome suddenly several days past; I know that you are good and discreet; at most, you are but a young girl, and experience has not yet schooled you in human malice; may God, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, and through the prayers of your own mother, grant that you may never make the discovery in a mirror, which reflects the blush of shame, and the paleness of remorse. That Aser, my daughter, has made you the subject of remark through

the half of Rome, and I cannot account for the inattention and thoughtlessness of your father, who pays no attention to it. He is so blinded by all these novelties in Rome, that while he is for ever watching the business of others from his window, he neither hears nor sees what passes in his own house. That Aser is a stranger,—some will have it that he is the son of a king; others, on the contrary, that he is a knavish adventurer, a wicked abettor of the secret societies; and some have gone so far as to assert that, under so rich and fine an appearance, he is even a hired assassin."

"Alas! my aunt, what do you say! An assassin!" cried Alisa. "I believe Aser to be noble and generous: he loves me fondly; he has saved my life, and in so doing narrowly escaped with his own; his attentions have been limited to watching me in the streets, or at the theatre, and he has never set foot within my father's house. My own friends call me cold, ungrateful; they would that at least I should show myself more tractable and humane; but I preserve in my inmost heart the advice of my beloved mother, who often said, when she came to see me at St. Dionisius, 'Remember,' dear Alisa, that a young lady should always be modest, that she should never give to any young man the least proof of levity. If any should love you with constancy, remember it will be your duty to refer to your parents.' So that, dear aunt, although I cannot say that I am indifferent to him, yet I will always observe this distance in my behaviour." As she said this two heavy tears rolled down her cheeks.

"I cannot doubt you," replied her aunt, "but this is too much the subject of conversation in Rome; the lady Metilde of the Campo Marzo, and the lady Julia of the Piazza Farnese, who, you know, are good mothers, were saying yesterday, in a large circle of their female friends, that they had found it necessary to forbid their daughters to frequent your company, lest they should draw the same remarks upon themselves. Now that our good fortune has taken Aser elsewhere, you must seek to bury the past in oblivion, for it is likely enough (excuse me, who loves you, for making use of the expression) that he is at least some sort of Freemason."

"You mean to say, dear aunt, that his whole soul is devoted to Italy, and that he thinks of nothing but the greatness and liberty of his country; but I cannot convince myself, do what I will, that it is the same as being a Freemason or Carbonari; my own father desires the same triumph of Italy, and yet he is a good Christian, and he loves and reveres the Pope with absolute devotion, which the Carbonari do not."

"Your father might, however, be more Roman than he is," said her aunt; "for if we are to believe him, there is nothing good left in Rome. He is always with the Swiss, the French, and the Hungarians; in their countries everything is beautiful, rich, and grand; among us, all is dark; it seems as if the sun had ceased to rise. He prides himself so much on his splendid uniform of captain of the Civic Guard, that he positively imagines himself a second Napoleon; and whenever he meets me he seeks to carry me by storm to enrol Severuccio in the

battalion of the Speranza.* Only imagine! And he not yet eleven years of age. I have more than enough to do with Mimo and Lando, who, since they have entered that bewitched Civic Guard (I should say so), are altogether beyond my control."

"Oh, that reminds me, aunt! tell me, what is the reason that they have not come as usual to spend the evenings of Thursdays and Sundays with us? I have just got ready for Mimo a fine new piece of Verdi's, for four hands, on the piano; it is perfection itself. And for Lando, there is that beautiful ballad-air for the harp and a flute accompaniment. See, there stands my poor harp, it has never sounded since my cousin was here; I have no heart for it by myself, but if he were here with his flute I would play for hours; and Polissena, every time she hears it, falls into raptures, because, she says, the ancient Italians inspirited the Lombard warriors with the sound of the harp in their battles against Barbarossa. Tell them both that I expect them, and that it is a shame to see them thus abandon their music."

"What would you have, my love," said the poor mother; "since the opening of those barracks, I don't know them for the same. They are never without their muskets; they are constantly running in and out of the house, with a number of rough-looking young men, who frighten me so, that I can't help making the sign of the cross every time I see them. In the rooms on the ground-floor, they have their exercises; Mimo teaches Lando and then Lando commands Mimo; they thus waste their nights to a very late-hour. Again, when the fencing-master comes, there is a stamping and a shuffling of feet, and a shouting of 'cross swords,' 'feint outside,' . . . 'inside cut,' . . . 'parry in tierce,' . . . 'round that wrist,' 'straighten that arm,'—until they turn my house into a bedlam and deafen the whole neighbourhood. You know what a dear, good boy, my little Lando was; how affectionate, how sweet tempered and graceful in his manners; well, now he has become a perfect viper. He was a model of modesty, and belonged to the Ristretto of Padre de Vies; every week he frequented the sacraments, and every morning with the rising sun he paid his visit to the altar of St. Louis to hear mass. Now, must I say it, Alisa? I can scarcely prevail upon either of them to attend the last mass on Sundays, so occupied are they in training themselves up for the review which their colonel holds at two o'clock in the Piazza del Popolo, or that of San Pietro. They have to clean their guns and rub their armour with polishing-dust; then they call their sister to burnish the bands of their knapsacks, and poor Nanna has to bespatter her hands with chalk; she polishes here and scrubs there; cleans the straps and rubs the clasps, so that your cousin has become in fact

* The demagogues, to sow corruption among the Romans from their very childhood, instituted a battalion of children, in green uniforms, who went through their military exercises to inure them to the use of arms. There were silly fathers who took their little children of three and four years of age to these military promenades. In the quarters of the Speranza was held an open school of every kind of dissoluteness and impiety.

their orderly. But it's worse for her if she shows any reluctance, for then Mimo flies at her with a volley of names, and throws the dirty wadding in her face."

Here Bartolo, who had just returned home, entered Alisa's room to salute his sister-in-law.

"Good morning, Adele, how do you do?"

"Very well, if I were not a mother; but that character, so sweet and delightful in itself, has become sad and full of bitterness. My dear Bartolo, I am really tired of living!"

"What is the matter? Have some of your sons fallen ill?"

"God grant that they were both so!"

"Why, really, that does sound strange!"

Adele turned to Alisa: "My dear girl, will you fetch me a cup of lemonade? I am quite thirsty; but mix it yourself, for no one can make it so delicious." After Alisa was gone, she turned again to Bartolo with tears in her eyes. "Yes, brother, I am reduced to such a pass with my sons, as to wish sincerely that they were unable to rise from their beds. This Civic Guard has ruined them."

"And how?" asked Bartolo.

"How?" she repeated; "because, from being pious and well-behaved children, it has made them two villains, fit for the galleys; so bad and impious is the school which they attend daily, and almost nightly at the barracks. Conversation, which makes one shudder with horror; curses, imprecations, and every new-fangled heresy! During the first days that my dear Lando was in the guard, he came home terrified; his eyes were inflamed, his face pale, and his breast heaving; he took and pressed my hand, kissed it with feverish excitement, and pressed it to his heart. Oh, brother, how it throbbed! it felt as if it would burst! And he said to me, weeping, 'Oh! mother, save me from that dreadful place! I am losing my soul! their talk is all obscenity; every kind of disgraceful adventure is in turn related, and at every disgusting narration they roar with laughter, 'Bravo!' 'Good!' 'Capital!' Think, my dear mother, of the horror of nights passed in such wicked conversation; One evening the Angelus-bell was ringing; I took off my cap. What hisses! what jeers! what scorn they heaped upon me for that beautiful practice! one called me a fool; another, an idiot; another, an ass; thus to disgrace the profession of arms with the 'Hail, Mary.' 'Go and say it to those ribald Jesuits; such superstitions belong only to them. The infamous wretches! see how they degrade and stupefy the lively temper of youth. Down with the Jesuits! Gioberti for ever!' In the daytime they read the most outrageous passages of the 'Modern Jesuit,' and woe to those that don't listen attentively. They comment upon it, and apply it first to one and then to another of our holy fathers; and observe, mother, that many of them owe everything to the Jesuits. That bad book is not the only one; but they have others, containing every kind of foul wickedness and impiety. They heap insult on the cardinals, and some of them go about whispering to the most depraved, 'This fool of a Pope shall shortly have to deal with our bayonets.'"

"This was what Lando told me during the first days; but afterwards, whether Mimo had more human respect and laughed him out of his devotion, or the contact with vicious companions corrupted him, by degrees he became profligate, arrogant, and hardened; he affects contempt for holy things; he is exceedingly rude in the house, and seeks to corrupt Severuccio. Mimo and Lando pilfer from me incessantly, and so much of the silver plate has already disappeared, that I am terrified to death lest their father should perceive it. In fine, dear Bartolo, the government ought to remedy this, or Rome will become an abomination."

"The government has no concern in it," replied Bartolo; "the Pope speaks, commands, entreats, beseeches; but the thing is done, and it is impossible to make head against it. Besides, it is natural; would you have barracks like sacristies? They smoke and laugh, and are perhaps not very choice in their terms, but in the end our Romans are very good boys. You will see, dear Adele, things will come to rights by and by; when once we have settled the confederation of Italy, religion will flourish more than ever."

"You make much of those hopes of yours," returned Adele sadly; "but they do not weigh much in the heart of a mother, who sees her sons, so anxiously brought up in the fear of God, falling headlong into perdition. I would at the same time remind you that you also should keep a more watchful eye over Alisa, and upon those reports which are circulated among the friends of Flavia, respecting that young Swede. But here is Alisa with the lemonade."

About the end of November, at two in the afternoon, a carriage drove up to the Sermi Hotel on the Piazza di Spagna. It contained the Baroness of Derberg, who appeared in a splendid travelling dress, and accompanied by several attendants. After taking possession of the finest apartments in the hotel, she sent an invitation to the physician, Sterbini, to attend her in the evening. It may be supposed that Sterbini was punctual. A Baroness of Derberg! who could she be? Some sister of the "Sacred Alliance" of Germany? With these cogitations he reached the Sermi Hotel. He was admitted to the baroness, in whom he beheld a most prepossessing and beautiful young lady, in an ample dress of dark purple velvet à la Mary Stuart, with a massive gold chain round her neck sustaining a number of precious jewels. The baroness, with a graceful inclination of her head, offered her hand, which he kissed respectfully. "Be seated, my dear Sterbini," said she, as she took a letter from a pocket-book. "I am the faithful bearer of this despatch, which was confided to me as a great trust by our friend Aser, at Turin. Read it." While he was perusing the letter, with her elbow resting on the arm of his chair, she watched every change in the countenance of Sterbini, who, when he had finished, raised his eyes smilingly to the lady, saying: "Pardon me, baroness, but it appears from Aser's manner of expressing himself, that this letter was consigned to a gentleman, and not to so graceful a aveller."

"Don't let that disturb you," replied the young lady; "Aser had

much to distract him when he wrote. I congratulate you on your good fortune in Rome, everything seems to smile upon you: persevere manfully; Germany fixes its eyes on you, Vienna and Paris are waiting for the signal."

"Your arrival will inspire us with the courage necessary for so great an enterprise," said the doctor, "and hope you will give us much powerful aid and advice. Shall we have the advantage of possessing you long among us?"

"I start to-morrow for Civita Vecchia," returned the baroness.

"Really, to-morrow! without even seeing the brethren?"

"Yes."

"And what is your destination?"

"To Malta," said the baroness.

"If you will accept letters for Achilli and De Sanctis, my excellent and virtuous friends, I shall be happy to accommodate you."

"There is no occasion, thank you, as I have already several for them; I will communicate any information you wish."

Sterbini asked a number of other questions; but finding it was getting late, and fearing that the baroness might be fatigued with her long journey, politely took his leave, and on the following morning Babette departed to Civita Vecchia, where she embarked for Sicily in search of Cestius.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FRIGATE SAN MICHELE.

AFTER having traversed a great part of Germany as far as Dantzic, always engaged in disciplining the various branches of the secret league, and learning the designs which were in preparation against every prince and government, both Catholic and Protestant, in Europe, Aser was now on his return to Italy. The state of affairs in Rome was watched with great anxiety by Mazzini and the Swiss radicals, who were persuaded that it would be impossible to accomplish their object without the reduction of the metropolis of the Christian world. Aser received from them instructions to resort to every species of machination. Rome was to fall into the power of the society more like a traveller, who unknowingly enters a labyrinth, in the centre of which is a den of thieves, who plunder and destroy every one that falls into their hands, than a person, who, aware of the presence of his enemies, arms himself, proceeds cautiously, and yields only after a valiant resistance. Rome was to fall to the sound of music, singing and dancing, in mockery at all who dared to raise a warning voice.

Having again visited his friends in the street of Santa Pelagia in

Turin, where he had met with Babette in November, and discussed with them the plans of the chiefs of the "Holy Alliance," he descended to Geneva, not to encourage and spur on the clubs there, but to praise them for what they had already accomplished, and for what they were about to undertake with so much ardour.

Towards evening, although the sky was threatening and the sea in commotion, he entered a small boat and caused himself to be taken on board the frigate *San Michele*, which rode at anchor in the port. There he asked for an officer, to whom he had to communicate many secrets on the part of an inhabitant of Geneva, who kept him informed of the proceedings of Switzerland against the Sonderbund, which had already fallen more by the treachery than by the swords of the ninety thousand men under command of General Dufour. He was received on the deck of the vessel by a hardy-looking old boatswain's mate, remarkable for the severe mildness of his countenance, who told him that the officer was on shore on business of the admiralty, but that he was expected back in about an hour; and if he would wait, it would give him pleasure to show him through the ship, a splendid and well-equipped vessel. Aser gladly accepted this proposal. He admired the perfect neatness and order of everything on deck in the armory; every kind of weapon occupying its appropriate place; the well-finished cabins of the captain and officers, their spaciousness, richness, and perfect finish of their ornaments, the magnificence of the furniture, and the carpets of oriental manufacture. His attention was next directed to the cannon and their appurtenances; then on the third deck to the infirmary or cockpit, with its surgery provided with every kind of medicine and every appliance for the wounded. In the obscurity of this place, lighted here and there with dimly-shining lamps; in this silence, broken only by the beating of the waves against the sides of the vessel, Aser passed near a wooden partition, beyond which he could hear the murmur of many voices speaking in low tones, interrupted by deep sighs. Outside the door of the room from which these sounds proceeded, a guard was pacing to and fro in silence, with slow steps, his arms crossed upon his breast, and a cutlass in his hand resting against his left shoulder. The old mariner turned to Aser: "Within, sir," said he, "are the Jesuits, who recently escaped in the middle of the night, by a miraculous interposition of the Blessed Virgin, from a most savage attack. The populace entered by assault the Professed House of St. Ambrosius, and at the same time stormed the Royal College in the palace Doria-Fursi. It would move a heart of stone to see these priests, who for so many years have devoted themselves with such zeal to the good of the people, in alms, in preaching, in the confessional, and in the assistance of the infirm and dying, pursued for so many months like felons, and finally assaulted by a ferocious mob, which only their death would satisfy. Have you heard how they escaped? Those of the Royal College, who had so many young students, seeing their gates almost burst open, and the scaling ladders already placed against their windows, fled with their innocent pupils by a narrow path leading from the garden to the foot of the

Castelletto, and by the interposition of Providence found the iron grating still open, this being generally, for the security of the fortress, kept closed. They thence escaped into the houses of the citizens, who, moved with profound pity, placed them in safety.

"On the other hand, those of St. Ambrose, attacked with the fury of tigers, with yells, imprecations and blasphemies, saw themselves without any means of escape, and on the point of falling into the hands of the assailants, who had already mounted the window-sills with their daggers in their hands, with foaming mouths, and with death and rage and desolation in their hearts. The unfortunate fathers, surrounded on all sides by this infuriated mob, could neither throw themselves from the windows into the street, nor fly by passing along the roofs, as their college is an isolated building surrounded on all sides by streets; but God, who watched over them, had decreed that they should not fall martyrs to the raging mob, and had provided them with the means of safety. There was a passage supported by an arch which spanned the street at a great elevation, and connected the Church of the College with the Ducal Palace. Through this passage the Doge was formerly accustomed to come on festivals to hear mass in the Church. The reverend Fathers, seeing no other means of escape, mounted to the entrance of the passage by the means of ladders, which they drew after them when they ascended, and took refuge in the palace, which at the time was occupied by the governor of Genoa.

"His excellency suddenly beheld in his apartments those terrified priests, pale, exhausted, and gasping, with their hair standing on their heads, and the sweat trickling down their cheeks. In the mean time, the ferocious assailants of the house of God forced their way through the windows, and running to the doors let in a crowd of Civic Guards, who rushed into the hall, while another portion of them, with fixed bayonets, kept the mob at bay, telling them that they would throw the riches of the Jesuits to them from the windows. In that immense hall there used to be great numbers of confessionals, where the Genoese went in the evening to confession: and many a time, my dear sir, have I been there myself to receive consolation and comfort! The walls and pillars were adorned with the portraits of the fathers of the Society, who had suffered martyrdom in Japan, in the Indies, in America, and in China; and observe, the first act of those impious men was to break and destroy the confessionals with their sabres; and with a fury prompted by Satan, they pierced the eyes of the martyrs with their bayonets, then with their daggers they lacerated them, and tore them in pieces, martyring them anew; 'Thus, if we were able,' shouted they, 'would we tear and rend those reverend scoundrels.' " *

* A democratic paper of Genoa has sought to throw discredit on this genuine account, by asserting that the Civic Guard did not then exist in Genoa. We answer, by the single question, "Who cut down the confessionals, and tore up the paintings?" The regular military of Piedmont is not so base as to abandon itself to such sacrilege, and such shameful excesses. There can be at least no doubt that it was the Civic Guard, which seized the College of Doria-Fursi, when Father

Aser gazed in mute astonishment upon this old sailor, who displayed such faith and piety; and at the recital of those atrocities, felt himself moved with sentiments of pity, and an internal emotion, which seldom, indeed, entered his heart, and which he quickly endeavoured to stifle. The boatswain's mate continued his narrative. "There was not a corner of the large establishment left unsearched; every article of furniture was either broken or thrown from the windows to the people: beds, mattresses, tables, chests, kitchen utensils, the paintings which hung in the corridors, and finally, an immense number of books and manuscripts from the library. But that which most excites our detestation, was the attempt to cast upon the holy fathers the stain of a wickedness which deserves the most cruel death. For this purpose they threw from the windows clothing of little children, female dresses, indecent pictures, and many other objects indicative of shameless depravity. At the sight of this the mob (whether believing or not) shouted, 'Death to the infamous wretches; to the gibbet with the hypocrites; cast the villains into the fire!'"

Aser could no longer contain himself, and interrupting the old sailor: "This, indeed, is insufferable!" said he; "Eugene Sue, in the 'Wandering Jew,' and Vincenzo Gioberti, in the 'Modern Jesuit,' who charged the Jesuits with every iniquity, never reproached them with such abominations; this was an honour reserved for the Genoese."

"Say, rather," replied the old man, "for a perfidious doctor, who boasted to some of our officers that he had carried under his cloak all those things which were thrown from the windows; he, also, it was that threw upon the roof of a house in the garden of the Royal College a dead infant, at the same time spreading the report through the city that the Jesuits were infanticides; and the commissary of police went to the college, and, mounting on the roof by means of a ladder, folded the child in a covering, and entering the room of the rector, showed it to him. The poor religious well-nigh fainted with horror; but the commissary said to him: 'No, no, father, be not alarmed: the police have discovered whence the little creature was thrown; we even know the guilty mother, and the miscreant who slew it and threw it upon the roof.'"

"Ah, the monster!" cried Aser; "yet these Jesuits must have been very hateful to the people, that they should display such ferocity against them."

"Hateful to the people? Quite the contrary. The Genoese people have always given proof of their love and reverence for those fathers; in their necessities they have had recourse to them with confidence, and in return they have shown towards them a paternal love. I

Xaverio Gastaldi, a fugitive from Sardinia, was compelled to betake himself to the streets, and being consigned for safety to the quarters of the Civic Guard, was mocked at the whole night like Christ in the house of Caiphas, and was put to the blush by their most disgusting turpitude. History, the unswerving recorder and custodian of facts, has already registered the names of the instigators of that atrocious and implacable expulsion of the Jesuits.

myself am among the number of those who count them as their benefactors. I can never forget how much they did for me in the time of the cholera. I had a son who had just returned from Buenos Ayres; the cholera seized my wife; the young man and a daughter of about sixteen watched at the bedside of their mother, and applied her every remedy. But, alas! one after the other they fell dangerously ill. Two Jesuits came and watched unceasingly by their bedsides; every one in the neighbourhood was taking precautions for himself; assistants could not be procured for gold. The Jesuits, while they administered to them the consolations of religion, prepared and gave them their medicines, assisted them to turn and change their position, arranged the pillows under their heads, and performed for them every office with invincible patience. My wife died, but the two children recovered from the dreadful contagion. One of those two fathers is shut up there. Would you like to see them? Your heart will bleed at the sight of their destitution, for they escaped with nothing but the clothes they had on."

Aser assented. The old sailor gently opened the door and introduced the young stranger, who stopped after he had taken a step or two inside, as if overcome.

This room, which resembled the interior of a sepulchre, was dimly lighted by a smoky lantern; it was about sixteen feet long, thirteen feet wide, and five in height.

More than twenty of these good fathers were imprisoned here; their countenances were pale and emaciated, their eyes sunken, and their heads inclined upon their breasts, as they sat back to back upon the floor, while their minds were filled with a mortal anguish. In one corner was seen upon a straw mattress an aged priest, wrapped in a coarse blanket, shrunk and bent with sufferings, drawing his breath with such difficulty that he appeared every moment about to breathe his last. By the side of the sick man was a young German brother, who was sustaining his head with one hand, while with the other he wiped away the perspiration which bathed his face. From a word which this infirmarian said to one of the fathers, Aser perceived that he was a German by his pronunciation, and was encouraged to ask him in his own tongue, who was the sick man. Brother Winterhalter raised his head, and pleased, in the midst of such distress, to meet with a countryman, answered: "Sir, this victim of human cruelty is the aged Pole, Wisoski. He was proscribed by the Russian emperor in 1820, with the other Jesuits in Poland, and spent his youth with the missionaries in the deserts of Siberia and the rugged mountains of Caucasus, to which the Jesuits went every year in search of the unfortunate Catholics of Poland banished there. They offered them the consolations of religion as well as human comforts, procuring them clothes and furs to protect them from the rigours of that climate, and presenting other things which infused delight into the hearts of the poor exiles. This noble and generous brother was broken down by so many travels, and from the dampness of those cloudy regions was attacked with the most acute pains in his bones, and by degrees became

so bent that he could no longer move except by resting his hands upon the ground.

"The unfortunate old man lived in the Royal College, where his afflictions have confined him to bed for several months; and the last two weeks we have been in momentary expectation of his death. The other night when the religious escaped, with the students, from the assault of the mob, a noble-hearted young father, dressed in the Italian fashion,* refused to leave the bedside of the sick man; and God preserved him, we may say miraculously, from the hands of those infuriated men. After the tumult had somewhat subsided, he went out secretly after midnight to beseech as a favour that the poor old religious might be lodged in the hospital. He was rudely answered 'No!' The father himself was detained at the guardhouse, and Wisoski was taken upon a pallet by four soldiers, carried on board and thrown here, as you see, into the hold of this ship." Aser felt indignant at such cruelty, and a deep remorse gnawed his heart that he himself, by the orders of Mazzini, had been instrumental in bringing about this ferocious expulsion. He asked Winterhalter, who was the Superior? The brother pointed him out. "He is a native of Bretagne," said he, "and for twenty years has wrought much good in Genoa, beloved and esteemed by all good men."† Aser bowed to him and addressing him in French, asked him in a tone of compassion, who had thus buried them alive. The Superior, a man of benevolent disposition and courteous demeanour, thanked him for his kind disposition towards them, and related the following particulars:—

"From the month of November last year, in the presence of the king, the seducers of the people began to collect crowds and mobs to march about with flags and shout through the streets, 'Italy for ever! Gioberti for ever!' and on reaching the front of the Royal College, and of St. Ambrose, they roared and howled like wild beasts,—'Death to the Jesuits! away with the Austrian!' After the departure of the king in December, these demonstrations never ceased. Day and night the storm of curses roared on every side of us, always terminating with 'Death to the Jesuits!' It would make too long a story to relate our agony, the nights of terror, and days spent in trembling, for more than three months, during which time we were confined to the house and compelled to say mass in church with closed doors, for they no longer respected even God's holy temple. One of our lay brothers being compelled to go out on business, was assailed in the streets by ferocious men, paid and instigated by the association, and was so cruelly maltreated that had he not been dragged from among them by some compassionate souls, he would have been murdered on the spot." Aser stood in silence with the perspiration running down his face. The Superior continued:—"To crown these dreadful occurrences they

* He is now a Missionary in the United States.

† Father Lucien Guibert, after suffering many misfortunes in Italy, travelled to America; thence he returned to Flanders, to the residence of the Count d'Outremont, with whom he went last year to Rome and Naples, and is now in a College in France.

finally scaled the walls, battered in the doors, and climbed upon the window-stones. God, in his goodness, saved us by means of the passage which communicated from the church to the palace of the governor; but on arriving there in safety we were deprived of our manuscripts, consisting of sermons, philosophical lectures, and letters, which were all that we were able to bring with us. We were shut up in a room, and two hours after midnight, disguised in the cloaks and helmets of soldiers, and placed in the centre of a battalion of the troops, we were conducted into this dark room. For a day and a half we have been prevented from going on deck, even after dark, to breathe a little fresh air, although, as you perceive, the bad air of this place is suffocating."

The old mariner wept at the sight of the pitiable state of these poor priests; and turning to the father who had with such charity saved his family in the time of the cholera, he took his hand in silence, and kissed it with a sigh. Aser said to the Superior:—"But among these fathers many must be citizens and natives of the kingdom; why not allow them to return to their own houses?"

"Such was our request," replied the Superior, "but they neither answer nor allow us to have recourse to the king, and from the threatening expressions of one of the officers, we have reason to expect even worse treatment."

Aser, out of patience, expressed in a tone of indignation: "These unfeeling monsters are deserving of all your hatred."

"No, sir; of our pity."

"How! after they have treated you with such cruelty, you do not hate them, especially as they refuse you permission to disperse quietly to your homes, although they will not have you united?"

"We neither hate them, nor do we wish evil to befall them, but we pray to God for them."

Aser, moved by this noble and Christian forgiveness, bade them farewell, and carried away in his breast sentiments which never before found admittance there.

A few days after, orders were transmitted from the government to remove the unfortunate fathers from the *San Michele* to the steamer *San Giorgio*, on board which they were transported to Spezia, whence they were conveyed by land, in the midst of renewed dangers and the grossest insults, to Carrara.

CHAPTER XIII.

CESTIUS.

IN the mean time, Babette of Interlaken, about the end of November, sailed, as we have before narrated, under the name of Baroness of Derberg, to the island of Sicily. Her object, as has been seen, was to encompass the death of the young Cestius, who, moved by the stings

of conscience, had abandoned the secret societies to which, to his infinite disgrace, he had formerly added his name and co-operation. On her arrival at Palermo, she took sumptuous apartments facing the sea, and having set on foot inquiries for Cestius, she discovered that he was shortly to return from Syracuse with the prince's sons, of whom he was the tutor. While she thus waited for her victory, like a cat counterfeiting sleep while patiently watching for a mouse, she did not remain idle; but with her whole energy she sought to promote the designs and intrigues of the societies, and frequented the assemblies of Young Sicily, to animate them to new and sudden changes. Sometimes openly, and sometimes in secret, she attended the frequent meetings of the most violent demagogues at the residence of Prince Scordia, and of old Ruggero Settimo, where she met every evening with one or other of the warmest imitators of Gian di Procida. These worthies were in ecstasies at the skilful secrecy with which the agitators of Switzerland and Germany conducted their affairs, and were infinitely obliged to the baroness for her profitable teachings.

On the return of Cestius to Palermo, Babette having recourse to her skill in counterfeiting writing, composed a cunning epistle to Cestius in the hand of a cousin whom he tenderly loved, at Lucerne. She sent him this note with an invitation to pay her a visit, as she had many things to tell him from Errichetta, the name of his cousin. Cestius was delighted, and the baroness gave him a reception so warm-hearted that he was charmed with the noble lady; he did not confine himself to this first visit, but from time to time, when his duties in the prince's family permitted it, he visited her in the most friendly manner, and sometimes accompanied her in her walks.

In fine, the insidious deceiver plied her arts with such success that the time for effecting her object seemed arrived. As they were walking one evening in the neighbourhood of Palermo in a thick grove of laurel, she led him by narrow paths to a place not much frequented, behind a little hill, where the overhanging branches form a deep shade, which becomes at twilight as dark as night. But as she was on the point of striking her long and piercing stiletto into his side, she was suddenly disturbed by the sharp bark of a greyhound, which bounded past with several others, chasing each other and gamboling through the windings of the grove. Babette fearing that the owners of the dogs were entering the same paths, feigned a desire to walk in a more frequented place, and led Cestius back to the city.

This failure only spurred her to form new schemes to attain her end. One day when they were alone together, putting on a grave and pensive air—"Do you know," said she, "my dear Ernest" (Cestius was only his name in the society), "that last year as I was on a visit with several other German ladies at that sanctuary of yours, called the hermitage, I experienced at the sight of that Madonna, so strange an emotion that I can since find no peace. I seek constantly to stifle this feeling, but the idea of abandoning Lutheranism and embracing your religion pursues me incessantly. You are a good Catholic, can you not point out some means by which I may receive light on this subject?"

Cestius, who had sincerely repented of his fault and now led a conscientious life, heard this with unfeigned pleasure, and proposed that she should consult a learned and pious priest, who would point out her errors and explain with distinctness the Catholic doctrine. Babette consented, saying: "I shall be infinitely obliged, and in the mean time I pray that to-morrow evening you will meet me at the basilica of Monreale, where amid the tombs of the kings we may argue some of these points without fear of interruption, as may happen here in the house." Cestius replied, that it would be a pleasure, and that he would come for her. "No, no," returned Babette; "go there alone. I will not be long in joining you. Pray don't be late. By the bye, you might as well send away your carriage, and we will return to Palermo together in mine."

On the following day, about sunset, Cestius was at the great church of Monreale, and after admiring that stupendous monument of the munificence of the Norman kings, who founded the monarchy of Sicily, he walked on alone towards the sepulchres. The days of winter are short and cloudy; towards evening, immediately before dark, gothic architecture always assumes a majestic gloom, and the tombs of the kings, at this particular hour, were almost in obscurity. Cestius finding himself thus solitary, knelt at the foot of a pillar, and in that sad and solemn silence besought God to have mercy upon him, that he would pardon the sins of his youth, and above all, that he would mercifully forgive his denial of his faith by the infernal oaths of the secret abominations of Illuminism.

He was absorbed in these thoughts, with tears of repentance standing in his eyes, when he was distracted by a light sound of footsteps, and raising them, he saw the baroness advancing towards him. She wore a brown mantle, and her hands were concealed in a large fur muff; and having joined him, she thanked him for his punctuality, drew her hand from her muff and shook him by the hand. "Let us," said she, "take a seat behind this monument of Guglielmo il Malo and commence our discussion." They turned round the monument, and the baroness, before sitting down, stood facing it, as if to examine it, then lowering her eyes to its base, she turned and said to Cestius: "Did you ever read the inscription of this great king? Let us see, if you please, what it says." Cestius bent down, for it was growing dark, and fixed his eyes upon the marble to decipher the epitaph. Then Babette drew her dagger from her muff, and drove the point into the middle of his neck; in a moment she withdrew the steel and again plunged it through his side into his heart.

The accursed woman then drew out the dagger, coolly wiped the blade on the skirt of Cestius's coat, and returned it to its sheath; she then left the basilica unobserved, entered her carriage, and, without the possibility of a suspicion, was driven as usual, with a countenance full of seeming joy, to the *soirée* of Prince Ruggero Settimo. There were assembled conspirators, who in a few days were to commence an open rebellion and excite the whole island to effect its freedom.

In those first days of rage and blood, Babette, in male attire, was all

himself with looking at the portico of St. Francis of Paul, the notorious Mathis, who, without doubt, accompanies her as her valet?" "What, Mathis?" asked Oswald. "That waiter at the hotel of the 'Bear,' at Berne; that knave of the ready stiletto, and the never-failing carbine; the scoundrel, who threw himself, body and soul, among the Free Corps and perpetrated so many villanies in the smaller Cantons. You must know!" "Why, to be sure." "But that imp of a woman, has she come all this way? And what for?" "What for!" repeated Oswald. "No doubt on the track of some poor fellow, on whom she has to inflict the vengeance of the society. It can be for nothing else; God preserve us from that dagger! I should not wonder if some of our comrades be found some day with their throats cut; she has before now performed the operation on many others. I know from a secret source, that the ambassadors of several courts notified their governments of the valour of this precious little girl."

The day after the above conversation between the two officers, at one o'clock in the afternoon, a carriage stopped on the Piazza della Vittoria; two gentlemen got out, and then walked about in front of the railings of the public gardens: at half-past one they entered the office of the hotel, and asked if the Baroness of Derberg had dined. "Yes," answered the waiter, "some time since, and her servant is just gone out to call at the post." They ordered themselves to be announced, one as the Count d'Arstelf, and the other as Baron Gnitz. They found her reading the Gazette of Augusta. "Signora," said the leader, "you are in the hands of justice." "How!" "Silence, madam!" "But you have mistaken me for some other!" "Silence!" "It's an abomination!" "Silence, or ——" "But let me at least take a shawl, a pelisse." "You shall have everything in less than an hour." One of them took her gently by the arm, the other placed on her head her bonnet, which lay upon the bed; they locked the door as they went out, and entered the carriage. In the street were three other commissaries, one of whom accompanied the chief, while his companion returned to the room to collect the papers, examine the trunks, and search the baggage: the two others waited for Mathis, who was not long in coming.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE HARP.

IN Rome, Alisa, during the long absence of Aser, kept such strict guard over her heart, that her friends and acquaintances never once heard her pronounce his name; and when he was mentioned in conversation, her countenance remained so undisturbed, and her behaviour was so natural and unmoved, that even the venomous tooth of envy could make no impression. This led most of the young ladies to

suppose that either she no longer loved him, or that she had never fixed her affections upon him; yet he was continually in her thoughts; and the reports which were abroad of his connection with the conspirators of Europe gave her the deepest anxiety, for she wished to behold in him a young man of uprightness and virtue. On this subject she unceasingly sent up her prayers to God.

Polissena, in the mean time, redoubled her snares; she practised every trick to corrupt her soul, introducing the poison of her impiety into every discourse; but as the impious woman dared not show herself an open enemy to virtue and religion, but concealed her venom under virtuous phrases, the pure mind of Alisa received only their sounds, while it rejected their evil meaning; she preserved unbroken in her heart the good dispositions which had been engraven there by the religious education of her childhood. Although books of the most dissolute character were placed in her hands, they made no impression upon her mind, which could find no pleasure in error, and the more it was disguised under the warm colours of a depraved imagination, the more she loathed and abhorred it.

One day in the beginning of the March of '48, she was alone after dinner in her study; Polissena had gone out with a Hungarian princess, who requested her company to the house of Count Mamiani on certain secret business. Bartolo was reading, reclined upon a sofa in the next room. Alisa was in a sorrowful mood; her mind was sad, but her heart on all occasions, when left alone, recalled those good sentiments which remained silent amid the tumult of the passions. She raised her eyes; there hung suspended over her desk a painting of the Virgin *Addolorata*, which seemed to look down upon her, with tearful yet benignant eyes, but with a maternal affection.

She took her harp, and seating herself in front of this image of Mary, with her eyes upraised towards it, she struck the chords and commenced one of the most tender passages of the *Miserere* of Haydn, accompanying it with her voice. At the first sound of those notes, Alisa, with a sort of inspiration, swept the fingers of her right hand over the treble chords, while her left ran rapidly over the bass: and such was the power of this succession of celestial melodies—so soft, so gentle, and so sad was the voice of that chant, that Bartolo dropped the book from his hand, and remained absorbed in attention.

That small hand, those fair fingers, so beautifully tapered, flew with rapid but graceful ease, and equal measure. Alisa's voice was soft, capacious, and sonorous, modulating every tone with a delicacy and passion which so deeply moved the heart, that the piety of these divine verses flowed with redoubled tenderness and sadness from her lips. While Bartolo was listening with ecstasy to the singing of his daughter, her voice and harp broke off suddenly, he knew not why. Hastily opening the door, he beheld her with her hands till stretched over the chords, as at the moment when she stopped, her lips were half opened, and her eyes fixed motionless upon the Madonna, her countenance inflamed with love, while the tears flowed gently down her face.

Bartolo stood in suspense at this sight; he remained contemplating that angelic countenance, and dared not for a moment disturb her with questions? But advancing at length, he asked her, smilingly, "What has happened, my love?"

Alisa, recovering her usual calm, and casting down her eyes, turned to her father: "Ah, dear father, what are all these occurrences that are daily passing in Rome? I am more ashamed than I can express at the very name of Roman."

"Why, what is there new in Rome?" asked Bartolo; "and what are you ashamed of?"

"Do you not hear," returned the daughter, "that mob of madmen in the Corso singing the 'Miserere' and shouting, 'Death to the Jesuits?' And not one noble and loyal voice is raised in defence of those priests,—not one generous breast interposes to defend them. Shame! In the company in which we pass our evenings, we hear nothing but scoffs, contumely, and sarcasm, from persons who ought to speak of them with the respect due to the instructors and benefactors of their sons. Mimo and Lando, our own cousins, were once dear and affectionate, but now, with other graceless idlers, go, it seems, to the gate of the Gesu, and with memorandum-book in hand, they stand gazing at every young lady that enters there to confession: they write down their names, at the same time making contemptuous and mocking faces. What wonderful bravery! The other evening, at the barracks of the Civic Guard, the young men pledged each other by an oath, never to marry any young lady who would go to confession to a Jesuit. The girls would have more reason to swear that they would never marry any of them. What have the Jesuits ever done that they should be so misused?"

"What would you have, my daughter?" replied Bartolo. "The Jesuits have rendered themselves obnoxious for the following reasons: they have no love for Italy; they are bound to Austria; they encourage ignorance; they dissuade mothers from enrolling their sons in the battalions of the Speranza; they would have Rome return to the times of Pius VI.; they oppose the construction of railroads. You see clearly that the people despise them as pernicious to the present state of civilization."

"Alas, my dear father! and do you also league yourself with those people? You spoke in a very different tone a year or two ago, when you praised my piety and the progress that I had made. But, whatever may be the case, I persist that the Romans debase and disgrace themselves in the eyes not only of every Christian, but of every civilized nation, by treating their priests with such contumely, and a cruelty that would be shocking even towards animals."

A few days after this sensible reasoning of Alisa, Aser returned to Rome from his tour through Germany, with commissions for Young Italy. In a secret council held with the Prince Canino, Sterbini, Galletti, Mamiani, and many others, after he had communicated the advices and laid before them the various plans to be adopted in conducting the affairs of Italy and Rome, and particularly for the war in

Lombardy, he continued, in a tone of displeasure: "If we proceed as we have begun, we shall ruin our cause. Send the Jesuits to the devil, if you will, for such is the order of the supreme council of the Sacred Alliance; but let it be done with some discretion. After the unequalled efforts which we have made to work out the restoration of Italy, and the success which has attended them in endearing ourselves and our cause to the nations which we are to regenerate, there are a number of madmen who are drawing upon us the hatred of the world by their imprudence. Instead of removing these enemies of liberty from our path with an appearance of noble disdain, they descend to atrocious insults and cruelty, and hunt them out from every retreat like so many wolves or bears; these means will stamp our cause with impiety and cruelty. In Sardinia they threw shells into the vaults of a college of young men, risking their lives amidst the ruins, and thereby calling down the mortal enmity of their parents; they burnt books above price; threw down museums of natural philosophy; robbed the churches of the sacred vessels, and stoned the Jesuits wherever they met them. What madness is this? Are we thus to give a handle against ourselves, to the retrograders? To confirm them in the opinion that liberty and impiety are synonymous? When did the words constitution and republic signify persecution of the Church and of the priesthood? The cause of Italy would be betrayed in the moment of victory. Look well to it—above all, in Rome; fall not on so fatal an error; strike terror into the Jesuits with outcries; the Pope, in mercy to them, and to save them from the threatened peril, will say to them: 'My sons, withdraw before the storm bursts,' and to us will be awarded the praise of moderation."

"Bravo, Aser!" exclaimed Sterbini, looking at him over his spectacles; "bravo! so you have turned Jesuit?"

"Exactly," retorted Aser; "precisely as you got yourself rebaptized a Christian."

CHAPTER XV.

TO THE MOUNTAIN—TO THE SHORE.

THEY who ascend from Pozzuoli to the Solfatara, and feel the earth quaking beneath their feet, and hear the profound roar of the unfathomable depths of the subterranean whirlpools, and breathe with a feeling of suffocation the sulphureous atmosphere which issues from those crevices, exclaim involuntarily: "Ah! the ground fails from beneath us; alas! we sink into the abyss!" Deep and bottomless gulfs, sudden flashings, whirlwinds, fire, lightning, and pitchy darkness, lie on every side.

As they proceed on that fearful path, they are amazed at the sigh-

of the *Dog's Cave*. If dogs enter a short distance into this cave their hair stands on an end; they struggle, roll their eyes, howl, and gasp, and death would immediately ensue unless their compassionate masters withdrew them from the deadly mephitic vapour which suffocates them.

At Baia, in the entrances of the Furnaces of Nero, they find a man begrimed with smoke, who, with torch in hand, leads them through a narrow subterranean excavation in the mountain; but from its infernal depths rushes forth a torrent of heated air, which takes away their breath; the darkness terrifies, the roaring confuses them; the boiling vapour scalds their faces; they are bathed in perspiration, and at length they rush back to the entrance, gasping and ready to sink with terror.

Thence they turn to the Lake of Avernus. The profound solitude and deathlike silence which reign round those waters recall the memory of the gloomy shades which crowded upon its shores, or wandered upon the banks of Cocytus and Phlegethon, which discharged into it their floods of fire. The Furies seem still to hover among the gloomy vapours which overhang it. Among the ruins of the Temple of Pluto, they seem to hear the barking of Cerberus, and the hissing of the dragons; and the shades of Minos and Rhadamanthus seem to reappear. They then turn to the left, through the dense forest, and there yawns the black mouth of the infernal regions, the cave of the Sybil, the living sepulchre of the Cimmerii.

This profound cavern descends by innumerable subterranean passages, leading into mysterious labyrinths, which wind and intersect, divide and reunite in open vaults; whence others again dive downwards, and are lost in the unfathomable abyss of the infernal abodes.

Issuing from these caverns to the open air and crossing the Plains of Pozzuoli, the traveller arrives at the Cavern of Posilippo, which passes through the centre of the mountain and leads to the beautiful strand of Chiaia. On reaching it about sunset, or shortly before dusk, he finds at the entrance of this high and long cave a multitude of people, of horses and carriages, entering it on their way to the city; or issuing from it as they proceed to Pozzuoli. When he has advanced a few yards into the interior he hears an indistinct hum, and soon the vaults echo with deep rumblings; he perceives a moving stream of creatures meeting from different directions, amidst darkness which seems to have become solid before him. The tramp of footmen, the rumbling of carriages, the flocks of goats, the rattling of the bells worn by the cattle, and the cracking of whips, make altogether a noise which is really dreadful. When the light of day fails to penetrate, the glimmering of the lanterns is so dimmed by the dense clouds of dust, that at a distance of a few yards objects are imperceptible. With his brains already stupified by the sulphur of the Solfatara, the steam from the hot-baths of Nero, and the mysterious obscurity of the Cimmerian caverns, he hears on all sides, in the midst of the darkness, cries of, "*Alla marina!*" "*Alla montagna!*"—"To the shore!" "To the mountain!" which is answered by, "To the moun-

tain!" "To the shore!" Again he hears, "Stand there! O God! To the mountain, I say!" "To the shore!" Meanwhile there is a tumult, a medley, a disorder, a confusion, a commingling of voices, and a reeling of the brain and of the feelings, which is altogether indescribable. Yet in the midst of all this, the traveller does not perceive that his carriage ever slackens its pace; that it strikes against objects in front, or clashes with the vehicles at the side. As the driver cries, "*Alla montagna!*" with the invariable answer of, "*Alla marina!*" he lashes his horses and cracks his whip as he drives at full speed towards the mouth of the grotto; and the passenger, refreshed by the pure air, as he discovers the light of heaven in the distance, rejoices in his heart that he has made his escape, as if by enchantment, from the tempestuous darkness which had filled him with such misgivings.

As soon as he has convinced himself that he is again in safety, he asks the coachman the meaning of those shouts of "*Alla marina!*" "*Alla montagna.*" "It is only a signal," says the man quietly, "for each one to keep to his own side, without confusing or running over any of the foot passengers, or crushing them between the wheels and the sides of the cavern." Those cries were enough for the Neapolitans in the midst of the darkness and the roaring noise; the coachmen drive on fearlessly without slackening their speed, while the people on foot hurry along with their baskets, or even pails full of water, or other liquid, on their heads, leading their children by the hand, or driving their little flocks, and many of them, in spite of the confusion, move on singing with as little concern as if they were in the open country.

In the turmoil of human vicissitudes, the man of a contracted mind and of weak judgment is so stunned and confused by the darkness and disorder, that he neither sees nor hears; he is confounded, he loses confidence, and despairs of the result; while divine Providence, like the dexterous driver, leads events with calm and serene foresight, through the thousand intricacies and apparent confusion, to the most happy results.

If ever there was an essay made of the soundness of human hearts in the fiery crucible, which purifies and separates the fine gold from that which is false, it certainly was in the great and sudden revolts of 1848, which involved the whole of Europe in a ruinous turmoil. The news of one outbreak was scarcely heard when that of another was announced: this was followed by another in quick succession. The public mind had not recovered from its first amazement, when another, still more unexpected and more disastrous, overwhelmed it with fear and horror. Conspiracies, seditions, revolts among the populace, the overthrowing of thrones, the flight of kings, the burning of palaces, assaults upon fortresses, subversions of monarchies, battles, rage, fury, slaughter of armies and of the inhabitants of cities, all things were involving the West in such ruin and confusion of orders and institutions, that the world seemed to be returning to its primeval state of chaos.

Amidst this universal disorder, the vigilant eye of Divine Wisdom, with clearness and foresight, guided the course of events, which, in the eyes of mortals, seemed so unutterably confused, to those sublime results—which results, though attained through channels separate and distinct, combined in promoting the triumph of His glory, the purifying of the elect, the honour of His Church, and the discomfiture of impiety.

One morning in February, in the year 1848, a private conference on Archæology was held in the hall of the Prussian Legation, at which a small knot of learned men had assembled. After they had listened to an erudite dissertation upon a newly-discovered consular stone, which threw some light upon a controverted point of Roman history, they entered into a conversation upon the news of the day. Among other personages present were a Frenchman, a German, Bartolo, and Professor Orioli. "This Louis Philippe of yours," said a Prussian to the Frenchman, "unless I am much mistaken, will soon be caught in a net which he has for the last eighteen years been weaving with his own hands, and they who are entangling him in it are the very men for whom he had constructed it; he thought he had them so thoroughly ensnared in it that they could never shake off their bonds or move a step."

The Frenchman, raising his head, shook it like one who refuses assent. "To what nets do you allude? Louis Philippe is a veteran at bird-catching. I don't see how his game can well escape him; he holds the net-cords well arranged in his hand, and he can attract and ensnare any one that he wishes."

"Let us drop the metaphor, if you please," replied the Prussian, "and I'll tell you in two words what I mean. Louis Philippe, after the days of 1830, in order to rid France of its troublesome characters, and to consolidate his own power, sent them to excite the people to revolutionary ideas in Poland, Belgium, Italy, and Switzerland; to introduce unbridled license among those nations, to overthrow the most valuable and cherished institutions, to reduce them to the necessity of perjuring themselves, to violate their engagements, to pollute their hands with the blood of their fellow-citizens; to despise the supreme authorities, to break the bond of reciprocal respect among the people, to disturb the harmony and tranquillity which should exist among the various classes of which human society is composed. Everywhere flames were kindled, yet without being extinguished in Paris; and while the conflagration raged elsewhere with irresistible fury, particularly in Switzerland, the fire was secretly smouldering under every political institution at home."

"But that was the fire of patriotism," rejoined the Frenchman; "the fire of civil and military valour; that noble fire which warmed every French heart to magnanimous enterprise, to elevated social views, to the resplendent glories of genius in every branch of art, science, commerce, and to public and private activity."

"And yet," replied Bartolo, "I am of the opinion of Signor Fedorigo, that this fire will consume Louis Philippe, for it must be re-

marked that it is a fire kept alive and entertained by every evil passion. What patriotism, what love of order can exist in a kingdom in which, for more than eighteen years, instruction has been taken out of the hands of the Church and of the virtuous, and youth educated in impiety and indecency?"

"Therein we discover the envenomed and malignant ulcer," said the learned German, "which consumes every living community: there is to be found the incurable mortification, where science is not tempered by the revivifying fire of religion. In Germany also, the universities are bringing up a godless youth, and consequently a generation devoid of every intrinsic virtue that leads to good, and I foresee, approaching and inevitable, the ruin of Germany. The example of Switzerland has shaken it with such violence, that the shock will overthrow the most ancient and most stable foundations of Germanic institutions, consecrated, as they have been, by the valour and wisdom of so many brave and great men of ancient times."

"I regret to say it in the presence of Signor Federigo," said Orioli, a liberal of enlightened views; "but Prussia itself is threatened with innovations and turmoils in every quarter: it is agitated by the most audacious doctrines, and involved in the dishonest practices and oaths of the secret societies."

"Well! well!" replied the Frenchman, "France is yet unscathed: with such life, vigour, and virtue as actuate it, the throne of Louis Philippe need fear nothing. He is surrounded by men of great foresight, of powerful arm, of minds unmoved by the *wild beasts of the mountain*;* the administration is wisely carried out, the police active and well-informed; Paris is fortified like a citadel; two thousand cannon are ready to vomit forth their torrents of fire; he has an invincible army, which would not flinch before the combined forces of all Europe: can you for a moment suppose that he would yield to a few ragged rascals collected upon the Boulevards, at the Champs Elysées, or on the Place du Carrousel?"

"As you like it," said Bartolo; "but the *Debats*, which looks deep and knows where the shoe pinches, gave us, a full month ago, certain dark hints."

"What hints? The *Debats* is sold to the Reds!"

"Sold! It appears to me that if it be sold, it takes small pains to conceal the transaction when it tells us in capital letters, 'The Reform Banquets have torn away the veil, and to every one who is not purposely blind, or who is not interested in blinding others, it is evident that the opposition is not solely to the Guizot Cabinet, but to the entire majority of the conservative party, and the government itself. The Radicals scarcely think it necessary to dissemble in following Odillon Barrot; they have left in the rear the Socialists, who are the corps de reserve of anarchy.'"

"Pshaw! Louis Philippe laughs at this savage *canaille*, which he

* The communists were called the "Reds, or the party of the Mountain. They threatened to involve France in fire and ruin, worse even than in 1793.

could scatter with a single breath from the windows of the Tuileries like mist before the wind."

At this point in the conversation, the Secretary of Legation entered with several letters in his hand, and in deep thought; he turned to the distinguished circle and said: "Gentlemen, the Paris courier has at length arrived; the motive of his several days' delay could not be guessed at, but it is now explained by the information sent by our ambassador."

"Ah! what is this news?" was the general exclamation; and, drawing round the secretary, they waited with agitated and anxious faces for his explanation.

The secretary, opening the letter slowly, spoke as it were to himself:—"Ah! what occurrences! What a downfall! What a sudden explosion! God only knows where the ruins will fall, and what destruction will accompany their descent!"

"Why, what has happened?"

"It has happened that Louis Philippe is no longer a king, and France is involved in fire and destruction."

"Is he dead?"

"Far better for him would it be; he would then at least have ended his long reign like a man of courage, whereas, he has ended it in a broken-down cab; and, while he had two hundred millions of francs in his coffers, he has fled without a sou, and with nothing but the shirt which he wore."

"But, the particulars, sir! Pray, satisfy our impatience!"

"It requires but a moment. The secret societies, led by Caussidière, Poinin, Ledru Rollin, Blanc, Proudhon, Albert, and their partisans, under pretence of ousting the Guizot ministry, made an attack upon the Palais-Royal, and next upon the Tuileries. They put arms in the hands of all the scum of the populace of Paris, barricaded the streets, and with processions of mobs in blouses, of abandoned women, of all the young vagabonds and pickpockets from ten years upwards, they have overthrown the constitutional throne of Louis Philippe."

"Surely, Sir Secretary," replied the Frenchman, in the greatest excitement, "this is some joke of yours, and you must be amusing yourself at our expense."

"It is neither a joke, nor am I amusing myself," returned the secretary coldly; "I tell you these things exactly as they occurred. The National Guard was induced, by the artifices of the factions, to join in their treason; the army remained inactive, and was ordered to its various quarters; General Bugeaud was removed, Lamoricière was deceived, and Odillon Barrot imposed on; the secret society of the Mountain mingling that terrible and cruel populace with the National Guard on the 23d of February, directed them against the Palais-Royal. They destroyed the precious ornaments, tore down the tapestry, broke the immense mirrors, defaced the gilding and carving, rent and cut in pieces the paintings of the greatest masters, and threw the furniture from the windows, leaving the palace, that wonder of the world, like a

place not merely given up to the pillage of bandits, but desolated by the ravages of fire."

"And these same secret societies," exclaimed Bartolo, "had published in a hundred public papers, that the world is still barbarous and ignorant; that they have taken upon themselves to civilize, to embellish, to polish it from head to foot; to enlighten it with another sun and other stars. And they who appeared to doubt this, were *retrograders, blacks, advocates of darkness*, who could be even content with this old sun and the feeble glimmering of these old stars. We shall see, if the god Proudhon will be able to create us another sun and other stars more brilliant; we must suppose that he is preparing the way, by first annihilating all beauty, all order, and every good institution on the inhabitable globe, and with them every source of happiness, both public and private."

"On the 24th," continued the secretary, "an army of *sans culottes*, composed of women and young lads, forced its way into the royal palace, and M. de Girardin rushed breathless into the apartments of Louis Philippe, exclaiming: 'Fly, sire, fly! They are already in the palace.' 'Who?' 'The mob!' The king twice exclaimed, as it were, to himself: 'As with Charles X.! As with Charles X.!' The queen, Amalia, took his arm, and, without the power to take, of all his treasures, a single farthing, he was led, with tottering steps, to the gates of the garden which open upon the square.

"The people seeing this group leave the palace, gathered together in knots. 'It is he! Yes, Louis Philippe himself! Ah! ay! The old man! and there is the Duchess of Nemours with the two children!' And the crowd pressed towards the gates. The queen, who still had hold of the king's arm, pushed him into a mean cab, with a single horse, and entered after him herself. The driver lashed his horse, and forced it through the curious multitude, then hurrying through the streets of Paris, they finally reached the castle of Eu in safety. On his arrival there, the king had to beg from the mayor a small sum of money, to enable him to continue his flight, and pass over into England."

Then followed a general discussion among these gentlemen: one made one reflection, another, another; all were agreed upon the vanity of human greatness, and the weakness of governments not founded upon justice; they made prognostications on the new fortunes of France and Europe, and the agitations in Germany, but particularly on the late revolts in Italy, which had given room for hopes and fears, founded on the motives entertained by the Italians, who were divided into a thousand different factions and confederations.

Sicily was in flames; Naples had thrown down the gauntlet of its constitution in the face of the princes of Italy, who, either from their own want of foresight, or impelled by domestic factions, sent forth complaints against the king, who adhered unflinchingly to the old institutions, and detested all innovations. The gauntlet had been accepted by Tuscany, then by Piedmont, next by the Central States, and finally by the Pope. Every one took the oath to a constitution,

which, in the intention of the demagogues, was to bind the princes to its maintenance, but not the factions to its observance. The torches and bonfires which illuminated the public rejoicings were scarcely extinguished, before the constitution was violated by the latter; the liberty of the press degenerated into licentiousness, and inundated the land with a deluge of impiety, of imprecations, and of blasphemy against every right, divine, natural, and human; justice was upon their lips, while iniquity characterized every act; the citizens were secure neither in property nor in person; their homes were no longer inviolable, the public faith no longer sacred; peace and repose were banished, both at home and abroad; liberty existed only for wickedness, while chains became the portion of virtue, the Church, and the priesthood. In Rome itself, the Sovereign Pontiff could no longer have recourse to the aid of the cardinals and prelates, who are his natural ministers and coadjutors.

This was the substance of the conversation of both Catholics and Protestants, in that company, in which each one spoke according to his own judgment and the feelings of his heart.

Bartolo, however, was still labouring under the hallucination of his Utopia of the Italian Confederation, and it seemed to him that the liberal constitutions would promote it most efficiently. In his heart, it must be repeated, he wished the Pope to enjoy his full prerogatives, but he could not discover that the conspirators were cunningly devising means to despoil him of his princely power and character, and to reduce him, according to the caricature of Don Pirlone, to the character of a fisherman with his boat and a net, wherewith he might catch a few eels in the Tiber, like the old boatman Sor Camillo, down at the Lungara.

CHAPTER XVI.

DON SILVANO.

WHEN Bartolo left the palace of Prussia, as he was descending from the Capitol he saw, at the bottom of the hill, a great crowd of people marching with flags in his direction; and meeting with the advocate Muchielli, who was on his way to Tordispecchi, he asked him the meaning of the commotion below near the Gesu.

"What!" said Muchielli, "don't you know that the old fox has fled precipitately from the throne of France? The people, my dear Bartolo, are a mighty power! These kings have the laws upon paper, but the people have them in their arms. Look at those people there below! They are triumphing over the fall of Louis Philippe, and you see that in passing before the Gesu, they have halted to launch a few *accidenti* at the reverend fathers.

"You of the Circolo," said Bartoli, "ought to lead the people with

moderation, whereas in these conjunctures you leave them to their own guidance; you throw the bridle upon their necks and administer some heavy kicks into the bargain."

Muchielli went on his way towards the Tarpeian Rock, and Bartolo towards the Gesu. When he reached the fountain of the Piazza Capitolina he saw an old priest come out of San Venantio directly towards him. "Well, Signor Bartolo, we have here enough of shouting and howling! This is a storm which is enough to deafen us. What is all this shouting about?"

"My dear Don Silvano, there is no occasion for alarm; the Roman people are rejoicing at the fall of the king of the French, whom the Parisians have sent a-begging!"

"Louis Philippe?"—"Yes."

"I am truly sorry," replied the priest; "he certainly was not a model of every excellence, but he served as a bulwark against anarchy and the robbery of Communism, which threatens to inundate and submerge the whole of Europe. And here, what you call the Roman people, are exulting and yelling with joy over this new social disaster. Roman people! Look at them as they come towards the Capitol; observe the countenances of your Roman people! Ragged, filthy, disorderly reprobates, marked out for the galleys; wretches, that for a dime or a glass of wine would renounce heaven. You, who are a real Roman, would you, Signor Bartolo, be willing to be numbered among those galley birds?"

"But they are the people."

"These are the dregs of the populace, and not the people; this sort of populace is, in Rome, more ferocious and brutal than anything of the kind in any other city in Italy; they are of the race of the ancient gladiators: lazy, drunken, arrogant, bloodthirsty, and for two cents would stab a Christian to the heart. This scum is the offspring of the rubbish of the Roman streets, and, disgusting as it is, and brought up among impurity, it becomes the blind instrument of every wickedness. Consider for a moment whether the Roman people, the flower of fidelity and of ancient devotedness to the Pope, would ever have rejoiced at the defeat of the Sonderbund,—that is, of the Catholics of Switzerland oppressed by the savage and brute force of the Radicals. Such an idea could not even enter their dreams. The real Roman people weep over the cruel persecution of its beloved Swiss brethren; it admires their constancy, exalts their courage, the sacrifice, the heroic dedication of themselves, their property, their liberty, and their lives to the maintenance of the Catholic faith, and to the triumph of the Church of Jesus Christ.

"The rejoicing manifested on that occasion is the diabolical joy of the secret societies, which, by means of this monster Ciceruacchio, have raised this mob of drunkards, who are now howling before the Gesu; hear what blasphemies they are vomiting forth! I must get out of their way, for, like Satan before the cross, they become enraged at the very sight of a priest. Adieu, Bartolo; I am going down the Via Pedaccia."

Bartolo had proceeded a little further towards the cross-streets of the Polacchi, when, at the Accademia Tiberina he saw one of the leaders, with the gesticulations of a madman, endeavouring to excite the mob to shout, "Long live the Bolla of Ganganelli." They answered, "Long live the Moglie of Ganganelli." "No, no! Hurrah for the Bull, I say;" still they repeated, "Hurrah for the wife of Ganganelli!"*

Bartolo could not help laughing, and turning to a gentleman who stood near him in silence, sadness, and indignation, said to him: "Are not these thorough brainless simpletons? Long live the wife!"

"That shows," replied the gentleman, "that they are paid to howl thus like wolves, without being able to assign a reason. A few days ago I received word from Orvieto that the conspirators of that good city having bribed a few country fellows, led them to the College of the Jesuits to shout, 'Long live Gioberti.' It so happened that there, lived opposite the fathers a certain Signor Giberti, and the clowns saluted him with such stentorian lungs, 'Long live the Signor Giberti!' that the good man was at length obliged to come out upon his porch, and thank them for their serenade, in order to be rid of them as soon as possible!

"In Sardinia, however, such matters took a less harmless turn. The factions there also caused the populace to shout 'Long live Gioberti,' and when they were asked in what way this Gioberti deserved the gratitude of the island, the false wretches made the unfortunate people believe that Gioberti was a rich corn merchant, who had heard of the scarcity which afflicted the whole island, and desired to send from Genoa two large vessels laden with grain for the sustenance of the population; but that the Jesuits, by a thousand arts, and from hatred to the people, had prohibited the landing of the provision. No more was needed to raise a storm of fury among those people; they assailed the colleges, and woe to the poor fugitive Jesuits had they fallen into their hands: they would not have escaped with their lives."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CAFFÈ OF BAGNOLI.

"In fine, my dearest Aser," Meniei was saying, at the beginning of March, in the corner of the Caffè of Bagnoli, where they had met to take some refreshments—"in fine, you are really an original genius!

* The word "*Bolla*" (Bull, or sealed decree) was mistaken on this occasion by the populace for the word "*Moglie*" (wife), which has, in their way of pronouncing it, nearly the same sound, and their leader was unable to make them understand the difference. Had not this laughable blunder been heard by a thousand ears, its truth might be called in question.

You made a great mistake in coming into the world too late ; you ought to have been a cotemporary of Tristan of Cornwall, or of King Arthur, or of Bovo of Antona."

"Always a poet!" said Aser, as he put his "kiffel" into his coffee. "On what score would you count me among the Knights of the Round Table, or the Paladins of France?"

"Because you are a roaring lion in the execution of the plans of the Holy Alliance, for the liberty of Italy, but in love as gentle as a dove. Whoever saw a young man of your temperament fall so desperately in love with a young girl and not have the courage to speak to her, nor raise his eyes to her countenance? Is not this way of acting fit for a Givon Cortese, or a Launcelot of the Lake? You love Alisa, and——"

"Silence! profane not that name," exclaimed Aser angrily.

"Hem! Yet I believe she is not averse to you; and Polissena might——"

"Silence, fellow! when did I encourage you to the presumption of meddling with my private affairs, that you thus speak of my secrets?"

"I meant merely to say—but excuse me—Well! at Milan matters are proceeding gaily with those miserable Austrians, who, unable to sell any more cigars to the young Italians, stroke their mustaches, and bite their lips."

"What cigars are you speaking of?"

"Don't you know? All the Lombards have sworn to smoke no more cigars, to dress no more in Austrian manufactures, but in Italian velvets and silks, and thus they turn away a large revenue which flowed continually into the imperial treasury. They have imitated Napoleon in his British interdict, when he closed the ports of Europe against the English manufactures and commerce. Such is the firmness of these young men in this resolution that many who formed an indispensable habit of smoking, use oak-leaves, bean-stalks, or even paper. The Austrian officers smoke in their faces, but in vain; they puff the smoke into their eyes, yet they remain silent: those now are true Italians."

"I should prefer, however, to see those Napoleons who won't smoke their pipes, showing the Croats a little smoke from their cannons, guns, and pistols: my dear fellow, that is the smoke of the true Italians, the other is the childishness of schoolboys, and college impertinence."

"From other secret sources of information, we know that those cannons and carbines will soon be in operation. Last night, by our telegraphs of couriers, who, as you know, overrun Italy by relays every ten miles, Prince Canino was informed that the Casati, the Greppi, the Guilini, the Porro are instigating a general revolt, to burst forth at the same moment in Lombardy. Charles Albert has secret communications in Milan; he has also secret intelligence lately opened with Venice and the states of Central Italy.* Oh! I assure you the

* See Audrezzi's *Life of Charles Albert*, chapter II., page 175.

whole of Italy is for innovations; and if the outbreak in Milan be successful, the Austrian will thenceforth see Lombardy and Venice upon the map, but he will never again set foot within them, henceforward for all eternity."

"And from Verona have you had any news?"

"Verona! *Verona Fidelis*, as every one knows; notwithstanding this, even Verona has its good and brave Italians; but what can they do? Every parish has its oratories, like so many nurseries of religion; the boys and young men are in the hands of a legion of clergymen, who teach them their catechism, and instil it into their minds, and fortify them in such a manner that at fifteen years they are perfect theologians. Sermons without end, confessions and communions everlastingly! Go and wake those young Italians if you can! Their siesta is scarcely ended after dinner, when behold they are off to the oratorio: and those unmannerly priests take them out to walk or divert themselves in the gardens of the suburbs, so that none of our emissaries can accost them to give them lessons in liberty, patriotism, or hatred for the foreigner; hence our friends write to me from there, that Verona is a desperate case."

"Nevertheless, Verona is the key of all our operations; what are Milan and Venice worth without Verona?"

"We must leave that business to Charles Albert, for that city will never, of its own accord, rebel against the Austrians. Do you know what that old fellow, Pope Gregory, said one day to a young friend of mine when he was introduced to him?"

"What did he say?"

"He asked him from what country he was; and when he answered from Verona, 'Ah!' said the Pope in a jesting tone, 'you Veronese will never make rebels.'"

"Why not, Holy Father?"

"Because the air of Montebaldo keeps you in too good humour, and your minds are never gloomy or inclined to disturbances and treasons."

"The gay young Veronese answered: 'Most Holy Father, I will write to my friends that this is henceforth an article of faith, since it has been decreed *ex ore sanctissimi*.' The Pope laughed: but we are gnashing our teeth with rage at the sight of this city, which has become the sole point which enchains Italy, and which guards the Adige, so that not even the Tyrol can come to our succour."

"Let us leave that to Charles Albert. During my tour through Germany, I made myself master of every species of machination contrived by the Holy Alliance, and I tell you we shall blow both Prussia and Austria into a thousand fragments. The unexpected revolts in France will shake Germany to the centre, the example of Italy will give it a final impulse, and at this moment, while we are conversing here quietly, the heart and nerves of more than one monarch are trembling in his bosom."

"Do you believe that in Germany the plot has made sufficient progress, that its web is of sufficient strength and extent to enfold every ancient institution, and to work out new ones upon it?"

"You Romans think the world ends at Ponte Molle, Don't you know that Germany has already graduated, while you are only at the alphabet? Weishaupt scattered the first seeds of social reform; he foresaw everything, calculated everything, weighed everything. That great man could tell you, watch in hand: 'In seventy years the fruit of Illuminism will have attained maturity. In thirty years it will have spread dismay throughout all this decrepit Europe; it will permit not a single king to say, "To-morrow I shall be king," nor a single nation to say, "To-morrow I shall have my laws and my religion;" nor a single citizen, "To-morrow I shall be able to say, this house is mine, this sum of money is mine, these estates are my property."' Now we have reached the goal; for seventy years the work of the secret societies has been incessant, ever increasing in activity, vigour, craft, subtlety, and audacity. Now they are impatient: before the eyes of great politicians, writers, and economists they are tearing asunder, one by one, every link of the ancient institutions; it is undermining and crumbling the most massy foundations of every social edifice. Illuminism has issued from its hiding-place, it walks boldly over the heads of nations, it openly publishes its views, sounds the trumpet as conqueror in the great struggle, and proclaims 'New men, new laws, new orders,—let Christians become pagans—let kings be the slaves of their subjects, masters of their servants, the nobles of the plebeians, the rich of the poor.'"

"But this is precisely the new proclamation of Giuseppe Mazzini."

"Mazzini, my good friend, announces nothing new. He has nothing more than the merit of candour in publishing to the world that which was whispered in his ear; all the rest is *word for word* extracted from Weishaupt's secret code of Illuminism. Mazzini reproduces one after the other, various articles, clothing them, however, in that nervous, keen, fiery style of his, with which he arouses, spurs, animates, and influences the hearts of Young Italy. The articles of the code of Weishaupt are written, it is true, without a tithe of the energy which the pen of Mazzini has lent them, but I repeat, that when he raises his voice so high, he is but the speaking trumpet sounded from a distance by the breath of the admiral."

"Tell me, Aser, how it is that in Germany they proceed with such intelligence, divided as they are into innumerable small states by their natural character and interests? I should rather have expected confusion and bungling."

"Do you suppose that the Germans are as simple as your heroic sons of Italy, who are incessantly reviling and supplanting one another, not only from different states and provinces, but

'Those whom the self-same wall and moat surround.'"

"Very true." "Take up for a moment the Gazette of Augsburg or Frankfurt, and you will see in those states one spirit and one mind. Look here! 'Hamburg, March 4th.—A great conference was held; three orators, Wurm, Heckscher, and Witt harangued the people in

favour of reform, liberty of the press, publicity of the preventives, and were saluted with cries of—Reform for ever! Hurrah for the Republic!’

“Berlin, March 9th.—According to the rights of Prussian cities, the municipality assembled and demanded the liberty of the press, the constitutional reform of the royal prerogative, the creation of a national German parliament, &c. &c.’

“Leipsic, March 7th.—An extraordinary meeting of Deputies insisted upon the liberty of the press, change of ministry, and a new organization of the system of government.’

“March 8th, Wirtemberg, Baden, Nassau, Frankfort, Brunswick, Anhalt-Dessau, demanded and obtained the liberty of the press, full reform, popular liberty, &c. &c.’

“Hanover, March 8th.—The general magistracy and the College of the Heads of the Burgesses, demand of the king that the press should be declared free, a popular German parliament, and the immediate convocation of the states.’

“The same at Hohenlo, Oehringen, Bonfeld, Bremen, and Mueningen. But what need, my dear Meucci, to pass from state to state, when here is comprised in a few lines, a picture of the present state of Germany, given by the Universal Gazette of Prussia, dated March 3rd.—‘Every German publication is crying out for the independence of Germany. Such is the language of the provinces of the Rhine, of Silesia, southern Germany, and the whole of the German states.’

“Is that enough for you? Do not the Germans, in spite of their divisions into a hundred different states, seem to be ‘*cor unum et anima una*?’”

“Excellent!” cried Meucci, rubbing his hands. “All those brave Germans demand, as the base of every new system, the liberty of the press; that is a fundamental corner-stone on which the Cyclopean walls may be reared.”

“And if every press was as free and tortuous as your Pallade, we might heap upon it Pelion and Ossa and scale the heavens.”

“To us it will suffice to scale the Quirinal, to snatch the thunderbolt from its surplised Jupiter, knock from his head the triple crown of heaven, earth, and hell, and imprison him in a corner of the sacristy of the Lateran. My Pallade poises a dart so light and piercing, that it would pass through the seven walls of Thebes. Leave it alone for that.”

“Yes, leave it alone! That Pallade of yours is at present scaling the Gesu and the Roman College, two citadels somewhat easier to scale than the Quirinal.”

“Those little towers once destroyed,” replied Meucci, “the stronghold of all the monks will follow, and the path will thus be smoothed to the other more redoubtable fortifications.” Here the conversation, which had been carried on by themselves in an unfrequented little room, finished: they left the caffè and separated, to seek the latest news, for, in those days, accounts of outbreaks came in from every part of Europe, like hail in a universal storm.

Romans possessed of prudence and a conscience were sorrowfully concerned and stunned by so many irremediable disorders which menaced with destruction everything sacred upon earth, namely, the divine and human power of religious and civil authority. They saw this power annihilated by a frenzy of political and moral liberty, the bitter fruit of the Protestant principle of *private authority*, brought down from generation to generation during the course of three centuries, to its ultimate and terrible consequences. Private opinion, in matters of *faith*, by a just inference, first induced contempt of civil authority; from contempt it proceeded to repudiation; from repudiation to rebellion; from rebellion to hatred, anger, disgust towards, and fury against, every institution which God has constituted or mankind devised as bulwarks against the evil passions of the human heart. Hence, trampling upon religion, they dragged in the dust the ensigns of governments, and scoffed at all law; crime became virtue, the possession of property was considered robbery, wealth a crime, and authority, tyranny.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LOLA MONTES.

WHILE nations were attentively watching the progress of these revolutions, a comedy was enacting at Munich, in Bavaria, which shook to its foundation, that sovereign and graceful Athens of Germany.

A young lady, with disordered dress, enraged countenance, fury in her eyes, and foam upon her lips, retreated to a church, pursued by a furious mob. She trembles, struggles, and is agitated with ungovernable anger; she rushes to the door, and drawing a pistol, points it at the crowd exclaiming: "Ah! ye scum, make way! woe to the wretch who dares to lay a hand upon me!" But, a daring fellow, springing towards her, seizes her by the hair, snatches the pistol from her hand, and drags this modern Penthesilea into the midst of the yelling mob. "Crush the vile wasp! chop the dancing gipsy's toes off! twist her proud neck from her shoulders!" The utmost violence was about to ensue, when a body of cavalry scattered the crowd, and enclosing this wretched and infuriated young girl in their ranks, thus saved her from being torn in pieces.

This was the noted Lola Montes,* a Spanish girl, who had filled the

* This stage-dancer has, in our days, rendered herself so notorious, that it is unnecessary to enter upon any further description. After her expulsion from Bavaria, she crossed over to seek adventures in the United States. We hope she may not experience upon the Ohio and the Potomac another such adventure as she met with in Munich.

world with her extravagances; and, as she threatened to exterminate the Jesuits from the face of the earth, she fell into the conceit that she could trifle also with the students of the universities. Poor, innocent creature! She might as well have attempted the destruction of an army, as that of a tribe of young men, who in these days have proved themselves sufficiently formidable to overthrow in a few hours, the most warlike kingdoms, and the most ancient and venerable empires of Europe.

This Señora Lola, this unique opera-dancer, this daughter of the Muse, the sister of Zephyr, conceiving that the world no longer wants a God in heaven, but that in His stead, it adores the voluptuous charms and the warbling throat of the opera-singer, the feet and ankles of a dancing girl, conceived in her silly head the design of enforcing divine homage from her admirers.

The universities were and are the nurseries of the secret societies, and particularly in Germany, the students openly enter their names, without seeking to make any mystery of it before their governments, which either pretend ignorance of it, or carelessness of its consequences, until they discovered, when too late, its false and pernicious action upon the true and substantial happiness of the people. Hence, in the universities of Germany, every young man on his introduction must affix his name, and swear obedience to some particular society, which has full power over him, and receives and enrolls him as a member, with mystical and strange rites and ceremonies, which consecrate him in that rank and denomination whereby he wishes to be designated in that school. Some choose one name, some another; one takes red as a distinctive colour, another yellow, another green, or white, or azure. All have presidents, with their coadjutors, secretary, treasurer, enroller, and instructor; they have appointed times for the opening of sessions, laws, customs, punishments, and fines for non-attendance, and rewards and degrees.

Herein it may be observed how the spirit of darkness apes every Catholic institution. Our ancestors had in their universities, during the good times of Christian piety, their associations of the Blessed Virgin; for divines, for civilians, for medical students, for students in philosophy, and all the other classes. The example of Protestants, unfortunately, produced its effect in our Catholic universities; it was reputed disgraceful to couple science with religion, learning with piety; what was the consequence? In place of the associations of the Holy Virgin were substituted secret societies; in exchange for pious assemblies, profane and often iniquitous conventicles; instead of the divine sacraments, diabolical oaths; under the name of piety, manifest impiety.

Thus, in former ages, the people enrolled their names in pious confraternities of the most Holy Sacrament, of the Rosary, and of the Dead; they met on their festivals to unite in prayer at mass, at communion, at vespers; they had their treasures for the support of the poor, of widows, orphans, and the sick. All fooleries, superstitions, ridiculous conceits of the middle ages! In our days, the people have

also their associations, but they are meetings for amusement, or coarse and licentious talk or treason. The confraternities are exchanged for clubs of the Mountain, of Socialism, or of Communism; and, from these dens of every kind of wickedness, they rush forth like roaring lions, to the terror of the world. And then it is said that the *retrograders* are wrong in seeking to reintroduce the holy fear of God among the multitude, to lead it back to respect for legitimate authority, to obedience to the law, to the observance of the seventh and tenth commandments of the decalogue, against robbery and the coveting of what belongs to others.

But, to return to the universities. That of Munich was, like the rest, divided into various associations, which had the names and devices of the five provinces of the kingdom, and were called the Palatines, the Suevians, the Franconians, the Bavarians, and the Isarians; each of these factions of students was distinguished either by the shape of the hats, the fashion of the hair, the colour of the cravats, or some such distinction. The goddess Lola Montes would also have her priests initiated into her mysteries, like those of Isis in Egypt, and of Ceres at Eleusis. They took the name of the *German Society*, and she presented them with graceful badges, which would distinguish them in Munich as her adorers.

The worshippers of the head of Minerva, however, could not be so readily converted to the profane adoration of the feet of the Spanish Frine, and suddenly healing up the dissensions which had previously divided them, they formed a coalition against the Lola party. Having formed a distinct plan for the campaign, and having armed themselves with swords, and sticks which were made with sharp points, like spears or lances, they occupied the outlets of the streets, the alleys, and the side paths at the crossways, while the main body of the legion, in a solid column, charged the German Society, the warriors of Lola, in the piazza. The assault was fiercely contested. The Lola party had entrenched themselves opposite the hotel, where they were in the habit of dining; but when they saw the gleaming of the steel blades, and found the sticks laid about their legs to bring them to the ground, they took refuge in the citadel of the hotel. Thus, Tacitus describes the attack of the Vitellians at the Pincian gate upon the partisans of Otho, while the Roman people, as if at a spectacle of gladiators, stood at their shop doors and at the corners of the streets, watching that furious engagement; and, when the Othonians broke through their adversaries, they shouted, "Hurrah for Otho!" or, if the party of Vitellius drove back those of Otho, it was, "Long live Vitellius!"

But the heroes of Lola Montes, shut up and besieged in that fortress of *Minerva Culinaria*, despatched by a secret outlet one of the waiters to carry information of their condition to their empress. When Lola heard of the battle, of the rout, and the siege, arming herself with daggers and pistols, she sallied forth quivering with rage and serpent-like malice, to scatter with a single glance of her eye the whole crowd of besiegers. The people, on discovering that it was really Lola, pursued her with loud cries of, "There goes Lola; stop her! that is

Lola herself!" Hisses, stones, and kicks were bestowed unsparingly upon the poor heroine; she knew not where to fly from the tempest. She cried for help; she ran to the shops to hide herself, and the clerks repulsed her; she rushed towards the door, and it was shut in her face. The tumult increased, the mob jostled her on one side and pulled on the other, until her clothes were nearly all torn away; at length, finding no other place of refuge she fled into the church, and after somewhat arranging her dress, she made another attempt to break through the crowd, and carry succour to the besieged, but she narrowly escaped being destroyed by the populace.

This comedy was the beginning of innumerable disorders in Munich. During the night lamps were broken, volleys of stones sent through the windows, doors thrown down, assaults were made, and robberies committed, which threw the entire city into confusion. When day dawned, Lola was expelled and banished for ever from the entire kingdom of Bavaria.

When outbreaks terminated in one state, they broke out in another. Hence the whole of Upper and Lower Germany was like a sea moved by a furious storm, which heaves, and roars, and dashes, launches forth its mountainous waves, then breaks and whirls with terrific violence. The unity of Germany was vociferously demanded by all the states; and while they cried for external union, they severed and uprooted that which they had enjoyed in their midst. In every state the oaths of fidelity to princes were broken; engagements were unfulfilled; the laws were disobeyed; ancient institutions and statutes were overturned, and the tree of liberty was planted upon their ruins.

In Berlin, these commotions were characterized by even a more manifest spirit of sedition: licentious liberty was demanded, and force employed. The king resisted; the populace fell upon the palace while the army defended it,—then rage, and fury, and blood followed. Cannon were pointed against the people and discharged with grape; the public ways were heaped with the dead, and the blood of citizens flowed down the streets and through the squares. Driven back one day, they rushed forth again and presented a new front on the morrow. The dead of yesterday were piled together—a livid and corrupting mass, from which pools of blood flowed in abundance, presenting a spectacle of horror to the terrified crowds and to the king, who turned from it in dismay.

Providence in all these events presents a lesson of wisdom to kings and governments, to show them to what danger and manifest ruin they expose themselves by once removing the restraints of religion; the people become like wild beasts, which tear and devour everything in their path; armies and all the munitions of war present in themselves but a feeble barrier to the impetuous passions of those who have lost the fear of God.

At the commencement of 1848, Europe sustained a sudden and universal shock, unexampled in the pages of history. Men found themselves confused and stunned; like those who pass through the cavern of Posilippo are stupified with the shouts, "To the mountain!"

"To the shore!" they neither see nor understand in the noise and clamorous discord which prevail everywhere, the meaning of those cries, nor the import of those shouts; while in the midst of clouds of dust, in the horror of darkness, and the rattling of wheels, the experienced coachman calmly and safely guides his passengers to the delightful banks of the Chiaia.

As the sole means of restoring and pacifying the world, let each one hold his own course; neither turning to the right when he ought to bend to the left, nor to the left when he ought to take the right, lest he be thrown down and trampled upon,—*"To the mountain!" "To the shore!"*

CHAPTER XIX.

VIENNA AND MILAN.

"SIGNOR BARTOLO? I say, Signor Bartolo, are you here? Oh, what news! What prodigies! We have reached the goal at last!"

These exclamations and broken phrases proceeded from Polissena in the house of Bartolo, as she mounted the stairs and reached the ante-room; then throwing aside the boa which she had unfolded from her neck, and unloosing her mantle, she entered with a masculine gait and joyful countenance, the cabinet of Bartolo.

He was seated near the fire, folded in a large gown of azure silk, quilted with eider down, quietly smoking his cigar; upon the chimney-piece near him stood a cigar-case of ebony inlaid with ivory, a large amber pipe and a beautiful net-work tobacco-pouch ornamented with vermilion tassels, which Alisa had worked and presented to him on his birthday. He was reading the *Contemporaneo*,* sunk luxuriously in his arm-chair, with his legs crossed, red slippers on his feet, and a Turkish *calbak*, adorned with a long flowing violet tassel on his head. When he saw Polissena enter in such a hurry, and trembling with joy, "Well," said he, as he shook the ashes from his cigar with his little finger, "what has happened to fill you with such exultation?"

"What has happened? What has happened? You might try a thousand times and you would never guess it. Italy for ever! Signor Bartolo, now at length the dike is broken down, our bonds are severed; no longer chains, nor manacles, nor fetters. Italy is free, and like the eagle which has broken its chain, it soars aloft and looks down from the clouds at its enslavers, who, with eyes upturned, stand watching it with disappointed malice and dismay."

"You are plagiarizing from the poetry of Gherardi and Tomas-

* The *Contemporaneo* was a Roman paper of a treasonable character, which it concealed under the cloak of reform, liberty of the people, the Constitution, etc.

soni.* Come down from your clouds and tell me what news this is which fills you with such gladness, and throws you into these convulsions; for you tremble all over, and your eyes are starting from your head."

"Indeed, Signor Bartolo, there is good reason for it, the vows of Italy are at length heard; its day is come, its star is refulgent; Austria is no more!"

"Ah, the deuce may believe that! You talk extravagantly. Austria is no more? Where is it gone to? Did it go by post? Has it fled into Tartary, or into Peru?"

"I mean to say, that the emperor, at all events, has gone by post, and Metternich, and the imperial archdukes, and the nobility of the palace, and above all, that terrible police of Vienna, which held Italy in terror, and had filled with victims the prisons and dungeons of Venice, the towers of Mantua, and the vaults of the Spielberg. In a word, the throne of the Cæsars lies in the dust; Vienna, the imperial Vienna, is, while we speak, democratic."

"You are dreaming, my dear and most Italian Polissena; it is even worse than a dream, it is folly, delirium. The events in Paris are amazing, no doubt; but to all that were in the least conversant with the state of France, and the ferment of French brains, the sudden fall of Louis Philippe was not beyond the bounds of credibility; but that Vienna should retire at night imperial, and awake in the morning democratic, is not, within the natural order of things, to be credited. Depend upon it, this is some jest of that 'Pallade' to amuse itself at the expense of the simple."

"There is no joke in the matter, Signor Bartolo; these are facts which have really occurred: two couriers arrived this morning, one to Mr. Freeborn, the British consul, the other at the Quirinal: I met, upon the Piazza dei Sant' Apostoli, Sterbini arm-in-arm with Galletti; they stopped me and related the whole occurrence; then as I was passing along the Piazza Colonna, I found it crowded with our most ardent Italians. They were running here and there, almost breathless, and shaking hands, in the most joyful manner. Italy for ever! Italy is free! Death to the foreigner! Death to the Croats!"

"I fall from the stars!" ejaculated Bartolo.

"You may fall from the moon too, but it is a real fact, and what is still more incredible, the imperial throne was overturned in a few hours, not by a formidable army, but by a handful of young desperadoes who ran madly through the streets shouting, 'Liberty!' 'Down with Metternich!' In Vienna everything is confusion, terror, and death. The people ran to arms, and took the armouries and arsenals by assault, the rich stores and warehouses were robbed, the most magnificent houses of the suburbs burned down, the gorgeous villa of Prince Metternich sacked and given up to pillage, while the Prince himself

* Gherardi and Tomassoni were two poets of Rome, who, like Tyrtæus in Sparta, excited the Italians to combat and die for liberty.

has secretly escaped from this sudden outbreak, or remains buried beneath the ruins of his precious galleries, or has escaped in some disguise or other, and vanished. The Emperor"—

"Let me breathe, Polissena! You stun, you suffocate me! Alisa, come here and listen; Alisa, run!"

Alisa was in her room conversing with a priest, who had been her teacher of history at San Dionisio, and who still came to see her in consequence of the affection which he had always entertained for her; he knew her when a child, and now admired the gentle and amiable manners with which she received every one, but more particularly those who had aided in her education. Hearing herself called in such haste, she rose, and beckoning to Don Severino to follow, they entered together the cabinet of Bartolo.

"Listen," cried Bartolo, scarcely taking time to salute the priest, "to what Polissena is telling me. I am astounded! Do you know? A terrible rebellion has exploded in Vienna, and has plunged the whole empire into confusion."

"Italy for ever!" exclaimed Polissena, with a malicious smile at the priest. "Oh ho! Don Severino mio; the *blacks* may go to the deuce now, and no mistake; your famous Metternich has closed his career of diplomacy; he has sealed it up with his double eagles of the Imperial Grand Chancery, and henceforth Emperor, King of Hungary and Bohemia, Duke of Carinthia, Count of the Tyrol, and especially King of Italy, are all rubbish for the Egyptian Museum. Our eyes shall never again behold these titles. 'God and the People!' there is the title of universal sovereignty. *Viva! Italy for ever!*"

"Signora Polissena, you speak with great animation; you create a whole history in two words; but histories are long, my dear madam."

"Say rather, that they were long in times past: now each day has a history that would fill volumes. In these days, at Paris, a parcel of *sans-culottes* have exterminated the constitutional monarchy; and at Vienna a handful of boys of the university have ground to dust the massive and immovable throne of the Cæsars. Do you understand? a handful of youths, against whom the majesty of imperial palaces, impregnable fortresses, formidable parks of artillery, and the most powerful and numerous armies are without avail."

"Do you actually believe," said the priest, turning to Bartolo (he replied to Polissena only by a glance), "do you believe that Vienna can have fallen by the hand of a few boys?"

"I must believe it according to Polissena."

"Yes," replied Don Severino, "in the same manner as a child of two spans high may kill a giant by pulling the trigger of a gun. Thus fell Vienna. The gun has long been loaded, the balls duly introduced, the cap fitted and everything prepared; it was then left to the boys to pull the trigger. What wonder that by the impulse of so small a spring the gun should explode, and the giant fall wounded or dead!"

"You are not aware how many years it has taken to charge that gun. Joseph II. introduced the powder by oppression of the Church; Voltairianism threw in the balls by filling the benches of the imperial

parliaments; the cap was fitted on by a false policy which connived at evil for fear of increasing it, which allowed itself to be overreached by the ferocity of Helvetian radicalism, which placed no restraint upon irreligion, that occupied even the chairs of the universities. When, after all this charging of the gun, it was ready for an explosion, Illuminism cocked it by the hands of the secret societies, and taking good aim, gave it to be discharged by the young scoundrels of the university. The blow fell like a thunderbolt! It was perfectly natural; it burst through everything! It is understood."

"Really, Don Severino," said Bartolo, "you speak like a printed book. I never before examined deeply into these matters."

"You are not the only one. Had the public mind, and more particularly the attention of those to whom God has intrusted the government of nations, been directed to this subject, the fact was so clear and glaring that Europe, upon a path so steep and slippery, would not long be able to restrain its headlong course; that it would have been a most stupendous miracle if it should escape being precipitated with destruction into the vortex of the most terrible disorders and revolutions, which have ever been witnessed among nations."

"Precisely such rebellions," said Bartolo, "have exploded in Sicily, France, Austria, Hungary, and Transylvania; it fills the mind with terror to reflect upon them. They have burst forth at the same instant, in the same manner; as, beneath a huge rock which it is intended to blow up, long mines communicating with each other are exploded by means of internal communications."

"And what cause for wonder have we in all this? I should consider it much more worthy of astonishment, if, after setting fire to these mines in so many places, and with such materials, they should still have refused to explode; or if, after the explosion, they had not blown everything into the air."

"According to what you say, it is marvellous that every one should not have foreseen so evident a result."

"They might have seen it, at least when, by the bursting of the mine, they beheld the ruins scattered around, houses hurled from their foundations, uprooted and precipitated down the declivities. But while we are speaking, after the bursting of the first mine, the second will be allowed to take its course, and the third, and so on, until the world teems with disorders and is whirled back into chaos."

"All that happens," interrupted Polissena, with a venomous look, "because you priests are the enemies of liberty; black as midnight, as retrograde as crabs, and as lazy as snails. Give the people their freedom, and there will be no more insurrections and revolts."

"If, madam, you had as much understanding as malapertness, I would show you that the true liberty of the people consists in that peace which is the fruit of a rational obedience to God, submission to the Church, and to legitimate authority. But liberty, without these three conditions, becomes licentiousness, and will lead to the overthrow of all order, national and civil; it becomes the most cruel tyranny, which crushes under its weight those nations which God, in his anger,

wishes to chastise. Oh, Alisa, at least do not you wander in the pursuit of a liberty which flies from your grasp; which, if we should, to our misfortune, attain, will enchain us in a miserable slavery." Hereupon, Don Severino, bidding adieu to the company, departed, leaving Polissena boiling with ill-concealed fury. Bartolo, as if awaking from a dream, dismissed the two ladies, and dressed himself for a walk upon the piazza and in the Corso, to collect the news of the day.

The astute demagogues, however, knew better than Don Severino, that "*Liberty never existed without Religion*;" and thence they put on the mask of religion to deceive the people, who were still obedient sons of the Church, and little disposed to throw away their souls and their consciences in exchange for a liberty which would deprive them of the precious deposit of truth.

Hence advantage was taken of the convulsions in Austria, to excite the Italian youth to a war, which was denominated "*religious and sacred*!" Cries arose that the foreigner profaned the churches, insulted the venerated images of the saints, threw down the altars, exiled the bishops, and loaded the priests with chains; that they carried away the wives, and dishonoured the daughters of Italians; that they murdered infants, pierced them with the points of their swords, and threw their flesh to dogs. Let them arise and take the cross in the holy war; God and Pius IX. would lead them with benedictions; Italian valour would guide them, victory and triumph awaited them upon the Adige, the Bachiglione, and the Tagliamento.

Milan, on the 18th of March, rose against its numerous Austrian garrison, and after a fiercely-contested struggle drove the military from the city, from the citadel, and from every fortification. The cities of Lombardy and Venice, at the first outbreak, flew to arms. The army of Marshal Radetzky, taken by surprise in its quarters, found itself surrounded on all sides; and such was the suddenness of the attack, that it was unable to concentrate and stem the torrent which raged on every side.

The peasantry of the populous plains of Lombardy rose upon the Austrian troops dispersed through the country, tore up the military roads, broke down the bridges, and blocked up the passes with trunks of trees. The artillery sank in the soft soil; the cavalry was arrested by deep ditches and caltrops at every pass; women and children, standing upon the roofs, let fall a tempest of missiles upon the troops as they passed. Scarcely had the soldiers escaped from one ambush when they fell into another; when one obstacle was removed it was replaced by a hundred; and, in the mean time, without provisions, tormented with thirst, exhausted with fatigue and labour, without covering, exposed to the rains, to nocturnal cold, they succeeded in effecting their escape to Verona and to the fortresses of Teachiera, Mantua, and Legmans.

Piedmont seized with avidity this opportunity, seemingly so propitious for effecting its long-formed plans of aggrandisement, by the formation of an Italian kingdom extending from the Macra, the Panars, the Po, and the Eagunes, as far as the summit of the Alps, from sea to

sea. It marched its troops across the Ticino, and, with Charles Albert, and the dukes of Savoy and Genoa at its head, penetrated into the heart of Lombardy.

The king advanced his right wing towards Cremona, while his left crossed the Adda. The population of that territory, which had revolted and driven into exile its sovereigns—the dukes of Modena and Parma—threw itself into the arms of Charles Albert, who, by means of secret emissaries, promised to bestow upon it the most signal favours and immunities under the flag of the white and glorious cross of Savoy. In the mean time the youth of Lombardy and Tuscany, excited by the loud cries of liberty, vociferated through every Italian state by the partisans of independence, flocked in from every quarter with arms in their hands, to join the Subalpine army, to fight in its ranks the battles of Italy.

Rome could not behold unmoved the generous ardour which animated the youth of northern Italy, particularly at a time when unfortunate Rome had fallen a prey to the most licentious demagogues; when it was made the receptacle of the offscourings of Europe, the great sewer of all the dregs of the secret societies.

One of the first acts of its abandoned agitators, when they had heard the news of the disturbances in Vienna, and the revolts of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, was to sever every tie between Rome and Austria, and to place Rome and the Pope in bitter and violent hostility with that generous nation. Rome, which had been intoxicated with joy by the lamentable victory of Helvetian radicalism over the Catholics of the primitive cantons, may easily be imagined to have become frantic when German impiety had wrought the downfall of a throne which had been for more than three centuries the barrier against the inundations of heresy, which threatened to engulf all the southern nations of Europe.

The streets were brilliantly illuminated, and the seven hills resounded with every demonstration of delirious joy, mingled with shouts and imprecations against the Austrians. The palace of the imperial embassy was assailed, and the imperial arms torn down and dragged by the populace into the Piazza del Popolo, where they were burnt with every mark of the most ferocious hatred.

CHAPTER XX.

THE ENSIGN.

WHEN more detailed accounts of the rebellion in Lombardy, and of the progress of Charles Albert, and the march of auxiliary troops from every part of Italy to join the Sardinian army, reached Rome, agitation and excitement reached the highest pitch. The heads of the secret

league were all life and animation. In the Circolo Popolare there was a perpetual stream of voluntary recruits, and of young men listening, with the most pressing exhortations to join the ranks of the brave.

By a decree of Prince Aldobrandino, Minister of War, the muster-rolls of the new recruits were opened, and Prince Rospigliosi, General of the Civic Guard, published proclamations to the Roman soldiers. Ciceruacchio was the quartermaster of all the wards; his followers became the couriers, trumpeters, and heralds of the commands of the Assembly. Sterbini, Spini, Torre, Masi, and the druggist Galletti were the orators and tribunes of the people; and Father Gavazzi was the head clown in all this commotion.

Crowds collected: "What's to be done?" "What does all this mean?" "To arms, Italians, to arms!" "Your country commands its heroes to the war; the liberty of Italy is yonder upon the plains of Lombardy, where it awaits you; Romans, to arms! to arms, ye Romans!"

"To arms! that's soon said; to arms, indeed!" said some of the more experienced, with a shake of the head. "Poh! what lunacy! To go and be made food for cannon to please these gentlemen; do they think people are mad?"

"Silence, you dastard!" said a swaggerer; "you must be some sacristan of the Caravita."

"Say, Mr. Fop," cried a knot of men who took part with the former, "why don't you go yourself and get your own head split!" And with a contemptuous sneer and shrugging their shoulders, they dispersed to their workshops and stores.

"What are those babblers preaching about there?" asked the women. "Good God, what madness! and on the very spot where once the priests preached with the cross. Look, here comes a set of fops and braggadocios with flags. Holy Virgin! What shall we see next? The world is going to perdition."

The poor mothers heard those solicitations to join the army with aching hearts: for the cunning tempters seduced the young men of the Sapienza,* and even the mere boys of the Speranza battalion, and took them to the officers of the rolls to be enlisted as soldiers. Thence they returned, filled with warlike ardour, and set at nought the tears of their mothers, the endearments of their sisters, and the authority of their fathers. Their course of studies was broken off, the hopes of their families destroyed, and the natural affections of youth uprooted and trodden down; they would set out for the war.

This unnatural cruelty was repeated in every shape. Widows, mothers, and sisters, who had been protected and supported by their sons or brothers, were abandoned to the charity of strangers, or to die of starvation and sorrow. Husbands not unfrequently, possessed by the demon of war, set out madly without a single adieu to their wives or a parting kiss to their children, leaving the former deserted and

* The Sapienza is the Roman University, which sent out many of those heroes of the war of independence.

wretched, the latter unprotected and without bread. How many poor creatures arose on the day of the departure of the troops, thinking that their husbands had gone in the morning to their usual place of business or profession; while they, more unnatural than savages, had shouldered a musket and had joined the army. They had left Rome behind them without a thought for their families, whom they knew to be destitute of the necessaries of life, or for their children who, before the dawning of that day, would ask in vain their mothers for bread! Many of them before their departure sold their household goods, and even their beds, leaving their wives nothing but straw to lie upon.* The love of our country is subordinate to the sacred duties of nature, one virtue ought not to destroy another. They who preached to others the crusade of independence, quietly laid aside their own crosses and strolled about, twirling their mustaches, in the Corso or the Caffè Nuovo, and smoking their cigars instead of breathing the smoke of the cannon, and the glorious dust of the battle-field.

One should have heard those *Gracchii* and *Brutus*es spouting forth their frothy declarations, at a safe distance, against the Croats; exciting others to battle, wielding the two-edged sword of the tongue, cutting right and left through the dense phalanx, breaking, scattering, pursuing, and trampling them down without mercy; and after the triumph of victory, betaking themselves to the bar of the *Angeoletto*, the *Tritone*, and of the *Tre Rè*, to order a glorious feast, which they would crown with abundant libations of Velletro and Orvieto, and shouts of "Italy for ever;"—"Independence;"—"Death to the Austrian!"

In Rome all the military stores were thrown open; and as that same year the Pope had caused the uniform of the Roman troops to be changed to that of the army of Piedmont, the old coats and other articles of military dress were distributed to the recruits, who, being far too numerous, many received only shoes and knapsacks, and belts for the cartridge-boxes and swords. All the rest were in their common dress with no military distinction, except a brass plate stamped with the papal arms or a tricolor cockade upon their hats; a motley crowd, that knew perhaps as much about the military art as of honesty and Christianity.

"Henry, my fine boy," said Basilio, the charcoal-dealer, at the tavern of the *Stella*, "bring us a bottle of that choice Genzano of yours; I want to try a glass or so with Master Titus here. What a fine panegyric we had to-day, from Father Gavazzi, at the Colosseum."

"So you've been to the 'Via Crucis' with the Sacconi?"† replied Master Titus: "what a miracle! I thought your stations were generally the best bar-rooms in Rome."

"What! don't you know what took place to-day at the Colosseum?"

* These may be supposed exaggerations. But the parochial authorities of Rome can testify how many they had to supply with a little bedding after their husbands had sold everything to furnish themselves for the war.

† The confraternity of the Sacconi, instituted by Blessed Leonardo at Porto Mouricis, to hold every Friday the Via Crucis at the stations erected round the arena of the Colosseum.

"No."

"Well, I'll tell you then. The Roman army commenced its march to Lombardy; the fine fellows are going to free Italy, and rip up the Austrians; they'll wade in blood. It's enough that I say it, and I heard it with my own ears, that a number of our young men have sworn to bring back to the city Croatian mustaches sufficient to make cushions for each young lady in Rome, that she may sleep upon the trophies. Ain't that an oath? and they're the men to do it too."

"Stop a bit, Basilio; those Croatians, have they paper bullets in their muskets; and in their hands swords of silvered pasteboard, such as are sold in the Piazza di Sant' Eustachio? I believe their bullets are made of lead, and their swords of good tempered steel; I hope our young men may not loose their own mustaches, and their heads into the bargain."

"Pho! Father Gavazzi talked vastly different from that. 'Romans, ye sons of heroes, of the blood of Troy' (do you hear, man?), 'of the blood of Troy; march boldly against an enemy, which flies at the very name of Rome. Every one of you is worth a thousand of those vile slaves.' He gave it, you see, pretty thick; one worth a thousand! 'Carry your Roman valour to the Lombard plains: let the Italian ladies behold your red crosses resplendent upon your breasts, let them admire the manliness of your martial bearing, and live in hope.'"

"Perhaps they're going to look for wives in Lombardy," suggested Titus.

"Why, you simpleton!" replied Basilio, finishing the bottle. "The ladies, it's clear enough; why, you animal! this martial bearing was to frighten the Austrians, to be sure, that was what Padre Gavazzi meant. Then he went on: 'Methinks I behold you fly from victory to victory, on the Tebria, on the Po, on the Altice, on the Bottiglione.' Do you mind? they're rivers you know; what lots he did tell of! On the Brenta, the Piava, the Tagliamento. . . . I never thought there was so much water in all the world."

"Here my lad, another bottle," called Master Titus; and turning again to Basilio; "how do you come to know all those jawbreaking names?"

"Easy enough; I was always at the Circolo Popolare with Ciceruacchio and Girolamo; and at the Circolo, you know, you may hear panegyrics and poetry every night. But to-day, at Father Gavazzi's discourse at the Colosseum, there were several foppish fellows explaining the rivers, and lakes, and cities. What a mortal sight of things there is up there in Lombardy, to be sure! You ought to send your son Nannetto to be a soldier, and also your nephew Tony."

"I'll send Satan as soon!" said Titus; "my boys stay at home; for if they are out a moment or two after dark, Nunziata is sure to raise a row about it. It's but a night or two since, when they went to see the illumination, she kicked up such a fuss with me that Don Pepe, the under-curate, who was coming down from seeing a sick man on

the third floor, came in to make her keep her tongue, and he could scarcely do it; and you know what Don Pepe is."

"Well, about our country—what fine things Father Gavazzi did say, to be sure! he actually got up on the platform of the Via Crucis; and he had two red crosses, one on his cassock and another on his cloak, full two feet long."

"Like the crosses worn by the fathers of St. Camillus."

"Longer by half. He looked down on us, for you see, we were standing below on the floor of the amphitheatre. So with his left hand he gathered the folds of his cloak from his right, and held it akimbo on his left side; then he stretched out his right hand: 'Romans, says he, 'our country,—what an immortal page in history! God and our country! Youth of Rome, boils not your blood in your veins? your hearts, do they not palpitate? your souls, are they not on fire?' But I'm unlearned you see, I can't say it like he did. Who could remember it all? and then . . . ay, I mind this any how—he went back again to the women and said, 'Ye matrons of Rome, suffer your sons to depart to the sacred war, exhort them to it, urge them to it yourselves,—it is you who have infused the Italian blood into their veins,—it is noble blood—the blood of the ancient Quiriti. Ye Roman mothers, if ever it should be your lot to hear that your sons have fallen on the field of battle, mourn not, for their wounds will be in front, they will not be in their backs;' and then he spoke about some mothers or other, ancient ones I suppose, who lived in a country where they carried the dead soldiers on shields, and he called it *Laci* . . . *Laci* . . . oh (drinking)—oh, as good wine helps the memory—*Laci-demon*."

"Ay, ay! Didn't I say it had something to do with a *demon*? No, no! my sons shall stop with me—I want none of his *Lacci*, nor his demons neither. I recommend them every night to their angel guardian, that he'd keep them for me in the fear of God, and of the Madonna. Do you know what? It's well enough for Father Gavazzi, who's got no sons, to say, 'Mothers, don't cry,'—I wish my Nunziata had heard him, she'd have scratched his eyes out for a certainty."

Titus was right; many mothers know it, and to this day mourn over the fruits of that preaching. Aser at least showed more prudence, he tore no sons from the arms of the Roman mothers; he would have blushed with shame for a seduction so iniquitous as to inveigle away mere boys, and send them to be slaughtered on the field of battle."

Aser had enrolled, not mere children, but all the villains and miscreants that had collected in Rome from every country round it in search of adventures; those men had perceived that times were favourable to them in Rome; the police were inefficient, the government powerless, the good were terrified, and the factions arrived at such a point of audacity that they rendered abortive the noble intentions, and the desires of the Sovereign Pontiff, from whose hand they had wrenched the sword of justice. These criminals lived in Rome by

plunder, or at the expense of the public; they were contented with the smallest amount of pay, trusting to indemnify themselves by the plunder of every city in Lombardy; they had enlisted under Aser, and were eager to commence their march to the war of independence. It had been decided by the leaders in secret to form them into a kind of free corps or sharpshooters, to keep them ever in the van, and to push them to the front in every engagement; and a body of men of more villanous appearance could not have been chosen to strike terror into an enemy, or keep in check the inhabitants of the country, who already dreaded them as conspirators.

It would be a great mistake to suppose that Aser commenced the campaign without regret, and with no other affection in his heart but that of Italian liberty and glory. Such was the violence of the love which enchained him, that in proportion as it was noble and enthroned in his heart, the more it seemed hopeless, and plunged his mind in agitation and anxiety, and held him bound in its toils. His disposition, however, was not such as influenced so many of his companions, who, while they used every inducement to engage their neighbours in the war, took care not to leave the ease and luxury of their own homes in Rome, where they could enjoy the recital of the exploits of others. But Aser, as the envoy of the secret societies, found it necessary to undertake the boldest movements to encourage and promote their plans by his presence, and to keep the conspirators of Vienna, Hungary, and the other German States, constantly informed of the posture of affairs in Italy.

Poor Alisa, on the other hand, was also involved in anxiety. She was unwilling that he should depart to a war so uncertain and full of perils, with the risk of falling and dying deprived of every consolation; not to speak of the fatigues of travel, the severities of the climate, scarcity of provisions, night exposure upon the bare ground, continual watchfulness against attack, and privations and dangers of every kind. The young lady could not even yet bring herself to admit to her own mind, that the sympathetic emotions of her heart had any other source than gratitude towards her preserver.

As she knew that Aser must set out without delay with the vanguard of the troops, she had a long internal struggle whether she should present him with some small token of her gratitude, for saving her from the danger which she had incurred in the Forum of Trajan. She considered and reconsidered; inward contests and a tumult of emotions were followed only by fresh perplexity and suspense, until at length her affection obtained the mastery, and she resolved to send him a gold medal representing the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, with rays issuing from the hands, called the *Miraculous Medal*. Passing a silk cord through the ring, she placed it in a small casket of ivory inlaid with arabesques and designs in gold; she kissed the medal and devoutly prayed to the Holy Virgin to cast her merciful eyes upon the poor youth, to protect him in dangers, to defend him in attack, to watch over him in all places; and, above all, that she would not abandon him at the hour of his death, but that she would touch his

heart and inspire it with repentance, with light, and the grace of salvation.

As soon as this was done, the professor of English entered; and after her lesson was over, she said to him: "Will you have the kindness, Mr. Alfred, to do me a particular favour?"

"Dispose of me, miss," replied Alfred; "you are so good and affable that I should be delighted to render you a service."

She then produced the little casket, and, with a slight blush and downcast eyes, said: "You told me that your friend Aser was on the eve of his departure to the war; will you have the goodness to present to him, in the name of a young Roman lady, this medal of the Madonna, and to request him to wear it round his neck and on no account ever lay it aside? But I most particularly desire you not to mention my name; Aser will accept this little gift, whoever may be the donor, if I am not mistaken in his courtesy towards all."

Alfred, after leaving the house of Alisa, rested not a moment until he had found Aser, and overtook him as he was returning home. He appeared sad and dejected, and regretted exceedingly that he had to depart that evening without having seen Alisa, even at a distance, though he had waited to see her that morning as she returned from mass at St. Marcellus. Alfred joined him with a lightsome heart, though in an air somewhat mysterious: "I bring you good news," said he.

"What is it?" asked Aser, in the dejected tone of one who had lost all curiosity.

• "Something which, I am sure, will be agreeable to you."

"Make haste, then, and tell me; for I am very much engaged in making preparations for our departure."

Alfred, drawing forth the locket and opening it deliberately, held it suspended by the lid and said to Aser, who was looking at it: "A young Roman lady sends you this handsome present; and as there must be no secrets between friends, although I was commanded to conceal her name, learn that this beautiful medal of the Madonna"—and he drew it from the casket—"is sent to you by Alisa, who earnestly requests that you wear it always round your neck for love of her."

Aser trembled in every limb; a fever heat was succeeded by icy coldness, drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead, and his heart beat and throbbed within his bosom. With a convulsive motion he took the medal, and without daring to fix his eyes upon the image of the Madonna, he passed the cord round his neck; and taking the medal in his right hand, pressed it forcibly to his heart. "Alfred," he exclaimed, "tell that angel, that I swear never to remove it one instant from my heart, never! Tell her that with this shield I will confront, single-handed, squadrons of horsemen; I will advance to the mouths of the artillery, and neither sword nor fire will hurt me. Carry to her my adieus.....tell her to pray for me." And, as if agitated by a fever, he immediately sought to take his leave of Alfred, that he might remain alone with his own thoughts.

As soon as he was by himself, he threw himself upon his knees in the

middle of his room, bent his proud head to the floor, then, with a loud sigh, he raised his head and eyes towards heaven, and pressing the medal to his heart—"God of heaven," cried he, "thou knowest that I am not a Christian; apply to the image of this Virgin, who is of the house of Jacob, and daughter of David, those benedictions which thou hast promised to our fathers. Look not upon my iniquity, but behold the innocence of Alisa, who imitates the purity of this Mother of Sion, whom thou hast called in the prophets the 'Flower of Jesse.'"

He arose with serenity in his heart; he felt for a moment a calm which he had never experienced when he left the impious meetings of the secret societies: happy would he have been if he had never again permitted himself to be vanquished by the spirit of evil, which dragged him into the accursed path of the impious, and the whirlpool of conspiracies.

Bartolo, still obstinately pursuing his utopia of the Italian Confederation, which, according to him, would have regenerated, to an immortal felicity, the States of the Peninsula, did not perceive the fresh misfortunes which the malignant influence of Young Italy was preparing for it. Blinded by the hypocrisy which pronounced this war holy and Christian, he saw with pleasure the crosses with which the soldiers were adorned, and he was firmly persuaded that to expel the Austrians from Lombardy was a service as meritorious as the expulsion of the Saracens from Palestine, and the liberation of the Holy Sepulchre.

There were in Rome and Italy at this period many priests, monks, and excellent men, who fell into the same puerile error! And it was even dangerous to express doubts, for they were pronounced a proof of opposition to the public good, no less a sin than felony, and a sacrilege.

When Bartolo, in the uniform of the Civic Guard, was on the point of going out to his quarters, his sister-in-law, Adele, entered his apartment in breathless haste, and falling heavily into a chair, she said, with tears flowing down her face: "Ah, dear Bartolo, help me in the name of charity; help a poor mother; take pity on my distress!"

"What ails you Adele? What has happened?"

"Ah, Bartolo, Mimo and Lando are bent upon setting out to this war; dear Bartolo, for the love of the Most Holy Mary, come with me and dissuade them from this dreadful design. My husband, my daughter, and little Xavier are in despair; Nanna throws herself upon their necks in turns, while their brother Xavier clasps their knees. It is useless; they are unrelenting. Run, Bartolo; I took away their muskets, and locked them up in my room, but they threaten to burst open the door. Run, Bartolo, for the love of God."

Bartolo put on his helmet, and hastened out with Adele leaning on his arm; but in reaching the house they heard loud sounds of grief, lamentations and weeping.

"What is this?" cried Adele.

"Ah, mamma," said little Xavier, "Lando has been so angry with papa because he wouldn't give him any money; and he ran up to the door of your room, and broke it open, and took his gun and gave Mimo

his, and they both ran away to the Sapienza to join the legion of students, where the drum had already beaten for the departure."

Adele fell back insensible; the good Nanna, with the help of Bartolo, laid her upon the sofa, and then ran for some water and vinegar. Bartolo hurried back to seek his nephews; and not finding them at the Sapienza, he jumped into a carriage in the Piazza Sant' Eustachio, and passed rapidly through the Ripetta to overtake them at the Piazza del Popolo, where they were to halt until they were joined by the skirmishers of Aser.

When the sharpshooters of the Sapienza arrived, Bartolo joined his two nephews, and began mildly to persuade them to return home. He laid before them the grief of their father, and the despair of their mother, whom he had left insensible, and on the point of death. Let them come and restore her to life; they might then, at their leisure, join the other troops.

The two young men, whose hearts had been hardened by the crafty and seditious conspirators, replied harshly to their uncle. They were determined to go; their country was more holy than the weaknesses of a mother; let him think only of forwarding them money to Ancona. Bartolo tried to insist, but a crowd of depraved young men, one-fourth of whom were sons who had fled from the arms of their mothers, drew around him, and beginning at first to murmur, at length broke out in scurrilous invectives and threats: "Be off; you're a *black*; a filthy papalist; a vile sacristan; a Jesuitical traitor. Down with him; he's a *Jesuit*." And the wretched Bartolo, seeing them on the point of resorting to violence, and drawing their daggers, hastened back to his carriage, and regained his house in consternation, beginning at length to taste the bitter fruits produced by the tree of Italian liberty.

He reached home consumed with melancholy, and with a mind disturbed by the thoughts of his sister-in-law.

"Well, father, how have you succeeded with my cousins?" said Alisa.

"Alas, what times, my daughter! how shameless, outrageous, and unnatural! Mimo and Lando, formerly good and affectionate sons, have become worse than bears and serpents. What cruelty! what ferocity!"

"Ah, father, my aunt told you how the Roman youth were becoming ruined in those wicked barracks, and you excused them, and considered her unnecessarily timid and scrupulous. But it seems she was right. But Lando, who was so pious! Ah, father——"

"Say no more, my child; you are right; I really never thought it would come to this."

At this moment the old steward entered the room, to lay before him certain accounts; he was in deep dejection, because his grandson had secretly left his home to join the army.

"Look you, Signor Bartolo, the Pope may proclaim from the Quirinal that he prays for Italy; that he loves peace; that he is at war with no one; that all Christians are his children; that he loves them all, and embraces them all, and that not one of them is an alien to

his heart ; that his brave Roman soldiers advance only as far as the frontiers of his States ; and that if they are assailed, they must defend, but not pass beyond them. Yes, truly, these fellows are very likely to obey the voice of their father and sovereign. What will you wager that these madmen will not cross the boundaries, and commit violence and excess upon the Veneto ? ”

“ As to that, I think Pius IX. has spoken too distinctly, that he would war with no one, and that he had no intention of playing the conqueror ; and he has already given his orders to the generals, Durando and Ferrari. They know that their soldiers will not dare to disobey.”

“ Yes, you suppose excuses will be wanting to those young scoundrels ? They would not hesitate to drag their generals along with them ; and even if their generals, and colonels, and captains were, without exception, faithful to the commands of the Pope, their soldiers would transplant them beyond the Po, like so many cabbages. But don't imagine that the Captains Masi, Galetti, and Del-Grande are the men to sit down in the shade on the southern bank of the Po—*videbimus infra*. Signor Bartolo, will you have the goodness to sign these papers ? ”

Alisa, who had retired to her own apartments, had occasion to go for a pair of scissors into the cabinet of Polissena, who had gone down to the hall to speak to a servant. While she was looking about for the scissors, she saw, on one side, a chair covered with a large silk handkerchief, which she raised up a little, and discovered beneath it, folded neatly, a military uniform. The young lady looked at it with wondering curiosity ; she unfolded the lappets, took up the red trowsers, turned them over, and saw beneath, a black varnished belt, to which was attached a sword with a gilded hilt. Hearing Polissena enter, “ Oh,” said she, “ how came this soldier's uniform here ? ”

“ That young man Perugino, who is to set out to-morrow with the second regiment, directed it to be left here, because, as he had to go to Frascati this morning, the tailor didn't find him at home. He will send for it to-night.”

That night Bartolo was on guard ; he therefore took his coffee with Polissena, his daughter, and a few friends. When he went out, he turned to the two ladies, and saying, as he was accustomed, when he passed the night at his quarters, “ Good-bye, till morning—and you, Alisa, you seem in low spirits ; go to rest early.”

“ Yes, father, I have a slight headache. My cousins' cruel departure has given me much pain.”

Rome was in the mean time in a commotion ; on the one hand fierce rejoicing was heard, and on the other, the most agonizing sorrow prevailed ; the Jacobins were moving in triumph through the Corso ; they marched to and fro, hurrying from street to street, everywhere encouraging those who were leaving, shaking hands and exclaiming, “ Hurrah ! Farewell ! Success to the warriors of Italy ! Independence for ever ! Return quickly in triumph over the foreigner—leave not one of them upon the soil of Italy ! ”

"No," they replied, "not one shall remain! But you, brethren, let us not, on our return, find a single Jesuit in Rome. This is our last will and testament, that not one remain."

"We swear it," they shouted madly; "march on; be assured that we'll rid Rome of all such contamination. 'Death to the Jesuits! Long live Pius IX.!'"

A will worthy of the men who made it, and worthy of those who received and swore to execute it. God will bless a war commenced under such pious and holy auspices, and will give to Italy a liberty begun by proscription!

If we pass to the Piazza del Popolo, there we find inconsolable mothers, deserted wives, daughters, and sisters weeping, betrothed young women lamenting; there was loud and bitter wailing, a woe which refused to be comforted. They beckoned with wild gestures, stretched out their arms, clapped their hands, and tore their hair; yet those unnatural men remained insensible to their distress.

About midnight, Bartolo, full of anxiety for Alisa, whom he had left apparently indisposed, slipped back to his house to inquire about her. He entered under the portico, and was about to go up the steps, when he thought he heard the sound of voices in the little court of the washhouses; he stood in suspense, listened and distinguished the voice of Polissena. He approached the door, and again listened without speaking; but he could only understand a few broken phrases. "Oh, Alisa sleeps . . . Ah, Mimo cannot part from me. . . he loves me passionately . . . I desert him?"

Bartolo bit his lips with passion. "Ah! the vagabond," said he to himself. "Ah, traitress! So you are making love to my nephew! You have seduced him! Now I see! Ay, now! now! It's all clear about his coming to my house so often at dusk. But he's gone, my good lady, he has slipped you: don't fear, hypocrite, when he returns he shall find you no more in my house. We'll see in the morning."

He moved back softly on tiptoe, passed through the portico into the street, and posted himself in the darkness of a doorway, opposite, to see if he could recognize the man with whom she was speaking. In a few minutes two soldiers of the Civic Guard came out, wrapped in their cloaks, and walked away rapidly, without his being able to recognize them. "Why," he muttered, "it seems she had two there; and who knows how many nights she has been playing this game at my house? How long have my angel Alisa and I been sleeping in fancied security, while she was holding her nocturnal appointments at my house? But to-morrow!" and he bit his thumb and gazed at the stars. All that night he paced backward and forward, smoking at his quarters, but the cigars were detestable; he tried to sit down, then rose again and leaned awhile against the column of the sentinel's box; then took a few steps, and again stood thoughtfully. He went his rounds, and asked the password for the night, and, having turned out the guard, he tried to obtain a little rest in sleep. But it would not do, his indignation, and the unpleasant thoughts which would obtrude upon his mind, drove away sleep. At one moment he thought of one measure,

the next he rejected it for another ; for, thought he : " She is backed by all those champions of Italy, and I should only fare the worse. To expel her, that's simple enough ; but to save the name of Alisa, there's the difficulty. My poor sweet child, into what hands has she fallen ! What a senseless stork am I to have been so blind ; her conversation was unbecoming, but I excused her faults by laying them to the account of her sincerity and her enthusiasm in the cause of Italy. I've found her out at last ; better late than never."

With these thoughts, about half-past seven in the morning, he went home to breakfast, as usual, when he was on duty. He went straight to Alisa's room, and found her already dressed and engaged in prayer. " Good morning, my dearest ; how are you ? "

" Well, father. I'll just say a requiem for my dear mother, and be with you in a moment."

Bartolo went into the dining-room : breakfast was brought in, and behind it came Alisa, who kissed her father's hand ; and taking her seat beside him, she offered him the sugar, and took up the coffee. " And Polissena, is she not coming ? " asked Bartolo.

" She has not yet left her room," replied Alisa.

He waited a little, and then said impatiently to the footman, " Tell Mariaccia to call her."

Mariaccia, the chambermaid, went and knocked at Polissena's door ; but receiving no answer, she called out, " She does not answer—she must have gone out early."

Bartolo turned to the footman, " At what o'clock did Signora Polissena go out this morning ? "

" I have not seen her at all," replied the man ; " and I have never been out of the entrance-hall where I was cleaning the lamps."

" Mariaccia," said Bartolo, " go to her room and tell her that we are waiting for her at breakfast. She goes to bed so late that she can't get up in the morning ! "

The chambermaid, in a minute or two, came back wondering, and said, " She's not in her room. I don't understand it at all ; the bed has never been touched ; she certainly has never lain down last night, for I found her cap and nightgown just as I placed them last night. Besides, her every-day clothes are lying here and there upon the chairs ; and I think she can't have gone out, for her bonnet, gloves, and shawl are each hanging in their places."

Bartolo was amazed ; but recovering himself, he said quietly, " Well, I'll go myself." Alisa rose to accompany him. " No, drink your coffee ; I shall be back immediately."

He went into Polissena's room, shut the door, took a rapid survey, and passed into the cabinet, in which he found the door of the secret stairs open ; he went down and found the little door which led to the washhouses likewise open, and could no longer doubt that Polissena had passed out that way to some nocturnal visit. He then waited for some time at the foot of the stairs, in the expectation of surprising her as she entered ; saying to himself : " The vagabond ! it can't be long before she comes back, for she knows that it is the hour for breakfast."

Ah! another thing; I have kept the keys of these doors in my room, she must therefore either have got them by stealth or have used a pick-lock—and here is the house wide open, and, whatever else may have happened, we might have been seized and robbed during the night with perfect ease."

As she did not return, he went up again to avoid any suspicion to Alisa of the real state of things; and, returning to the breakfast-room, he said to the footman, "Angiolo, you're a pretty doorkeeper, really! Signora Polissena has gone out early, and you never perceived it! Well done!"

"Yet, signor, pardon," replied Angiolo, "at seven o'clock I drew the bolts of the hall-door."

"Ah! you only dreamt that you drew them."

"Believe me——"

"What! you still answer, rascal! Begone!" And poor Angiolo withdrew, quite mortified.

Bartolo then said to Alisa,—"I must return to the barracks—I have already been too long. When Polissena returns bid her good morning, and tell her that we waited for her at breakfast." As he left the house, he walked slowly, looking round to see if the devout young lady was anywhere on her return from mass; but he did not happen to meet her. When he arrived at his quarters, he found a knot of officers, who, in speaking altogether of the departure of the first legion, were making a disturbance that was almost deafening. "They set out at four o'clock."—"No; at a quarter past four." "No, it was not so."—"Yes, yes. I heard from the Piazza di Spagna the clock of the Propaganda." "The colonel on that splendid white charger."—"Why, it was a dapple grey." You must surely have been blind; it was a bay; the white one was the adjutant's."—"No, no." "Yes, yes."

At this moment they perceived Bartolo; in a moment all were silent, eyeing and winking at each other in a meaning way: "What news, friends?" asked Bartolo.

"You have enough at home, I should think," replied a young man, nodding the plume of his helmet. "Have you seen Polissena this morning?"

"No, she went out very early." At this they all laughed. "What makes you laugh?" asked Bartolo.

"Your Polissena," rejoined a captain, "was very early, that's certain. In short, do you not know that she is gone like an Amazon, dressed as a soldier? And how brisk she looked in her red pantaloons and tunic! And with what dexterity she carried her musket on her shoulder, and her sword by her side!"

"How?" interrupted Bartolo; "I must be dreaming."

"Dream as much as you like," replied the other; "but Polissena started this morning with the legion to the deliverance of Italy. The lady! how bold she was! She was offered the waggon of *ambulance*, but she refused it, and determined to march on foot. All applauded and extolled her; and the colonel, charmed with so much courage in a

young lady, instantly created her *ensign* of the first company, placed in her hands the tricolour flag, with which she was delighted : and as there were no gold epaulettes there on the piazza, a sergeant of the sixth battalion of the Civic Guard detached his own, and fastened them on the shoulders of Polissena, while all the soldiers shouted, "Long live our ensign of the first company !"

In the mean time, Alisa, waiting for Polissena, had returned to her little study ; and as she approached the table her eyes fell upon a letter, directed to her in the handwriting of Polissena. "What is this ?" She opened it hurriedly, and read :—

"MY DEAR,—My country calls me, and I respond to her call ; she invites me to the restoration of her liberty, and I hesitate not ; she imposes upon me the task of expelling the foreigner from her soil, and I obey. Whoever has the heart of an Italian can never remain in inactivity ; and while the heroic sons of Italy face the perils of battle, it is an indelible disgrace to remain at home in luxury.

"Alisa, thanks to your bigotry, you are insensible to the reproaches of your country, because you do not understand them ; I wished to make you valiant, classical, heroic—in a word, *Italian*—and you have issued from my hands an insipid and despicable votary of superstition. Remain, then, with your Madonna and your Agnus Dei—I march to the war : I wished to inspire you with a virtue which would render you magnanimous and dear to the hearts of men of wisdom ; but civil Christianity, which progresses with the march of nations, is not a religion of mean spirits and of minds of narrow views. Yours is too limited to admit *humanitary* ideas and the worship of your country ; the nuns infused into it a piety—the vulgar and common piety of the middle ages—which feeds upon rosaries, novenas, masses, and communions. That is the Christianity of the Jesuits ; you are incapable of elevating your mind to that noble, sublime, divine religion of Gioberti ; so be it with you.

"Pay respects to your father ; he ought to have joined in this war ! But your father would have Italy free, and the queen of nations, without moving a finger in its behalf ; but, all for the Pope as he is, he would have no other Italy but one of mitres, red hats, and triple diadems. Such was the Italy of Gregory VII., and of Alexander II. ; and we are seeking the Italy of Guerazzi, Poerio, and Mazzini !

"Will you have the goodness, dear Alisa, to give an eye to my few effects—I have already placed them in my trunks ; and I desire you to tell Mariaccia to put them in the wardrobes : all the linen is in the drawers of the clothes-press. I have taken with me nothing but handkerchiefs and stockings, which alone can be of use to me in war. Adieu !

Yours, &c.,

"POLISSENA."

Bartolo could scarcely overcome his astonishment ; at length, turning to a captain of his battalion, he requested him to substitute some other officer in his place for that day, and engaged afterwards to take

his turn on guard; when this request was courteously granted, he hastened to his dwelling, where he found Alisa in a state of consternation, and almost beside herself, in consequence of this unexpected occurrence. Thinking it unwise to leave her alone during these first moments, he ordered his carriage, and sent her to the house of his sister-in-law, where she and her cousin might mutually console each other, and she would at the same time be a source of comfort to her aunt.

In the mean time he walked from one room to another, like one in a dream; the ridicule and the jeers which would everywhere meet him, all rushed through his mind, as well as the censure he would receive among all sensible men, for having placed his daughter under the care of a wicked and shameless adventuress, who had so cruelly reproached her.

While all this was passing through his mind, he entered Polissena's cabinet, where he saw in the first place the remains of a number of burnt letters. He took up several fragments which had escaped the fire, and on one he read, "Reven. . . We must slay Giulio Mer. . . ." On another, "We will rid the world of monks, priests, and cardin. . . ." And on another piece were the words, "Protestant . . . Rome, free and happy."

Bartolo next opened the writing-desk, in which he found the envelopes of numerous letters, bearing the fictitious names by which the conspirators were in the habit of addressing each other, with the post-marks of the north of Italy, of Tuscany, Switzerland, and even England. All these, the excellent young lady inquired for, and received at the post-office herself. Opening the desk still wider, and bending down to examine every part of it, he perceived in the farthest corner a beautiful little casket of ebony, evidently forgotten in her hurry, by Polissena, who had not even removed the key.

His curiosity prevailed, and he opened it; he found it divided into three compartments, each of which was filled with neatly-folded letters, some tied with silk thread; he then proceeded to open them. The first which he unfolded proved to be the document which admitted Polissena as a member of "Young Italy," under the name of *Amethyst*. In another, she was praised for her notable services to the "Sacred Alliance." In another, the Grand Committee, created her an *Enroller* of the first class, and assigned her many districts besides that of Rome. In another, fastened with a black tape, were the proscriptions, and the sentences of death with which she was furnished, as a warning against *traitors* and the *suspected*.

A cold sweat bathed the face of Bartolo, as he read the names of several of these intended victims, and he was almost deterred from opening any other papers. But taking courage, he discovered in the last division of the box a single sheet of paper, which contained a list of the accepted members of that infernal association. What names he read therein! What hypocrisy was unmasked before his eyes at that moment! What treachery among men, who, by their position and their offices, owed to God, to their sovereign, and to the state, a

fidelity which they feigned to be unblemished before the world, but which they wickedly violated in secret! How many rash young men! How many women, who, in the eyes of the world, were irreproachable and pious.

He hurriedly folded this document; he repented that he had read it; he wished to blot out from his memory the names which forced themselves upon his mind with persecuting pertinacity; he closed his eyes,—there they were still; he shook his head like one who tries with contempt to banish some thought which will still intrude; he scrupulously replaced everything, and closed the desk; he looked around, as if he feared some one's observation, and said to himself,—

“Now, if that wretch should remember this unlocked box? And if she should suspect that I have seen it, I am a dead man;” and he reopened it again. “Everything is exactly as it was; no, not that way, —a little nearer the corner; so.”

At the moment when Bartolo left the room of Polissena he heard a loud altercation in the entrance-hall, and could distinguish the angry voice of Angiolo. “No, gentlemen, no: either tell me your names, or I will not announce you to my master.” The cook and the scullion had run there also, and the dispute was becoming more serious. Bartolo rang the bell.

CHAPTER XXI.

SISTER OMBELLINA.

At San Gallo, outside the gates of Florence, flow the crystal waters of the Mugnone, which, descending from the mountains of Fiesole, fall murmuring down the slopes, and over the rocks, and wander through the vales with innumerable windings until they lose themselves in the Arno. The valley, taking its name from the stream, is called the *Val di Mugnone*: and its jutting banks, bounded by beautiful hills, covered with olives, vines, and the fruit-trees of every climate, while their summits are crowned with villages, pastures, and gardens, render it one of the most smiling and delightful spots in the environs of Florence. About half-way up the valley, where the hills encroach somewhat more upon a level, and where the torrent flows within narrower banks, there opens to the view a beautiful esplanade; upon this, among the high trees which protect it with their shade, stands an humble and solitary monastery of virgins consecrated to God. This monastery is concealed, on all sides, from the eye of the traveller, who passes on to ascend to the majestic abbey of St. Jerome, without bestowing upon it a single glance, reserving all his admiration for that great edifice which crowns the valley, a monument of the munificence of Cosimo, the ancient father of his country. The humble virgin who

turned her back upon the world, and secluded herself, with a few sisters, within these poor walls, was removed from the proud disdain of human grandeur and vanity, which value not, and know not the heavenly sublimity of divine poverty.

That lady, so mean and despicable in the eyes of the world, formed the magnanimous resolution of establishing in this solitary recess, the primitive rule of St. Benedict, with the sweet but severe and arduous fruits of poverty, silence, contemplation, and penance. The few courageous young ladies who followed her in that exalted purpose, bade adieu to maternal endearments of parental home, to the society of their brothers, and the sweet converse of their companions, and buried themselves in this cloister, and, as far as was possible, erased from their minds all remembrance of the living. The moment they crossed the threshold of this profound solitude, their hair was cut off, their heads veiled, sackcloth became their clothing, and their lips were sealed to every conversation; a cell, a crucifix, a straw mattress, a small lamp, and sharp discipline, became the only furniture with which they were provided. Their sustenance was herbs, vegetables, and brown bread; their sleep was interrupted: at midnight they descended to the choir, where they sung the divine office standing, and such was the length of the pauses, and so protracted was the cadence that the dawn frequently surprised them while still intent upon their chants.

During the long day they saw each other only after the mid-day repast, and even then in profound silence. One alone, by the invitation of the superioress, spoke on some topic relating to God, of the sweets of interior life, of the comforts of suffering, the ineffable delights of the cross, the consolations of contemplation, the treasures of poverty, the sublime conceptions of the humility of Jesus, the fruits of the redemption, and the voice of that innocent blood, which continually ascends before the throne of God, washing away our faults, and sins, obtaining for us pardon, and opening for us momentarily the gates of heaven. "Suffering for us eternal joys,"—behold such was the exalted motto of those virgins of God.

While these devout handmaids of Christ were leading this angelic life, there lived in Florence a young lady of surpassing beauty, of great talents, kind and affable in her manners, while these natural endowments were improved by a refined education.

These united qualities made her the admiration of every evening party or festival at which she was present, and she was courted by all. She performed admirably upon the harp, and accompanied it with a voice of such sweetness and delicacy that it rendered her beauty still more captivating; and in those pleasant evening parties she was the queen of the company and the enchantress of hearts. These natural gifts are full of peril and danger to a young lady, and not unfrequently prove a source of bitter tears and endless remorse.

It happened one evening, she was playing and singing in the midst of a select and brilliant circle of ladies and young gentlemen, and in the company, among many foreigners, who constantly met in Florence, there was a rich English lord, who, on beholding her skill and hearing

the entrancing sweetness of her voice, was captivated by her charms, and so deep was his admiration that he appeared insensible to all around, and betrayed his passion for her in the most extravagant and unguarded manner. The prudence and discrimination of Ombellina pointed out to her that the nobility of her distinguished suitor was an insuperable barrier to their union, as she was only the daughter of a musician of the theatre of the Pergola, and that, even should he so far forget his dignity as to be willing, at all events, to make her his wife, she could never be persuaded to give her consent.

Such, however, was the unceasing and violent importunity of his pursuit, that Ombellina, after fervently praying for light and grace from Almighty God, determined to reject his proposals, and retire from the world. The silent solitude of the Val di Mugnone, the humble cloister of which we have spoken; the heavenly conversation of those virgins, the penitent, retired, and austere life of that holy foundation, attracted her magnanimous soul; and bidding adieu to the earth, she dedicated to Christ the flower of her beauty, and the spotless whiteness of her innocence.

The spectacle of a young lady of seventeen, beautiful, full of animation, and possessed of the most brilliant accomplishments, burying herself voluntarily in a cloister and living there happily, presents to human blindness a mystery which is insolvable. If the world should ask some young novice, in the first fervour of her noviciate, and her answer is, that she is consumed with impatience for the arrival of that happy moment in which she is to pour forth the vows of her profession. If it proceeds to question some nun, already professed, it hears her call down blessings upon the moment when she was elevated to the dignity of spouse of God, and listens to her protestations, that she would not exchange the noble and sublime sacrifice which she has made for the position of the highest and most envied empress of the earth. If it next accosts some matron of venerable age, who has passed thirty or forty years, debarred of all the pleasures of the world, and it beholds her shed tears of joy, and thank the God of all goodness that He has granted her the grace of holy perseverance, and she hastens, undaunted and secure, to the moment of her dissolution to unite herself with her Divine spouse, who awaits her with His eternal joys.

Amidst the disrepute into which a religious life has fallen, in the profane civilization of latter days, the Church derives the consolation, that the virgin who consecrates herself to God, does it with a free will, and with a resolution superior to all worldly affections; that her soul tastes the full conviction which came from the light of grace, and that the heart enjoys all its sweetest and purest delights. In our days the Nun of Monza has become a fiction,* and so far from deceiving and seducing youth to enter the cloister, no arts are spared to divert them from the holy resolution; and where artifice fails, parents not unfrequently have recourse to absolute violence.

* An allusion to that most noble of historical romances, the "Promessi Sposi" of Alexander Manzoni.

Ombellina was not discouraged by the aspect of this life of penance ; but, fortified by prayer, and with the holy courage infused by an entire abandonment of herself to God, she confronted with a bold heart the dangers of a battle with his enemies, whom she defeated with the arms of her Lord ; and, binding them with an imperishable chain, made them obedient slaves in the service of Christ. Those generous and aged victors in the war against the passions, wondered exceedingly at the alacrity of Ombellina in the struggles of this new palæstra ; they beheld her surpassing her companions in the noviciate in silence, in humility, in the internal and external mortification of the senses ; and, above all, in that charity which made her the solicitous servant of the servants of God. Having been appointed companion to the sister infirmarian, day and night she watched over the sick-beds of the sisters ; there was no occupation to which she did not demean herself ; no consolation which she did not seek to afford ; no suffering which she did not endeavour to soothe and alleviate. In the choir, her voice thrilled clear and brilliant above all others ; and on solemn feasts she accompanied upon the organ the psalms, the hymns, the mass, and the beautiful chants of the holy communion.

Thus, in the exercise of every virtue, she spent ten laborious years, when her Lord, wishing to purify her, like gold in the crucible, tried her with a long and painful illness, during which some of her limbs were paralyzed. Her tranquil soul, in the midst of the most acute suffering, never lost its mild serenity, nor that holy joy, that exterior sweetness, those angelic manners, which carried away the hearts of the sisters.

Although stretched upon her sick-bed, or supported by pillows, her hands were ever employed, and unless otherwise directed, she occupied herself in making lint and bandages for the use of the wounded at the hospital of Santa Maria Nuova. When alone, she passed her time in the contemplation of the sufferings of her Divine spouse upon the cross ; her sighs were aspirations of love, and her words were expressions of grateful thanks to God, who had deigned to send her a proof of his love, by afflicting her with sufferings.

In the midst of so much peace and spritual joy, Ombellina, in the recesses of her heart, yet concealed one secret source of grief, which held her in unceasing anguish, and urged her soul to beseech God with holy importunity to grant to her the fulfilment of a most earnest desire, and the passionate longing with which, in her charity, she was consumed. Ombellina was the sister of Polissena, and wept inconsolably over her wanderings from the truth, and especially her renunciation of her faith ; her vicious life, in which were included prevarication, her impiety, her hardness of heart, and contempt of God.

Not only did Ombellina silently offer up to God, in behalf of Polissena, the sufferings of her infirmity, but every vow of her heart was devoted to obtain his grace to soften the hardness of that rock ; to render it tender and plastic under the operation of divine mercy. Although Polissena had always responded to her meek and sisterly

admonitions with the most cruel indifference, Ombellina still clung steadfastly to her hopes, and taking fresh courage at every new repulse, she redoubled her importunities at the door of the infinite goodness of her Saviour.

Among the mysteries of human contradictions, is the spectacle of human souls which remain immersed in vice, while they admire virtue, and make it the confidant even of the errors into which they permit themselves to be hurried by the heat of their passions. Polissena, always deaf to the invitations of Ombellina, yet opened her heart to her with sincerity and candour on many occasions, informing her faithfully even of those acts which would draw upon her the just reproof of her sister. Hence, having resolved to throw herself madly into the war of independence, and to fight as a soldier, she wrote to Ombellina a letter, full of jests and conceits it is true, and requested her to direct her answer to Bologna, where, in a few days, she would arrive with the Roman legion.

At this news the servant of Jesus became almost insensible, and in the violence of her anguish could not restrain her lamentations; she raised her eyes to the crucifix, and complained in these words to her Divine spouse: "Even thou, oh my Jesus! Ah, is this the promise which thou madest to me to reward me with my Polissena? Dost thou thus present her to me?" After thus sweetly alleviating her grief in long communion with him, and beseeching his pardon for entertaining even a momentary doubt of his protection, she asked the sister infirmarian to reach her the small table and writing materials. She then wrote to Polissena the following letter:—

"MY DEAR SISTER,—

"The grace and charity of God and the peace of the Holy Spirit be with you. The grievous news of your departure has pierced my soul as with an envenomed dart, which has almost brought it to destruction; and had not the power of divine assistance hastened to my relief, my broken heart could never have survived.

"You tell me, dear sister, that you are marching to drive the foreigners from Italy, and tear down and annihilate tyranny. Would to God that you would drive the foreign enemy from your own heart, namely, the devil, and that you would confound the tyrant that enslaves you, that is sin; to the power of this monster you have given over your soul, which has been redeemed by Christ, and made free by the ransom of his divine blood. That sublime liberty which renders you the empress of yourself, no external tyrant has power to turn into slavery; but by your own will you can cast into the chains of sin the proudest and most cruel of all tyrants. It is this which you ought to strive to drive from yourself, fighting in the war of Christ, the leader of the elect.

"Polissena, many years have I wept over you; my sighs ascend to God that he would restore you to your own heart; that he would vivify the seed which he has sown in your soul; that he would awaken your faith, and enkindle in your breast the most pure and delightful

right hand, towards the window, they discovered the ebony casket. One of them took it out and said that was it.

"Gentlemen," Bartolo replied, "your pardon, but I must lock it before your eyes; I then wish to fold it, with the key, in a covering, and to seal it and add my signature. You will then give me a written receipt."

This was accordingly done, and they departed, congratulating themselves in the full persuasion that Bartolo had neither touched nor seen it. Bartolo also thanked his stars, and felt that on the departure of that object from his house, he was delivered from the brooding of an evil spirit, by which he had been haunted.

Alisa sought every means to comfort her aunt, for the departure of her sons to the war. The first days were passed in receiving the condolences or congratulations of her friends, some of whom said that Polissena was a young lady of singular talent, of excellent manners, and high mind, and one whose acquaintance and friendship was an honour and a subject of congratulation; others, on the contrary, did not spare her character, and gave an unsparing prominence to every failing.

"Now, did I not always say so? That hatchet-shaped visage of hers, and her turned-up nose, which seemed always pointing at the stars, was not to be mistaken. There was too much spite and reserve under them for me."

"Did you ever notice those owl's eyes of hers?" added another. "She was called a beauty. Tastes differ; but to me she seemed pretty much of a simpleton."

"Her dark-pale, livid complexion," continued a third, "was but an indifferent mark of a clear conscience; and she never smiled, not even when my Bice, who you know is such a perfect little take-off, made all the rest of the company convulsed with laughter."

"A very likely thing! as if such as she, had any sort of sympathy with candid and ingenuous young girls; they have some one else to think about. And Polissena—but enough; she could but end as she has done."

"Is it possible! Ah, how can you say such dreadful things!"

"I know what I'm saying—Bartolo is too much of a book-worm—it suits us ladies. Believe me, the flight of Polissena was for Alisa the best thing that could have happened."

But the good Adele, who never joined in all this gossip, one day took her niece to St. Marcellus, and requested a learned and prudent father to accompany her to Bartolo's house. When they reached it, the father entered Polissena's room and removed from it all the pernicious books with which it was incumbered; and replaced them with others, which to a pure style and taste joined sound instruction. Then, turning to Alisa: "My dear young lady," said he, "be convinced that bad books can teach you nothing whatever; for either they are histories which, with intentional malice, distort and misrepresent facts, and they who read them store up in their minds a collection of falsehoods; or they are philosophical and moral treatises, poisoned by sophistical

fallacies, which fill the minds of those who study them with errors. These works are the more dangerous, because they conceal the poison which penetrates the roots of the fundamental truths which form the groundwork in youthful minds, and corrupt them in matters of the first importance.

"Lying histories and false and erroneous speculations, are in our days the murderous arms by which impiety seeks to corrupt the world. The followers of Voltaire, of the last century, were in the habit of interweaving their errors with the most disgusting obscenities; at the present day more craft is displayed—vice is concealed under the mask of virtue by insinuating the venom into the first principles, that is, by no longer poisoning the fruit but the roots.

"What have these most subtle arts effected? While unfortunately they have succeeded in giving to books of education a tone of harmlessness, gravity, and as it were, of modesty, beneath this flowery surface they conceal from the eyes of fathers and mothers, deceitful descriptions, licentious and immodest ideas, and improper delineations. They say to each other: 'Oh, here is a book exactly suited to our daughters. See how beautifully it describes virgin modesty; how it inculcates guardedness in every look, and restraint in external deportment; how it will render them gentle, affable, and full of admiration for virtue. How beautifully this author writes! What a pen of gold?' But under this gold lurks the poisonous adder, whose breath alone blasts the mind, corrupts the heart, and enfeebles and enervates the soul. Hence, my dear Signorina, be watchful; and if you have already read any of these books, seek out the antidote, while it is yet time."

Alisa, blushing, promised that she would do so; and her aunt turned with a smile to the religious.

"Reverend father," said she, "will you give your benediction to my niece? Ah, what a misfortune! to what hands has she been intrusted! The Holy Virgin has been her safeguard. Had it not been so, believe me, father, that beauty would have made a pretty hand of her. And some fathers really don't seem to have their wits about them; they look mighty wise, but unfortunately they view things through the wrong end of the spying-glass. I say nothing against your father, dearest, but I have said a thousand times that Polissena would bring disgrace upon him, and cause him to weep tears of bitterness. But let her go with her soldiers, and try what war is like, and take her turn among the cannon; perhaps she'll find some ball of scented soap, which will clear that dark complexion of hers."

"Aunt, don't speak ill of her, I beg of you; she has yielded to a sudden caprice; I am sure she has already repented of it. But aunt, I should like my father to allow me to spend a few days at San Dionisio: what do you think about it?"

"I think it is an excellent thought; and retirement for a day or two, is of benefit both to soul and body. These nuns are so good! How glad they will be to have you among them for a few days, and you will find, also, some of your old companions, who will be delighted with your company."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE FIRST HALT.

IN the mean time the Roman legions were advancing boldly to the conquest of Germany. Those Drusi marched along full of spirit and gaiety through their first stage. They shouted, sung, whistled, and bawled, like a swarm of scholars when school is dismissed, as they run to their games. From the Porta del Popolo, they raced in double quick time, as far as Storta. There they set the landlord to work, paying liberally with blows, and devouring piles of meat, fowls, eggs, and bread and cheese by the basketful. They were scattered about the road, over the fields and banks in knots and circles, of ten or twelve, soldiers, corporals, sergeants, captains, all together, without distinction.

The ensign, Polissena, planted her colours at the foot of a tree, and having dusted herself a little, and stretched her arms, she began to cry out,—

"This way, comrades; let us spread our cloth here; here in the shade. Hallo, you soldier, go and call the landlord; tell him to bring us here some refreshment." And stretching her handkerchief upon the ground, she took her seat, with an officer by her side, and they called a few soldiers to sit with them.

A foraging sergeant, with five men, brought them provisions, bread, cheese, ham, and a fowl for the officer and Polissena, flasks, small kegs, and pitchers.

"Reach that to me," said one; "Give me that," said another; and, without glasses, each one took a pull at the neck of a flask, or a sup from the mouth of a pitcher. They drank like the Germans, against whom they were going to war; and I can safely say, that if the battle had been a tippling-match, the victory would have been ours.

In another place the battle was becoming serious.

"These eggs are rotten!" growled a group of soldiers.

"Why, curse that landlord, they are!"

Enough said. The eggs began to fly at the waiters' heads; the waiters dodged, and the eggs, striking other soldiers, stamped upon their backs certain omelets and radiant suns with circles of gold.

"Come, young men, order, there; what foolery is this?" cried a captain; "Where is your Roman gravity? Do you use the eggs like the blackguards of the Ripa Grande?"

"Hurrah for our captain!" shouted the more jovial toppers; and at the same moment, another bomb burst upon the hat of the captain, close to his tri-colour plume, making another of white and yellow.

"Ah, villains! this to me?"

Drum-a-drum-drum! Just in the nick of time, the drums beat for the march. There was a general movement: then followed a wiping of lips, and farewell pulls at the bottles,—which then whirled in the air,—a crashing of plates, and a cramming of huge pieces of meat into the pockets of the more greedy.

"Up! to your ranks! corporal, bring up your men."

"Immediately. Jump up, you lazy swine, or I'll plant my toe—"

"Where? at me, corpo—? What care I for a corporal, I should like to know? I'll take my own time."

"Gallantly, my young fellows. Ensign, forward, there."

"I'm of the second company; where is it?"

"Down there; this is the first."

One jumps over a ditch, another springs down from a bank, and a third has to take another drink; he gets up and gives a parting kick at the barrel.

At length the ranks are formed. "Support arms!" "Shoulder arms!"

"Long live Pius IX.!"

"Italy for ever!"

"Down with the Austrians!"

They marched up towards Baecano in confused crowds, in groups, and small parties; six, seven, or eight walk arm-in-arm, abreast, taking up the entire breadth of the road.

"Let's pass."

"Don't be in a hurry; we've got possession of the road."

And a small knot push past them, one by one, and pass onward.

"The devil squeeze you, ye unmannerly scum."

The other party turn, and, with their thumbs to their noses, and a tremulous motion of the hand, stretch out the little finger towards them, as much as to say, "Do it if you're able," and then march on at a rapid pace.

Not a cart, carriage, or waggon, can show itself on the road without three or four, or more, climbing upon it on every side. The poor drivers may in vain make complaints. "Don't you see that the poor animals have as much as they can do to draw their own load? and here you throw yourselves on without mercy!" The men let them talk; and, without any concern, others pile on their guns, and others their knapsacks. Those who have got seats ride with their legs dangling over the sides, or hold out their hands to some other, who, in a twinkling, is on the top, and stretched at full length upon the load.

"Oh, here comes a carriage! Capital! It's coming towards Rome! Just in time!"

"Hold on, driver!"

"For God's sake—"

"Stop, will you?"

"Oh, I beseech you, let me pass, for it's late."

Some level their guns in front, others let down the steps and open the doors.

"Gentlemen, your passports? One, two, three, and three are six. Why, not one of them wears a beard! And what modest faces! what fine ashy complexions! What a smell of Jesuits!" Then one coughs, and another spits.

"Where are you from, gentlemen?"

"From Gubbio."

"Where bound?"

"We are going to Rome."

"What to do?"

"We have some business to—"

"Oh, your business is already done; they have all shut up shop there!"

The terrified travellers were really six Jesuits from the College of Camerino, where they had been outraged in every conceivable way. Some would have burned them alive in their houses; others were for throwing them from the windows. One had his hand bound up, having had a finger crushed to pieces with a stone. On their way through Gubbio they fell into the hands of a band of raging madmen, who were for flaying them alive;* and with difficulty, in consequence of the indignation which this aroused among the good citizens, they escaped from their hands, and the charitable bishop of the place sent them secular clothes, and gave them guides to lead them to a place of safety. But the clothes, which had not been made to their measure, made it evident that they were borrowed, and thrown on in a hurry; and their terrified and pale countenances betrayed them to these heroes, who were convinced that they had made a legitimate capture.

"Down, infamous wretches! out of this carriage! Ah, traitors, ye enemies of Italy, ye hounds of Austria, it's all over with you now."

"Down with them to Satan, the whole six of them!" "Stand aside."

"Let's shoot them." "On your knees, villains!"

Aser sprang into the midst of this swarm of assassins, and, dealing a few blows with the flat of his sword among the more furious, "Away, cowards!" he cried; "reserve yourselves for the Croats; let us not contaminate our arms with Italian blood."

"We'll have the carriage, then, say what you like."

"Take it."

"Driver, face about."

"But, gentlemen, for mercy's sake—"

"Two of them seize the horses' heads, turn them about; and then a crowd, springing inside, on the top, and on the box, cry, "Drive on, knave."

The wretched fathers, having escaped from this peril, left the road, and, climbing over the fences into the fields, wandered all day on their way towards Rome. This they effected, but not until night was far

* We have been told that several of those furious wretches complain of the above words. It is true they are not exact. They *only* said (a person who was present assured us of it), "We'll tear out your hearts and fry them in the frying-pan." This, of course, must be quite a civility in comparison with that horrible word "*to flay*."

advanced. Entering by the gate Angelica, one by one, overcome with terror and exhaustion, and defiled with dust and mud, they reached the Roman College.

The vanguard of the legion preceded the main body, and marched forward to prepare quarters for the soldiers. The first companies were to press forward as far as Monterosi, to find lodgings and provisions; the rear was to halt at Baccano, and in the suburbs. The company of Monterosi presented themselves to the municipal authorities, demanded quarters, rations of bread, and provisions for half a legion, billets, numbered according to the extent of the quarters, stabling and hay for the horses.

Another detachment took possession of the chief hotel of Monterosi. They found the tables set, beds made, and everything in order for a numerous company.

"Whom are you expecting here?" said a civic guard of Trevi to the landlord.

"The colonel and your officers; a messenger brought us orders, so long ago as last night, from Rome."

"Very well," was the answer. "Is the supper ready?"

"Everything is ready but the soup."

"Throw the herbs into the soup, then, and be handy," shouted they, all together.

"Well; but the officers?"

"We're the officers. What preference, what tyranny is this? Black bread and tough beef for the soldiers, and capons and game for the officers! Here with your supper, landlord; and look sharp."

"But, gentlemen—"

"We're gentlemen, and no mistake. Here with it. Are we not all here for the cause of Italy, to drive out the Austrians? And the officers want a table apart! Go to ——!"

To say this, to threaten the landlord, and to fall upon the butter, fish, and ham, was the work of a moment.

There was a running to and fro between the dining-room and the kitchen, to make sure that the cook did not defraud them. "That stew, you know; and those chickens. See that they're all brought in, or by—" Here was heard a volley of curses, enough to shake the vaults of heaven.

"Wine! Bring wine."

"Yes, sir."

"Orvieto; do you hear."

"Yes, sir."

"Wine!" the host whispered, as he went to the waiters; "who's to pay?" The waiters doubtfully shrugged their shoulders; the host muttered between his teeth; the heroes plied their knives and forks as if they had been famished.

A moment before they rose from table, the host presented himself with a pleasant smile. "Hope you've enjoyed your supper, gentlemen. We may as well settle the reckoning now. I'm an advocate of progress, myself, but a poor man. I have treated you well: have I not?"

"Yes: pretty well."

"You will treat me the same. Here is my little bill: seven paoli a head."

"Very good; all right. The quartermaster pays the scot." And one after another filed down the steps, and into the piazza, leaving mine host to scratch his head, and hope for payment on their return from the taking of Vienna.

The officers who arrived with the main body of the legion must have fared rather meagrely, and thought themselves well off that their beds were left them—which was something. The next morning they marched forward with renewed vigour, feasting again at Civita Castellana, and advanced towards Narni, calling at every tavern on the road, with toasts to Italy which rent the air.

At the bridge of Borghetto, across the Tiber, the foragers entered the hotel, and demanded wine and victuals for dinner. They entered the saloon, and saw from the window a carriage in the court.

"Hallo! Where is that from, driver? Who was in it?"

"Four gentlemen."

"We want to see them."

They were four Jesuits, from the College of Fano, who had been pursued through the mountains for many days, and had escaped almost by a miracle to Spoleto.

The landlord replied, "You shall see them; but have the goodness to wait a little; they are taking a short rest."

"No; we must see them instantly. This way, men; cross your bayonets at the foot of the stairs. A guard at every passage, and sentinels to the doors!"

In the mean time, the mistress of the house, a pious and well-disposed lady, moved with compassion for the servants of God in their danger, ran around to the back of the house, opposite the mountain, and, raising a ladder to the window, made them descend, and sent them, under the guidance of one of her sons, among the crags, and behind the bushes. The unfortunate Jesuits, filled with terror, crept cautiously along behind the high brambles and thorn-bushes, until, winding round the side of the mountain, they reached some rugged and perpendicular precipices, under which they saw a number of caverns of the most ancient Troglodites, and there took refuge.

They remained in these the whole day; and from behind the brambles and brushwood they saw, in the valley beneath, those licentious and cruel bands filing across the bridge; yelling, assailing the waggoners and carters, dragging from their mules and horses the mountaineers of the Sabina, and taking their beasts of burden, which they loaded with men and baggage without mercy.

At nightfall, the landlord of the hotel sent for the fugitives. When they issued from those dens they found that their carriage had been forcibly turned back towards Narni, filled with soldiers, and their kind host dispirited as much by the threats of the soldiers for having aided the escape of the Jesuits, as by the immense quantity of wine they had drunk, almost all unpaid for. He gave them refreshments; and, after

sending them to rest awhile, in order that they might not again risk their lives among the legionary troops on the road, he placed them on board a steamboat, which plies upon the Tiber between the Sabina and Rome.

Those who kept no record of the daily occurrences which took place before their eyes would treat them as the dreams of a romantic and distorted imagination, as morose ravings, or as a silly longing for the marvellous, seeking to cajole the readers who live at a distance. Who, indeed, could relate a tithe of the iniquities, the treachery, the cruelties committed against religious men, expelled from their peaceful retreats with infernal rage, robbed, plundered, trampled upon, derided in the most degrading and revolting manner? Some, fleeing from the cities, betook themselves to the mountains; others buried themselves in the solitary houses of the country, in sadness and exile. Even there, they were ferretted out by the National Guards, assailed in the silence of night, pursued into the most desert and inaccessible places, and denied earth, fire, and water, like the accursed of mankind.

The legions which marched to combat the foreign enemy, which boasted of the august name of Roman, and prided themselves as magnanimous, courteous, and refined, were seen during their military marches scenting out, like hounds after their prey, the Jesuits who might be concealed in their neighbourhood, or who were travelling the same roads, seeking to lay hands upon and destroy them, as if infamous, damnable, and loaded with crime!

Scarcely had they arrived at Spoleto, when the officers Checchetelli, Del Frate, and Teodorani, forced the Gonfalonier of the city, and ordered the captain of the Civic Guard instantly to expel the Jesuits from their college; and that same night, in destitution and want, they were driven from their home without pity! This was published in Rome, in the Pallade of the 3rd of April, in a tone of triumph and cruel joy, such as could not be surpassed if the Roman legions had stormed the fortifications of Mantua or of Verona.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE LETTER.

BARTOLO was issuing, at a late hour in the morning, from the portico of the post-office, and progressing step by step, towards the ascent of the Moncitorio, examining the address of a letter, and the post-mark of the city; "Where is this from?" said he to himself. "These post-marks are often nothing but a blot; they cover the stamp with oil, the oil spreads and runs over the superscription, and then good-bye; all becomes illegible." He pulled out his spectacles, and ex-

amined minutely. "It looks like the mark of Foligno? Yes, beyond a doubt. Foligno? I have no correspondents there. Let me see."

He opened the letter, set his spectacles, and looked at the date. "It is Foligno, to be sure; I said it was." He read the signature. "Oh, ho! Lando! Now that he has had the bravery to leave home, he would like me to act the mediator. But he'll wait awhile! Ah, you castaway! ah, forsaker of your friends! A fine thing, to drive that poor woman into fits; to consume her with a broken heart! and then — But let's see what the young innocent has to say." And so, a step or two at a time, he moved onward, reading, and then stopping.

He read over again certain passages, and smiles began to take the ascendant, plainly betraying his inward satisfaction. Having read it through, he folded the letter again, once more read the address, and, consigning it to his pocket, exclaimed: "It is impossible to deny that our young Romans are not gifted with quite the best of inclinations! Fiery as flame itself, stubborn as young mules, fierce as lions; they cut capers and get into scrapes without end; but then — yes, but then they are kind-hearted, and very good at bottom. Here is Lando throwing his arms round my neck, and begging pardon for the ugly treatment which he gave me in the Piazza del Popolo; weeping for the sorrow which he caused his mother, embracing her, and throwing himself on his knees at her feet, beseeching her blessing, and kissing the hand that blesses him, and sending her a lock of his hair, enclosed in the letter. Poor Lando! Ah, those bad boys! they first do it, and pretty roundly, too, and then, when there is no help for it, they begin to repent." Thus commenting with himself, he turned towards his sister-in-law, to read her the news from her sons.

The excellent Adele, on hearing that Lando had written (Lando was her Benjamin), coloured deeply, then grew pale; the perspiration stood upon her forehead, tears filled her eyes, her heart beat violently, and her knees trembled beneath her: and yet (such is always the struggle with the affections) her first answer was made to Bartolo in a tone of displeasure:—

"No, no! I want no news from them, the cruel, hard-hearted boys! Is it thus they treat their mother? I wish to hear nothing of them. Let them go: may God protect them! I have no sons."

"But, Adele——"

"Alisa, Nanna, come here. Did you hear?"

"What, ma?" "What, aunt?"

"Lando writes to Bartolo. First of all, brother, are they well? Ah, my poor sons! who can tell how much suffering, how many anxious nights? to bring them up with so many anxious cares, and then—— in war, food for cannon!"

"Pray, Adele, be calm a moment!"

"Mimo forgot even his stockings, and Lando put in his knapsack only two shirts! How will they do now? they who were so neat and particular about their linen."

Bartolo quietly opened the letter. Adele wiped her eyes, and the

two daughters turned round a little to either side, to be able to obtain a side glance at the letter, and to follow as it was read.

“ DEAREST UNCLE,—

“ I am ashamed to present myself before you ; but you are so kind, you have a heart so generous, that you will not refuse to admit me. Yes, my dear uncle, on my knees I beg that you will forgive me. Believe me, I had not even passed through the Porta del Popolo before remorse for the disrespect with which I had treated you tore my heart. I marched sadly along in silent sorrow. The image of my mother was ever before my eyes ; I could see her falling insensible, I heard her sighs, and, oh ! how I longed to press her to my heart, and wipe away the sweat of death, which——”

Here Adele's tears flowed afresh, and Bartolo stopped reading, and looked at the two girls, who, with a mixture of emotion and curiosity, were endeavouring to read what followed. “ Lando then continues,” said Bartolo, “ to pour out his heart in the beautiful and sweet sentiments of a son, and he begs your blessing also in the name of Mimo. Come, bless them, Adele.”

“ Yes, yes ! a thousand times ! ” and her sobs prevented her from saying more.

Bartolo then ran his eyes over a few lines, reading rapidly to himself, and then he said, “ Mark this, Adele ; listen, daughters ——”

“ Ah, dear uncle, how can I describe the festivity that has awaited us everywhere ? The foragers keep a half-day's journey in advance to announce our coming, and every city is filled with indescribable joy. The friends of Italy go from house to house, gathering subscriptions to treat us to collations, dinners, and most sumptuous suppers. Along the streets, wherever we pass, tapestry is hung from every window ; those who have none borrow from others. It is bad for them if none is to be had ; hisses, and volleys of stones are cast through the windows. Everything, even to the bed-quilts, is brought into requisition as a substitute. They march out to meet us with bands of music, and accompany us, playing, and with shouts of ‘ Long live the Roman legions ! ’ ‘ Hurrah for the liberators of Italy ! ’ The ladies throw clouds of flowers, huge bouquets, and garlands of laurel. We catch them as they fall, and fasten them on the points of our bayonets, and entwine the garlands round our muskets, while the ladies cry out to us, ‘ Brave Italians, these crowns are for the patriotic courage which inspired your expedition. We will keep others for your return, to grace the triumph of your victory.’

“ In fine, uncle, our march is a succession of delights ; but it costs us dear, you must know. I know that in Rome you are informed that we reach our stations as fresh as roses ; that, on arriving, we shake off the dust, and stroll about as brisk and lively as ever, and then dance all night. All a pure farce ! We arrive wearied and almost exhausted ; and when vehicles of any kind are met upon the road, as many as possible throw themselves upon them, like cats springing upon mice, and would not give them up for the world.

"I am not now speaking of the plebeian soldiers, who are hardy and accustomed to fatigue, inured to rain, muddy roads, and the burning sun, hardened by their mode of life and their occupations; but I refer to ourselves, brought up in luxury, and used only to a short walk in the Corso or the Villa Borghese. I assure you we arrive aching and bruised, and it seems a thousand years before we can throw ourselves down upon anything in our way. Many lie down the moment we halt, upon tables, benches, sofas, at full length. But what we find most difficult to bear are our blistered, excoriated, and swelled feet. We bathe them with wine, and some with rum; others rub them with lard and tallow, and young ladies not unfrequently come to dress them and bind them up, with such kindness, that they frequently shed tears over them."

"Ah, my poor sons!" exclaimed Adele; and Nanna, with her eyes filled with tears, said, "Ah! if I were there, how gently I would bandage them with linen! Mimo, when he returned from his shooting excursions, always had his feet inflamed and blistered."

"Do you know," said Bartolo, "who invented the best method of preventing young men blistering their feet? The Chevalier Della Marmora, colonel of the Piedmontese riflemen. When King Charles Albert declared war against Austria, all the students of the University of Turin, and many others, burning with eagerness to march as volunteers in the holy undertaking, swore that they would enlist in the army. The king was stunned by the supplications of their parents; one said that such a one was his only son; another lamented the delicate health of his; and another represented to him the tender youth of his. The king knew not which way to turn. He laid the subject before his generals; and the Chevalier Della Marmora, addressing the king: 'Sire, if your majesty will dismiss your anxiety, I will take this matter upon myself.' The king consented. On the following day Della Marmora, in the name of his majesty, published an appeal which excited all the youth to follow him: 'The rolls will be opened at Chivasso; let all that are ambitious to acquire glory meet to-morrow at daybreak in the Grand Piazza of Italy, in readiness to march with him and his riflemen.'

"Before dawn, several hundreds were in readiness for departure. The colonel orders the trumpets to sound the charge, and away they go. The riflemen don't walk; they run at headlong speed. The young men, at the end of six miles, are bathed in perspiration, almost fainting, and panting convulsively. At the bridge of Dorabatea, many sink exhausted; the more enduring still hold out. At the end of twelve miles, above half had given out; at Chivasso, six only remained! All the rest, scattered along the road, returned to their homes, and put their feet into the doctor's hands."

"Now let us hear some more from Lando."

"But, dear uncle, tell mother not to be alarmed, for we shall scorch them no more for awhile, at least. Aser is despatched on an extraordinary mission to the camp of Charles Albert, and he politely offered Mimo and myself a place in his carriage as far as Bologna. Polissena

also is to accompany us, to encourage the young Bolognese to march to the holy war against the foreigner."

"Oh, Holy Virgin! what do I hear?" cried Adele; "let them blister their feet, and lame themselves, rather than mingle with Aser and Polissena."

Alisa cast down her eyes, and Bartolo replied, "What would you have, Adele? *etatem habent*."

"Yes, you speak Latin to me. That's a fine consolation! All the Latin about it is, that Mimo is not sorry to find himself with Polissena, and I am beginning to fear that that sorceress has bewitched him."

Bartolo proceeded with his reading. "Our ranks daily receive new accessions. What a fine, dashing, youthful population joins us from every side! Young Bianchi, of Recanati, received a commission to visit the universities of Perugia, Camerino, and Macerata, to invite the brave young students to unite themselves to the University legion, and more than a battalion are about to join us!"

"Yes, to be wept over by a battalion of mothers," cried Adele. "Ah, the uncontrollable, misguided young men! fine sciences they will learn! And their souls! oh, their souls, exposed to perdition!"

"Really, you become extravagant," said Bartolo. "Can they not be good soldiers, and good Christians too?"

"Well, my dear Bartolo, you always have a piece for every hole, a patch for every rent. They will have some fine things to relate of those holy crusaders when they return, the cross upon their breasts, and the evil one in their hearts."

"Pray, Adele, don't say so, for mercy's sake."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER.

In the luxuriant and smiling plain, diversified with hills and gentle undulations, and adorned with vines and fruit-trees, which extends between the Livenza and the Tagliamento, there stood, among the fields, a solitary house, belonging to peasants, an innocent people, who were full of misgivings and fears regarding the war which raged in the country around. The father of the family farmed an estate, which he cultivated with his own hands aided by his wife, her sister, and his sons, who were two robust young men. The elder of his sons was about nineteen, and the younger about seventeen. He had also four daughters, the oldest about fifteen years of age, each of whom bore her share of labour, according to her years. The oldest drove the oxen when her father ploughed up the fallow, and carried their dinner

and refreshments to the labourers. The younger girls drove their flocks of sheep and other cattle to pasture.

After a severe engagement, which had taken place about two miles distant, between the Austrians, under General Nugent, and the Italian legions of General Zucchi, Toney, the second son, who had the care of the oxen when at home, was going out of the room under the porch, to give them fodder, and was moving towards a shed which was at the end of the same porch, near the stables. He had a lantern in his hand, and was walking with hesitation and timidity, for all the day he had heard the thunder of the cannon, and the continual roar of the musketry; and from the distant summits of the hills he had even seen groups of skirmishers firing into the valleys, rushing down and back again, and fighting and destroying each other.

This spectacle had filled his imagination with terror: and his ears still incessantly resounded with the echo of the cannonade, at every fresh outburst of which he had trembled.

While Toney was silently passing the porch, he thought he heard, at the end of it, under the shed, as it were, a groan and a sigh, first distinct, and then hoarse and low. He stood still. A shivering sensation ran through every limb; his heart beat violently; he listened nervously, but all was still. He advanced a few steps, then stood again, then listened, and in another moment the words "Oh God!" moanfully prolonged and hoarsely plaintive, seemed lost sighingly among the straw. The boy did not stop to ask what it was; he hurried back as fast as his trembling knees would bear him, threw open the door, and cried, "Oh my father!"

The father jumped up. "What ails you?"

"Ah, father!"

"Well, what's to do?"

"Under the straw-shed, I have heard the wailing of some soul in purgatory; I heard it for sure."

"How? a soul!" replied the father. "We prayed during the whole octave for all holy souls. I've had a mass said for your grandfather and grandmother, my own parents, may God bless 'em. For the whole eight days we've given half a sack of beans and a bushel of flour in alms, and besides that, we say the rosary for 'em every night. Don't think the good souls will trouble us. I can tell thee what; the firing of cannon and musketry has frightened thee. Go and fodder the oxen, and don't mind it."

Toney obeyed, and went out, telling them to leave the door open. Immediately the little girls threw the doors wide open, and peeped out towards the end of the porch. Against a pillar, immediately facing the stable, there hung a picture of the Madonna of Loretto (as this was customary in that country), with the brown face, the dress stiff, and coloured with a deep red, and covered over with spots of white, blue, and green, which were to represent the diamonds, topazes, and emeralds, with which is ornamented the statue upon the altar of the Holy House. Around it the wall was roughly plastered and painted, so as to resemble a kind of cornice or frame, with five or six

colours; underneath stood a small stand, upon which, during the day, they placed a vase of wild-flowers and sweet-smelling plants, and during the night, a glass containing water, upon which floated an inch or two of oil and a rushlight, which threw out a bright flame, every Sunday and Wednesday night. While the girls were looking towards the Madonna, Toney came running back, with his arms stretched before him, and his eyes almost out of their sockets, crying out, "There is one, father; there is one!"

"Why, what is there?"

"The voice! I fairly heard it moan, and sigh, and say, 'O God!'"

The stout peasant said to Checco, his oldest son, "Here, reach me a pitchfork, and thou take another. Toney, go before with the lantern."

"Well, but father—"

"I see; give it to me."

Checco followed him. They advanced gently, on tiptoe, stopping every yard or two to listen. In reality, in the darkness and silence, there could be heard, in the far end, a long, trembling moan, which partook of wailing and sobbing.

They moved forward, and again they stopped, as the moaning became more distinct. Marco then stepped resolutely forward, and gave a look back at the Madonna, saying: "Mother of mercy, ora pro nobis!" and drew near the covering of the shed, on one side. He raised the lantern, and called out, "Who's there?"

From the midst of a great pile of straw was heard a weak voice, which said, "Help, Christians!" Marco advanced, raised his lantern, and saw, sunk among the straw, a soldier, with his knees drawn up to his breast, with one hand pressed against his side, and the other lying helplessly upon the pile of straw. He went close to him, and beheld a young man, pale and exhausted with eyes languid and agonizing, and unable to bear the light. He attempted to open them several times, but they closed again. At the sight of the peasant, the soldier seemed reanimated; he put down his hand, with an effort to raise himself a little, but fell back again, lower than before.

The peasant, frightened, and at the same time full of pity, looked, and saw that he was wounded in the right side; he offered to take off his coat, but the soldier stayed his hand, and asked, in a voice weak and broken with pain, "Kind-hearted man, have you a wife?"

Marco replied that he had.

"Will you then have the charity to send her to me, with a little linen?"

"Can I not do you that service myself?"

"No; let her come, I beseech you."

"Well, she shall come with my sister; alone she would be afraid."

"Yes, let them both come, and you stand under the Madonna."

The astonished and compassionate Marco went into the kitchen, and explained this to the women in a few words. They excused themselves; they were afraid. He encouraged them; and, taking two towels and some pieces of linen from a box, "Come," said he, "the poor fellow wants you. I will stand at a little distance; don't be afraid."

"Is he alone?" asked his wife, Mattea.

"All alone. Here, Speranza, take the lantern, and hold the light for her. It seems to me the poor young man will never reach to-morrow. He must be some gentleman; he is white, his features are really beautiful, and his appearance quite delicate. Oh, our poor young men! they will go to war! then, a single shot, and all is over!"

Marco had reached the light from its wooden holder in the kitchen; he told Checco and Toney to take care of their sisters, and went out with the women, who were trembling from head to foot.

Marco approached the shed, and said to the soldier: "Here are my wife and sister. Be of good courage; we're here to assist you. If my poor Checco were wounded (may God protect him!), I should be thankful if he met with the like charity from his neighbour."

The two women were overcome when they saw the forsaken state of the poor youth; and Mattea said to Speranza, a stout, robust young woman of about twenty: "Raise him up a little; he has sunk too low."

Speranza climbed upon the straw, took him gently under the arms, and raised him up; while Mattea, with the hand which was unoccupied by the lantern, shook up the straw beneath him, pressing it with her knee, that it might not sink down again.

The unfortunate wounded soldier, feeling relieved, turned a grateful look upon the women, who stood looking upon him timidly. "Good people, pardon me for causing you this trouble, but I was unwilling that a man should bind my wound; for under this soldier's dress you see before you a woman, like yourselves."

The two women started, and exclaimed, both at once: "Oh, Holy Virgin! are you really a girl?"

"Yes, dear friends. Loose this coat, and remove my clothes from my breast; they are soaked with blood."

Mattea, with gentle fingers, untied the cords of her belt, and unfastened the hooks and eyes of the collar and down the breast. She then, with a pair of scissors, cut open the underclothes, to reach the wound.

A musket-ball had struck her under the ribs. The wound was dreadfully inflamed, and the blood still trickled down beneath her clothing. The women first carefully removed the garments from the wound. The blood flowed more profusely than before, and Mattea applied the towels, doubled up in many folds; still she was unable to stanch it. With anxious excitement, she called her husband. "Marco! run into the kitchen, pour some pure wine into a pan, place it on the fire until gently warm, and bring it us quickly! In the mean time, Speranza wiped the perspiration from the poor patient, as she bent over

her, full of tenderness, and encouraged her to place her confidence in God.

This was Polissena. Whilst she was combating bravely from behind the trunk of a chestnut-tree, in the act of kneeling to fire, a ball pierced her side. It was evening. She was still able to run rapidly down the hill, and through the little valley which ended with the fields in which the house stood. But, exhausted with fatigue and loss of blood, her strength failed, and she fell to the ground in a state of insensibility; then, recovering herself, with a great effort she rose to her feet, and after a few tottering steps again stumbled and fell. Thence she dragged herself upon the ground as far as the shed, and there, upon the straw, abandoned herself to her fate.

While Speranza was offering consolation, and Mattea making efforts to stanch the flow of blood until the wine was ready, Polissena suddenly exclaimed: "Oh, justice and mercy of God! Sisters, I am a sinner! an impious creature! I have committed many crimes! I deserve to be utterly abandoned by all! I have lived a wicked life; I ought to die as I have lived, and be cast to perdition! But no! God has not forsaken me; he has sent me your charity; the prayers of my sister—that holy—Yes, yes! my Ombellina! I see you; I hear you! Thank these noble women for me! Pray! oh, pray for me, for them!"

The women looked around, saying: "Who are you speaking to, signora?"

"With my sister. Do you not see her?"

"Where?"

"There, there! Look! she beckons to me to turn to the Madonna! She tells me to hope! that the Madonna has obtained my pardon! Oh! the Madonna, before you came, turned her beaming eye steadfastly upon me! the lamp became more brilliant; it cast its light so sparklingly upon the image of Mary! I felt my heart suddenly bound within me; it was changed; it became another! How many sins, sisters! Oh, Holy Mary, forgive! Oh! that I had a confessor!"

"Signora, the curate lives at a great distance. How can we fetch him at this hour, in the midst of all these terrors of war?"

"Patience, then! Oh, dear Jesus! I repent from the bottom of my heart! Ombellina, come! embrace me! I feel that I am dying; Sisters, promise me that when I am dead, no one but you shall approach me. You—you alone! You—you promise me?"

"Yes," answered the women, with great emotion. "Don't be afraid; we give you our word, no one shall touch you. But we hope you will recover."

Polissena sought the hand of Speranza; but when she tried to take that of Mattea, she had not strength to press it. A cold shivering ran through her frame, she trembled, and fainted away.

"Quick, Speranza! a little water and vinegar!" cried Mattea. At this moment, Marco came with the wine. Mattea hastily placed the towel upon the palpitating bosom of Polissena, sprinkled some of the wine in her face, poured a few drops upon her lips, and bathed her

temples; Polissena re-opened her eyes, and with a deep sigh murmured, "O God!" "We are here, lady; fear nothing." At the same time she signed to Marco to withdraw.

Then Mattea dipped the corner of the towel in the pan, which Speranza held for her, and began very softly to bathe the wound, which softened and opened. She then tore off a piece of linen, folded it several thicknesses, and, dipping it in the wine, drew together the sides of the wound, and bound it up in the best manner that the posture of Polissena would permit.

Relieved by the application, Polissena recovered a little; her eyes brightened as she looked upon her benefactresses; she at length, with a sweet smile, said, "Ah, kind friends, what gratitude I owe you!—to what painful trouble have I put you!—but you are so good, so full of charity. May God and the Holy Virgin reward you! but do not abandon me during those few moments of life which are left me,—they are short—short. What are your names, dear friends?"

They answered, "Mattea and Speranza." Their tears flowed as they performed every act of affection. "No," said they, "be assured we will never leave you. We are poor people, but we are also Christians; we have hearts like others. It is a consolation to us to help and comfort you, and God commands us to do it. Gladly would we carry you to our own bed, but we should thereby risk losing you."

Polissena often turned her eyes to the Madonna; she stretched out her arms to it, and addressed it with sighs: "Mercy, mercy!" She then would close her eyes, her forehead became clouded, her teeth set; it was remorse inwardly working, and the enemy arraying before her mental vision the catalogue of her iniquities; he was picturing them to the eyes of that terrified soul in all the horror of their deformity; he brought them before her as ferocious giants, as terrible monsters, which were rushing upon her to tear, crush, and devour her. The unfortunate creature was convulsed, her hands were clenched, her teeth gnashed, and her eyes rolled wildly; they fell upon the Madonna, and her terrors were dispelled, her agitation was calmed, and a peaceful hope again took root in her heart.

After a severe struggle, "Help me," said she, holding out her hand to Mattea, to repeat the Ave Maria. Ah, Mattea, can you believe the impious wretch before you? She has almost forgotten that holy prayer, so many are the years since she has said it. Instead of blessing Mary, I blasphemed. Ah, don't leave me, aid me; do not forsake me!—make the sign of the cross upon my forehead!"

The women thought this was the raving of delirium; they comforted her, dried her streaming face, and encouraged her; they said the Ave Maria, and while Polissena followed them with her lips, she felt her soul inundated with a hitherto unfelt sweetness, a new tranquillity, an unexpected hope, an impulse of ineffable love. She beheld Ombellina with a brilliant, serene, and smiling countenance; she saluted and thanked her. "Come," said she, "my blessed sister, touch me, and I shall be made whole, embrace me, and I shall become white and pure,—my sins will be cleansed from my soul. . . ."

Was this a vision? Was it rather an interior sensation—a ravishment of the soul, which brought into the presence of Polissena her beloved Ombellina? Who can penetrate the mysteries of grace, the profound abysses of mercy? Ombellina no doubt at that moment was supplicating God from her bed of suffering for her unfortunate sister. The holy nuns were chanting their psalms in choir, and while the impious of the earth were keeping their vigils in reprobate assemblies, to concoct their machinations against Jesus, the Redeemer, and his Church, his devout handmaids, his beloved spouses, pierced the skies with voices that praise his holy name, and besought him to convert the erring, to vanquish, by the power of his arm, the strength of his enemies, humbling them in the dust, confounding their designs, and softening their obdurate hearts. How can the humble prayers which flow from the hearts of the simple-minded, and rise like a cloud of sweet incense to the throne of mercies, fall back unheard! Every night the dew of celestial clemency descends in silence from the height of heaven, to refresh some sinful soul; happy the man who welcomes it in his heart, who breathes its fragrance, who tastes its sweetness, who experiences its divine virtue. In an instant, a change is effected in his heart; he rises again to a new life: like the eagle he soars aloft in renewed youth, the stains of sin are effaced, obscurity is banished by the light, every wound is healed. In a moment that heart, bursting the chains of Satan, flying from its transgressions, expands its wings for a joyful flight, and launches with impetuous love into the arms of the omnipotent God. There it loses and inebriates itself in an ocean of sweetness, hope, and love. Those who had known Polissena in the morning, who had seen her without religion, without feeling or shame, uttering blasphemy and imprecations as she mingled with the soldiers, with the hatred of her fellow-beings gnawing at her heart, and spurred on by malice and rage to accomplish their destruction, would certainly no longer have recognized her at night, stretched on straw beneath that miserable shed, wounded and agonizing in the hands of those compassionate peasants, and before the image of the Virgin Mary, which seemed to look down upon her with the eye of a most tender mother.

The good Marco stood there, in front of the pillar, leaning against the door of the stable, with arms crossed upon his breast, in silence and wonder. He could hear the women answering, "Yes, Signora," "No, Signora;" he could not believe his ears, and could have joined them, but his courage constantly failed him. It seemed that there must be some mystery beneath it all; still he respected the promise exacted by the poor soldier, whose appearance had struck him as so beautiful, who sighed with such gentleness, and who had besought him with a voice of such moving entreaty. "Who can it be?" said he to himself; "he is so delicate in appearance! can it be some prince? But Mattea said, 'Don't be afraid, Signora,' and it seemed to me that her voice was very like a woman's. But who ever heard of women being soldiers? Yet we see so many mad follies against those poor Austrians! Hundreds of mere boys, like perfect madmen, are

seen running backward and forward; they remind one of hunters running after hares . . . Hares! poor children! they don't know that they are bears; ay, perfect lions! These Austrians—don't suppose they go to war with gloves on their hands like you, or with beardless chins, and complexions spotlessly fair, or with scented and well-brushed hair. Their skins are bronzed by the sun and exposure; their bristling beards are stiffened with wax or grease, their hands are callous—hardened. In fine, only such as we peasants are the men for them; but in this war I see none but delicate young gentlemen, and even young boys, who look every way more like young girls. If here and there a countryman appears among them, he seems to me to have the look of a knave. What can this mean? Is it, that in our times gentlemen who formerly remained in the cities buried in luxury are becoming soldiers, while peasants and artisans, men well fitted for war, stand quietly looking on, because they bear no rancour, no hatred against the Austrians? Why the proverb is becoming true, that 'gentlemen are all a little bit mad.' It seems war is their hobby just at present; perhaps the Austrians are doctors enough to cure them of it."

While Marco was engaged in such thoughts, Mattea called him to her: "Marco, this young man," said she (and she signed to him to turn his ear so that she could whisper to him—"It's a young lady; but, hush! don't speak;")—"this young man," she repeated, "needs something strengthening—what can we do? we are so poor that we have nothing to make him such a thing as beef-tea, and the village inn is more than a mile off. It's pitch dark, too, and war is round us, and the roads are dangerous—do you know what? Go and get a glass of milk from the cow, and bring it quick!"

Marco ran into the house; his girls had gone to bed, and his two sons were asleep—one stretched upon the table, and the other upon a bench: he took a glass and went into the stable, and milked it full; he then strained it through a piece of linen, and went out towards the shed: "A lady!" thought he; "poor creature! to come here to die upon the straw, while God knows how many luxurious comforts she was surrounded by in her own house! And what is it all about?—ay, guess if you can. Can it be to kill the Austrians? . . . but others than ladies must come to do that. And where is she from? Perhaps from many a long way off; and if we don't find it out, and she should die to-night, who knows how long her parents may be looking for her? What folly, what folly! . . . And she has absolutely come to die here! But, my Lord, I thank thee that at least she is dying among Christians: she has not fallen in a furrow or in a ditch, like so many others."

Marco was making these reflections and was going through the porch with a light in one hand and the glass of milk in the other, when he heard a voice outside. He stopped, and in a moment, a soldier, panting for breath, rushed under the porch. "Who's there?" cried Marco, half terrified.

"My good man, help me to escape! I am a soldier of the Roman legion, and was out with a night patrol, when a body of Austrians

rushed out from an ambuscade and surrounded and captured the greater part of my comrades. I, by a fortunate chance, slipped through them, and fled like a deer through the valleys, through the bushes, and down the rocks. I have been running through the fields for two hours without knowing where, and seeing a light in this direction I ran towards it, and throw myself into your arms. Help me! receive me this night; a little straw will be enough—you have a hay-loft, or——”

“Mister soldier,” replied Marco, “you see I’m but poor. If you’ll accept it, we’ll find a hole somewhere . . . But there is another there under the shed, on the point of death. If you’ll come with me, perhaps—who can tell?—you may know who it is.”

The soldier followed Marco, who was thinking, “Here again! Here’s another! Poor children! they are truly like scattered sheep. This one again! how beautiful, and delicate, and graceful! Yes, yes! it’s their fancy to come and get killed. I suppose their skins have become a burden to them; yet it’s a skin of such smoothness, freshness, and youth!” When they entered the women raised their heads, and seeing a soldier with Marco, were frightened and became pale as a sheet. The soldier drew near and looked at his wounded comrade, who returned his gaze, and was the first with outstretched arms to exclaim, “Ah, Mimo! you here! and how?”

Mimo could scarcely articulate, “Polissena!” he was struck with such stupor, internal anguish, and heartrending grief! He stood motionless before that countenance, overspread with a deathlike paleness, and those eyes now sunk and languishing, yet lighted with a feverish brightness.

The women recovered from their fears, and taking the glass from the hand of Marco, with gentleness they raised the head of Polissena, and slowly poured the milk into her mouth. The poor creature, exhausted by her increasing sufferings, the sight of her lover, and the agitation of her still accusing conscience, could swallow only drop by drop: she remained motionless, turned her eyes in all directions, as if struck with fear; then looking through the little group of bystanders, she fixed her regard upon the Madonna, and with renewed calm, was able to drink a little more. When she had taken as much as she wished, she appeared somewhat restored, and having composed herself, she extended her hand to Mimo, took his, and pressing it languidly, said: “Mimo, the Holy Virgin has brought you here, I know not how; you see that I am dying. I am pierced through, and I feel my strength and life fast gliding away. But this death is life to me. Mary, the refuge of sinners, in her mercy, has obtained for me, from Jesus, the pardon of my sins; he has cancelled my iniquities; my heart is transformed. Ah, my beloved Ombellina has obtained me this grace, so much has she prayed for me! See, she is here still; she does not abandon me a moment.”

Mimo looked round amazed; he sought to discover this Ombellina; and Marco and the women also glanced round, but they looked in vain; they saw but the lengthened shadows, cast by the light, which

upon the stand before the Madonna, and the light itself beginning to flicker and sputter as the oil ascended, mixed with the water upon which it floated.

Polissena, with a loud sigh (the young Speranza was drying the cold sweat which streamed from her face), "Forgive me, Mimo, the evil example which I have given you ; the mockeries of Christ and of holy things which you have so often heard uttered by this wretched tongue, and, above all, the solicitations with which I have urged you to become a member of the secret societies, to initiate yourself in their oaths, in their treacherous, execrable, and infernal contracts. Swear that you will never enrol yourself among them ; swear it to me, Mimo."

"I do swear it, Polissena," replied Mimo, with a voice broken with sobs.

"Give me your hand ; swear it by the Madonna . . . turn, then, behold her ; she hears us and sees us."

"Yes, I swear it by that holy image."

"Mimo, among all my iniquities, now more than ever I am stung, I am consumed with remorse, that I induced those unfortunate young ladies of Forlì and Bologna, and especially that betrayed Juliana of Padua, to join in this war. Poor young girl ! but in her fifteenth year ! torn from the bosom of so good a father. What bitter tears will it have cost that excellent man ! Ah, seek her out, and lead her back to her paternal arms. Juliana will go, for already the poor creature has sorely repented !"

"Yes, be calm, I will see that it is done."

"Mimo, if God should grant that you should return to Rome, tell that pure soul, Alisa, that angel on earth, that I cast myself at her feet, that I beseech, I conjure her by the Most Holy Virgin, to forgive the scandal which I have given her, to burn the impious books which I placed in her hands to pervert her, to eradicate from her heart the irreligious and corrupt maxims which——"

The poor creature was unable to proceed ; her features became agitated, her grief overcame her ; she breathed with difficulty ; she wished to speak, but was unable. Mimo threw himself on his knees, buried his face in his hands, and with his head resting against the straw, burst into passionate weeping and sobbing. Polissena signed to Mattea to come near her, and taking her hand, directed her to draw a small pocket-book from the breast-pocket, saying in a whisper : "Mattea, there are ten gold *gregorinas* ; lay apart two for masses for my soul, and those of so many poor Italians who have this day met their death in the combat ; and accept the others for yourself and Speranza, in return for the tender care which you have shown me." She was then silent ; she turned her eyes as if to greet another person who stood by her side ; her countenance became calm and beautiful, and she said in a gentle tone : "Yes, I come, Ombellina . . . Oh, . . . pray for me." She turned her head slightly towards the Madonna, thrice reopened her eyes, looked upon it, smiled, and murmured, "Mary !" She joined her hands, but they fell back upon her breast. Her breathing became indistinct, slow ; she opened her lips, bent her head, and

breathed her last. Marco, himself shedding tears, took Mimo's arm, and said, as he raised him up, "Come with me." Mimo, like one that was stunned, said not a word, but let himself be led away, and entered the kitchen, as the first rays of dawn appeared in the east.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE PIEDMONTESE CAMP.

At this period all the country north of the Po was covered with the Italian legions, which, after crossing that river spread themselves over the States of Venice, Rovigo, Vicenza, Padua, Treviso, and up as far as the Piave, and, literally, as far as the Tagliamento; every place swarmed with soldiers, marching and counter-marching without a moment's rest. General Durando* held his troops as near as possible to the positions occupied by King Charles Albert, to open communications with the Piedmontese army, or at least, to retain the advantage of receiving reinforcements from the king, as he advanced with the intention of arresting the advance of the column which was descending through Carnia, to the succour of Verona, where Marshal Radetzky was endeavouring to baffle the movements of the king, between the Adige and the Mincio.

General Ferrari, with the Roman legions, hastened, by forced marches, to reinforce the garrison of General Zucchi, who was maintaining himself with difficulty in the fortress of Palmanova; already Udine had fallen into the hands of the Austrians, and after losing, in skirmishes and indecision, a great number of his men, he was undergoing a sort of siege in that place. Zambeccari, with the Bolognese and the Romagna troops, had crossed the confines in advance of the two pontifical generals, and after throwing himself into Modena, to succour the rebellious subjects of the duke, he thence changed his course, and directed his march beyond the Po, to carry aid to the Venetians, who had risen against Austria, but who, left by Charles Albert to their own prowess, were in danger of being surrounded by the army from Carnia and Pontieba. Venice, after expelling Marshal Zichy from its territory, became its own mistress, and proclaimed itself

* General Durando, a native of Piedmont, had been transferred to the Pope, by King Charles Albert, to discipline the pontifical army. The Pope committed to him, in conjunction with General Ferrari, the command of the Roman legions, destined for the defence of the boundaries of the States of the Church. General Zucchi, who had been implicated in the commotions of Romagna, in 1831, at this time, at the head of the revolted Italians, was harassing the Austrian army in Friuli. Zambeccari, a Bolognese gentleman, had constituted himself the guide and leader of a corps of volunteers levied in the Romagnas.

a republic; upon the piazza of St. Mark's was unfurled the ancient lion of the Adriatic, to which the cities of the main-land had turned and dedicated themselves, hoping to receive aid and protection from its roaring. The lion of Venice, finding itself exceedingly enervated, did in effect roar again, not, however, in the defence of its confederates, but to invoke for itself the aid and support of the Roman legions, and of the valiant troops of Naples and Lombardy.

One morning in May, two Veronese youths, forming part of a body of volunteers of the University of Padua, posted at Treviso, were taking a walk on the delightful banks of the Sile, and resolved to go as far as the Dominican monastery, to see the celebrated painting of Fra Sebastiano del Piombo, preserved there as a miracle of art. As they walked slowly along, their plumes waving in the golden light of the morning, one by the name of Mezzusabergo, addressed the other, called Antenor: "You were not at the caffè in the piazza, yesterday, and I suppose you have not heard the great news brought from the king's camp, by the commissary of the Roman legions, sent by General Ferrari."

"What good news does he bring?"

"Peschiera is at the last gasp; it is crumbling to pieces under the cannon of the besiegers. Ravelins, half-moons, scarps, counter-scarps, and bastions, and every defence crushed, pounded, and levelled with the ground, under the shower of balls. Large portions of the fortifications are already overthrown, and the breach is nearly practicable. So you see, if the duke of Genoa continues this gentle treatment, the poor fortress must soon give in, and to-morrow we are expecting a messenger to announce its surrender."

"If that's the case, Mantua and Verona will soon be in the hands of the Piedmontese."

"Exactly; the king has already fixed his general quarters at Mozambano. It must be admitted, the Piedmontese are brave and warlike beyond any other Italian race."

"For my part, until I see Charles Albert dining with his generals upon the terrace of the Canossa palace, facing the Adige, I will not put much trust in that. Radetzky is old and skilful. What says the commissary of the feeling in the camp?"

"He says, both officers and soldiers are real lions, and hold the whole of Lombardy and Venice in their grasp."

"May God grant it!"

"Do you know, Antenor, who this commissary is? I got a glimpse of him last night, among a crowd of Roman riflemen, who accompanied him to the hotel. At the quarters, he is thought to be a valiant young fellow from the Hanseatic towns, come to promote the war of independence, and all consider him a Danish or Swedish prince."

"You're mistaken, my friend; he is simply a fellow-citizen of our own, and you must remember him perfectly."

"Ay? who is he, then?"

"Don't you recollect Aser, that rich Jew, who was studying rhetoric the schools of the Imperial Lyceum of St. Anastasia, when we were the third?"

"Yes, very well; and what has he to do with Denmark or Sweden?"

"Nothing at all; but, if you remember, he was the only young Jew, who was not a mark for some sneer or practical joke of the students. Such were his talents that few could keep pace with him; and at the same time he possessed such elegant and courteous manners, that so far from reminding us of the Jew's quarter, he was in everything a gentleman. He used to take solitary walks outside the Porta Nuova, and along the banks of the Vittoria, reading or in silent reflection."

"Oh, yes; I remember. He not unfrequently invited me to accompany him to that caffè near the two Torri. He left suddenly, and I thought he had gone to the University."

"No. His father, who is a banker, often has business with mine: and even last autumn he came and spent several days with us in the country. He told us several times, that after Aser had completed his first year of philosophy, he was called to Hamburg, by an uncle, a rich merchant, who has vessels at sea, and carries on commerce with every shore of the Baltic, and in the White Sea, as far as Archangel, where he possesses stores, and a bank in high credit at the exchanges of Stockholm, Christiana, and Copenhagen. Aser was not idle in the house of his uncle; he travelled a good deal, acquired a proficiency in several languages, and lived in a style and fashion in keeping with such immense wealth. We were told by his father, that at the northern courts he was not surpassed in splendour and magnificence by the princes and dukes, with whom he lived in familiar intercourse. But he afterwards became so ardent in the cause of liberty in Germany, and so intimately connected himself with all the great agitators, that, abandoning youthful pleasures for more lofty aspirations, he consecrated himself entirely to the cause of European resurrection, and now devotes his immense wealth and distinguished talents to that alone. At this moment he supports, at his own expense, and that of the German Societies, a host of young men in this war of Italian independence."

"I understand among the Roman legions he passes himself off as a prince."

"Quite the contrary. The fact is, Aser conceals his origin; but as a man of wealth and generous disposition, handsome exterior, great accomplishments, and exalted aspirations, common report has dignified him with the title of prince."

"'Principes Nephtali, Principes Juda, Principes Zabulon!' He is to be, I suppose, another Samson, and the Austrians the Philistines; but I doubt if they'll let themselves be annihilated with the jaw of an ass."

"You're usually witty, I see; a real Veronese, my good Antenor."

"Well, what's to be done? The madness of breaking off our studies, and plunging with the partisan bands in this war, we have already committed; and unless Charles Albert makes his way into Verona, we may cast to the winds every chance of ever setting foot there again, even if the balls of these Austrians should be so very

obliging as to take their flight harmlessly over our heads; therefore, my dear Muzzusbergo, what else can we do but get over our mad frolic in the best humour, and with as much enjoyment as we are able?"

"Would you like to seek out Aser, and renew our ancient intimacy with him?"

"With pleasure; and the more gladly, as I am impatient to hear exactly how things are progressing in Lombardy."

After a prolonged consultation with the Generals Ferrari and Guidotti, with the legionary colonels, and the majors of the battalions, in which they had laid down a plan for raising the siege of Palmanuova, and driving the Austrian troops, not only from Udine, but not less than a hundred miles beyond the Piave, Aser had returned to his hotel, to dine with a number of legionary officers, all in high spirits. While dinner was in preparation, the two young Veronese found him conversing with his friends, and saluting him courteously, they requested him to allow them a few moments' conversation in private. Aser, after shaking hands with them, took them into his own apartment, where, as soon as he learned their names and country, he welcomed them with great joy, and asked them innumerable questions, especially concerning their former fellow-students. When they had satisfied him on those points, he turned to others of more immediate interest; on the present state of Verona; the opinions, tendencies, and aims of the citizens; the military fortifications; the supplies of provisions, and the condition of the army of Radetzky. But the boyish couple knew better where the best-flavoured cigars were to be had; what hotel was the most noted for cooking, or where the best wine could be found; and that was about the extent of their military knowledge. Whereupon Aser, taking their arms, led them back to the saloon, and invited them to take their seats with the rest of the company at dinner. There a lively conversation took place, chiefly upon the hopes of the Sardinian army; and Aser related some true and admirable signs of the valour of those brave men, and of their eagerness to expel the foreigner from the soil of Italy.

"You ought to see the king," said he, "and hear the noble sentiments which flow from his heart, when he is surrounded by his generals. I was in his suite when, from the heights of Mozzanbano, he was admiring the declivities, and at their feet the wide plains which stretch around Verona, the majestic windings of the Adige, the hills of Massimo, and on the left, those of Bussolengo. The star of victory shone forth in his countenance; that star which has been so many years the object of his admiration, in his device of the couchant lion, which, with his head gently reposing upon his outstretched paws, says, as he looks up at the benignant light: 'I await my fortunate star.' And I tell you, that that star glitters like a most brilliant ruby before him, and gives promise of his triumph over the oppressors of Italy. Nor is he discouraged by the view of the invincible fortifications which surmount the heights of Verona, on the north, or the palisades and parapets which frown upon the aggressor on the south. As he looked

upon the towers of Maximilian, which stretch their ponderous mass from the crests of Avesa to the cliff of San Leonardo, turning to his aide-de-camp: 'There,' said he, 'upon that platform shall I drink to the restoration of Italy.' But if such high spirits and such firm hopes are entertained by the king, the officers of the entire army are not behind-hand in their ardour. I have seen their eyes flashing with impatience for the onset; and they bear themselves like lions, in every engagement. One morning, when I was in the camp of the vanguard, upon the Mincio, I saw all the officers grouped around a spreading linden-tree, upon the high banks which face Valeggio, on the side of the bridge of the Borghetto. What youthful fire! what spirits! what gaiety and boldness! There were lieutenants of artillery mingling with the dragoons; then a knot of royal guards and light horsemen; next some of the cavalry of Aosta and Novara; a captain of the regiment of Genoa, a lieutenant of that of Nice, and other officers of the brigade of Savoy and Pignerol. Scattered here and there, some were conversing, and describing exploits in which they took part; others were reposing beneath the shade; while more were drinking toasts, with shouts of 'Long live the King!'

" 'I charged on the right wing.'

" 'And I, at the head of my men, tore through a column of Bohemians.'

" 'And I, suddenly rushing with thirty men, from an ambuscade, fell on the flank of a squadron, and pursued them, in their headlong flight, up to the muzzles of the enemy's guns.'

" 'You must confess,' cried a hardy young fellow, 'that that scornful fool basely calumniated us, when he said that the education of the Jesuits unmanned us. We should like him to come here and see, in the midst of battle, whether we are sheep or leopards.'

" 'Bravo, you! Hurrah for the Ruggiadosi.*'

" 'Long life to us all, and to our bravery into the bargain. But say, are we not probably above two hundred officers, of all arms in the king's army, brought up by the Jesuits? Well, don't we fight as valiantly as you others of the Military Academy?'

" 'You fight marvellously. But you still carry a certain flavour of monks about you.'

" 'We savour of gunpowder, if you will, and glorious sweat on the field of battle. Who was the first to leap upon the bridge of Goito, and die for the glory of Italy? No other than a student of the Royal College of Turin, who fought in the regiment Real Navi. That officer of dragoons, who charged against the bayonets of the Austrians, spurring his horse upon them, and hurling himself into the midst of the enemy's ranks with a valour which filled them with admiration, was also one of our comrades in the college. And crowds of others, at the batteries, among the light artillery, in perilous explorations, in

* The name applied to the Jesuits, by Vincenzo Gioberti. This must be a joke, by the rule of contrary, as it is called, for those poor fathers are, for the most part, of extreme meagreness, while the Ruggiadosi, blessings on him, is represented by a jolly, fat, and rubicund personage.

the midst of furious assaults, have clearly shown whether they have unmann'd, or he who wrote such insipid mockery, seated lazily in his arm-chair, and far removed from danger.'

"Capital! nothing could be more true. Here, take a glass of wine; your throat must want moistening after such a peroration.'

"Contagi!* and we,' cried another ex-student, 'who in the cause of Italy have cast our scientific laurels upon the pinnacle of San Lorenzo, and donned the helmet and military cap, to join the army, will any one say we don't fight like brave men? The Ruggiadosi taught us to recite the rosary, but they did not thereby pluck from our souls the love of our country. We had no sooner seen the king beyond the Ticino, than our Piedmontese hearts bounded in our bosoms; we did not forget that the nobility of Piedmont was born to arms before it assumed the toga; the glory of our ancestors is inscribed above, as in our ancient castles; the House of Savoy has ever beheld them ranged at its side, bearing the white cross whenever the field of honour called them to battle, to victory, or to death.'

"Prodigious! What rhetoric! That's a bit of Livy; yet they say you were plucked, at the examination of the third year in law.'

"Plucked in law, but crowned upon the field of battle. Those are the laurels of a Piedmontese gentleman. And you know that I started, with not a few other fellow-students, all as simple soldiers, and here we are now, with lieutenant's epaulettes, won at the passage of the Mincio, at the battles of Goito, Villafranca, Sommacampagna, Sona, and Pastrengo. Long live the king!'

"Such, my friends, was the tone of their conversation. I assure you I never passed a few days more satisfactorily, than in the camp of King Charles Albert. Would that I could say the same of the camp of the Roman legions, which, upon honour, are absolutely a confused mob, such as I have never beheld, and hope never to see again. I blush that I should have to confess it."

The company rose from table, and Aser, shaking hands with the two young Veronese, went to the caffè in the piazza, to meet the general officers at a consultation on the measures to be adopted in prosecuting the war.

Aser drew a correct picture of the bravery of the Piedmontese officers: it excites the sorrow of all good Italians, to see it cast away in a war so manifestly unjust. If they, who, under colour of glory, liberty, and the restoration of Italy, urged King Charles to this unfortunate enterprise, had not been blinded by the rage of the secret societies, they must have known that if it were lawful for the Lombards to call Piedmont to support them in this rebellion, by the same law, it would have been just for the Genoese and the Savoyards to call in the intervention of France and England, to deliver them from the Piedmontese rule. But the golden maxim, "Do not unto others what you would not have them do unto you," is now an antiquated law of nature, to be cast away as useless rubbish.

* Contagi; the favourite exclamation of the Piedmontese, who use it in joking, in anger, or even in cursing.

CHAPTER XXVII.

GOSSIPING AND FALSEHOOD.

BEFORE proceeding further with our narration, it is desirable to arrest our course for a few moments, in order to consider the safest path of arriving at the true state of facts, a labour which is more difficult of attainment than may at first appear, for, according to an old Italian proverb, "the time of war is the time of gossip and falsehood," as if they were not sufficiently rife in the world in all other seasons. But the proverb is thus expressed, perhaps, because those commodities are never so cheap as during a period of commotion, when every one assumes the liberty of speaking according to the dictates of his passions, his hopes, or his fears, and when a large number, actuated by no other motive than that of gratifying their itch for gossiping, extenuate every fiction and again retail it in the new.

In this war for Italian independence, however, a true balance, in these matters, was not maintained, for the field of gossip was made a monopoly, or as it were, a park, in which they alone were permitted to hunt who wished the expulsion of the Austrian, and the glorious and triumphant resurrection to a new life of the whole Italian peninsula. But to all who did not see fit to side with this party, which clamoured for the resurrection of Italy, either because they could not discover that Italy was dead, or in slavery; or because they found themselves quite as comfortable without war; or because their brains were too obtuse to take in the promised happiness of the new institutions; or because instead of brilliant light they saw only profound darkness; or because they adhered blindly to the "Old Creed," and had not yet seen the baptism of *Civil Christianity*, and therefore held it, as a pagan, a Turk, a Jew, or a heretic; or because in the midst of fulsome praise of religion, they heard nought but curses against its ministers; or because they were unable to see that, "Hurrah for Pius IX." and "Death to the Pope" were one and the same thing; or because they beheld in Rome and in the Legations, certain good Christians, who until then had hated and persecuted Christ, holding the offices from which they had ousted the cardinals; or because, in the midst of encomiums upon the public prosperity, rumours reached them of exhausted treasuries, accumulated state-debts, commercial ruin, of arts and science paralyzed, poor starving, despised and trampled upon; or because their gold and silver currency had vanished, and liberty had poured forth paper enough to cover the walls of the Vatican; or because they saw a number of purses which yesterday were exhausted, but to-day they had grown bulky, and swelled; or because——

Stop! cut short this string of becauses; they are enough to drive one distracted!

There are still many more, however; they would form a string that would reach to Milan: but if you have enough, I will go no further. It suffices to say that they, who could not side with the restoration party, from whatever cause, were not permitted to gossip as they thought proper, but were forced to swallow the whole bundle of becauses, and brood over them in silence. And if in the exuberance of their new liberty, they were so bold as to say nothing at all, then a shower of execrations, curses, insults, and threats, both in public and private, fell upon their heads, and to fill their measure of enjoyment, they saw upon the walls sheets of paper in print or in handwriting, "such a one is a 'black,'" "such another is a 'retrograder.'" "If Tizio can't keep silence, he shall hereafter find himself gagged." "If Caius goes on talking, he will lose his tongue," and "If the man in such a street, on the third floor, number 36, don't stop his croaking, he'll meet with a knife that will stop it for him."

The Romans read. Each one assumed an air of satisfaction, and said smilingly to the crowd which hemmed him in, "All goes well; 'down with the blacks.'" In the mean time, a sweat of terror was oozing from every pore, as he thought within himself, "I see, the *holy invitation* is meant for me; now good tongue keep quiet or else shout, 'Liberty for ever!'" and he passed on with the air of supreme contentment. Thus the liberals had all their own way. Is there a doubt of it? They proclaimed that "Speech was to be as free as thought," therefore the universal vote was spontaneous; no one doubts it.

"Yes, but those red, and green, and yellow papers, which were stuck on the walls with the above-mentioned names, their doubtful compliments, and ——"

"Oh, that was mere fun, simple pastime, pure jokes to raise a laugh!"

"But, that poor fellow, who was found dead the other night in the Piazza di Spagna?"

"Oh, he was drunk and cracked his skull by a fall."

"But the other one, down there by Bouchi?"

"Oh, he stumbled and struck his head against the corner of the curbstone."

"Yet the former was found with his head unhurt, and a bayonet wound through his side, and the latter with his throat cut; but the one had spoken against the war, and had given vent to some expressions against Ciceruacchio at a tavern in the Monti, and the other at the cookshop of Monserrato."

"They were a couple of simpletons; people must mind what they are doing in taverns. You may say what you like about priests, or the cardinals, or the Pope, or Christ; but not a word against the war; not a hint against Ciceruacchio or Sterbini."

"What, can't a poor father vent a few words of complaint, when they have enticed away his son, and sent him to the war?"

"Fools, I tell you; knaves! The war is sacred, Ciceruacchio is the tribune of the people, Sterbini is the father of his country; woe to him who shall say a syllable against them. Death to the blacks."

But those who had obtained the royal patent for gossip and falsehood in the cause of the Italian war, were the newspaper editors. Why, of course, the Press! Full liberty, and universal passports, bills of credit for every merchandise, notes of exemption at every custom-house, safe-conducts in every stubborn whim; let no one presume to demand taxes of them for contraband effects; let no one assess them; let them pass exempt from every impost, from every burden, every duty, every penalty. And the greater, the more gross, expedient, and long-winded their lies, the more let them bear away the praise of loyalty, the stamp of candour, the diploma of sincerity, the palm of veracity.

All exclaim with one voice, that the news published to the world by a hundred papers, and rained in torrents from the clouds upon every city in Italy, is nothing more than the capricious fancies of dreamers, the boasts of braggadocios, the ravings of madmen. What has that to do with it? What is that to the question? Every one greedily drinks it in, as the quintessence of all that is capable of replenishing the mind. Let those lies lead Italy to the happiness for which she has sighed during so many years; let it infuse into her the healthy vigour which shall fortify her sinews and muscles to contend with the Austrian, to crumble her power to dust, and fill her with despair and confusion. Only imagine! At every cannonade of the *Pallade*, at every bombardment from *Don Pirlone*, the Austrian phalanxes are thinned by thousands, Marshal Radetzky falls dead, he is dragged at a horse's heels through the cities of Lombardy, or he is hanged or quartered, and his quarters posted upon the gates of Milan, Lodi, Bergamo, and Brescia, as people nail up kites and owls.

You still say that lies have short legs, their arms are mutilated, and their body is a shadow! What! when they led Charles Albert three times in triumph into Verona; when they kindled revolt against the emperor through the Tyrol, and raised a storm of fury in the valleys of Ledro, of Non, of Fiemme, and of Folgheria; when they cut off the retreat of Radetzky, killed General Aspell, destroyed the walls of the fortress of Legnano, made the bulwarks of Mantua tremble and fall to the ground with terror; consumed Vienna ten times over, put to flight a thousand Austrians before a hundred and twenty Tuscans, and with eight pieces of cannon captured a whole park of artillery, which was taking an airing on the esplanade outside of the walls of Mantua! Will you still say that lies are not warriors, and that they can't fire sixty-pounders?

In fine, in less than one month, in pitched battles, in constant engagements, sudden skirmishes, fights in ambuscades, encounters of explorers, meetings of foraging parties, and contests at the fords of streams, the Austrians lost more thousands than were in the whole army of the Adige and of the Piave, ten times told.

Where, then, was the laboratory in which such a flood of falsehood was concocted and poured forth in such a voluminous and unfailing stream? And by what means did it spread with such rapidity, clothe itself with such an air of sincerity, impose by its audacity, and gain

destruction of Italy ; I even took him all the way to St. Petersburg, to propose to the Emperor Nicholas to hurl down upon us his furious Cossacks, that they might pierce with their lances all the new constitutions, like so many fowls upon the spit.

" You see what absurdities ; yet thousands of would-be politicians would arch their eyebrows, puzzle their brains, and hold forth in endless comments upon them with consummate subtlety, and an expenditure of syllogisms, which was never surpassed. The other papers of Italy copied them, and made them resound and reach from end to end of this credulous and maudlin Italy.

" I confess, however, monsignore, that I looked upon all such falsehoods as leading to no serious consequences, but I was not permitted to confine myself to such fooleries, for, finding that I wrote in a strong and vivid style, they assigned me a less innocent part ; they ordered me to turn my ear against God and his Church, to preach heresy, pantheism, and socialism. To contend against this, was difficult ; to refuse, dangerous. I feigned indisposition ; I was suffering under an irritation of the nerves, which allowed me neither to write nor think. They all turned their backs upon me, and where I was loaded with caresses, a dollar or a meal is now refused me.

" Monsignore, if you will receive me in any capacity, I will endeavour to serve you faithfully, but as for any more writing, it is a thing which has become impossible. The good can henceforth never print a single line in defence of truth and justice. The factions have hedged in the field of error and falsehood at every point ; they have fortified it with bulwarks and bastions which leave no opening for assault, and they live in security within. They have corrupted the majority of the printers of Italy, who have enrolled themselves in the phalanx of impiety. The small numbers of the good, and those who remain neutral, have received intimations that, under pain of death, they presume not to print a single syllable without the condescending permission of their Master of the Sacred Palace, the name which they give, in mockery, to the Revisers of the Association.

" They raise an incessant clamour against the tribunal of the Holy Inquisition, while their own inquisition surpasses, immeasurably, those of Spain and Portugal. You, no doubt, have not forgotten, monsignore, that only a short time ago, there was published in Rome, a loose sheet, and I do not now recollect the name, in defence of several calumniated personages. The secret committee was instantly convened ; imprecations and blasphemies, shouts and yells were vented without end : ' Menace the printer with death ! ' ' No, murder him ! ' ' Let him not live another day ! ' ' This very night, in his own house ! ' ' No, in the public street, as an example, and a terror to others. ' ' But at this moment the sheet is being sold in the Corso ; fly, snatch it from the hands of the vendors, seize them, and strike them down ; force them to confess where they received the paper. ' This was no sooner said than done. They rushed out like bloodhounds, upon those poor children, shouting and roaring, as they compelled them to lead them to the printers. They seized the whole impression, and

piling it in a heap, they set fire to it, and then threw into the flames the formes of type, two counters, and the presses, and would have burnt alive the printer, the foreman, the compositors, the pressmen, all down to the printer's devils, had they caught them.

"Imagine, therefore, monsignore, if ours are the times for printing anything tending to good, in Italy! And people exclaim: 'The public authority ought to interfere; it ought to speak out; it ought here, it ought there,' and they are unable to see, that no power on earth can dam up so overwhelming an inundation. That is reserved to the arm of God, that when He shall be moved to pity for His Church, He will crush the impious like earthen vessels, and scatter them as dust, to the winds."

"Of what use," some may ask, "is all this dolorous history of the villany of the public journalists of eighteen hundred and forty-eight? Are not their indecent expressions trumpeted forth, with unsparing effrontery, before the whole world? Since eighteen hundred and fifty, we have a different mode of action."

Really! We offer our congratulations on the improvement since eighteen hundred and fifty; but in eighteen hundred and forty-eight, things took their course, as described by the poor writer to the prelate, and they are here repeated, because they are invaluable, in placing in their proper light certain transactions which were sworn to be so indubitable, so true, and so well ascertained, that to doubt them, was a crime.

Conversations, in substance, as follows, were frequently heard in Rome:—

"What are the sentiments expressed by the Pope, on this point?"

"Why! they are published in the *Contemporaneo*; there is nothing more to be said; there they are, as clear as day!"

"But, with your permission——"

"I tell you they are given in the *Contemporaneo*! I am astonished at you; a paper of such authority knows what it says."

"But the Pope never said, and never imagined such a thing: he thinks and says the very reverse."

"You're a simpleton; the *Contemporaneo* never deceives; it is never mistaken; it's like a *bull*."

"Yes, a bull with horns, I suppose. Good day, simpleton."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE CROATIAN.

IN the centre and narrowest part of Croatia, and at the foot of the great western branch of the high mountains of Bellenar, stands the little city of Ivanich, in a most delightful spot, at the confluence of the silvery streams, the Chasma and the Illova. The declivities of those

hills, which rise with a gentle ascent to the surrounding forests of beech, larch, and fir trees, are famed for the richness and fertility of their pastures, and for the aromatic and sweet-scented herbs which flourish here and through the surrounding country, as far as the Drava. Through these pastures roam the countless flocks of sheep so highly esteemed in Banato, Hungary, and Italy, on account of the softness of their wool. The extensive valleys descending southward, towards Slavonia and Turkish Erzegovina, afford abundant pasture-grounds for herds of a small, spirited race of horses, which are rapid in their evolutions in battle, hardy and enduring in travel, and which scramble boldly and securely up the steep mountain-paths, and along the edges of yawning and overhanging precipices.

Upon those mountains, and among those valleys of Ivanich, is scattered a great number of cottages. The foundations of these cottages, and a few layers above ground, consist of huge stones, with their angles and joints fitted together with great skill, and in strict accordance with the laws of symmetry and solidity. These walls support the roof, which is thatched with straw, fern, or stubble, so firmly and so evenly fastened to the rafters, that neither the rain nor the melting snow can soak through into the interior.

The fireplace occupies the centre of the building, on the ground-floor, and the smoke, blackening the boards and rafters as it curls upward, escapes through an opening at the top; the hearth is surrounded by large stones, within which the grate is set; around this, at night, the young men stretch themselves upon mats, with their feet towards the fire.

These people lead a patriarchal life; and even those among them who possess immense wealth, in flocks of sheep and herds of horses, do not abandon their native simplicity. Temperate, upright, and sincere, the happy ignorance in which they live, leaves them untainted by cupidity; but contented with their hills and valleys, they spend their days without being once disturbed by ungratified desires; they fear God and honour their priests; they meet, with cordiality, the wishes of the emperor, and hold their superiors in veneration; they obey their parents, and submit to the head of the family, who, though king and sovereign among them, reigns with natural love; the women discharge the household affairs, the girls attend their flocks, while the young men are engaged with the horses, in hunting, or in military exercises.

Every group of houses, village, or hamlet, scattered over this wide extent of territory, maintains a body of guards against the Montenegrini, who are the robbers of the country; against the vagabond and fortune-telling zingari or gipsies, and against several tribes of Bosnia and Servia, a wild and fierce race, who live by rapine and war, and who, flying with their booty, betake themselves to the fastnesses of their dense and black forests.

The Croats are descended from the Pelasgi of Liburnia, and have scarcely ever mixed with other races. They are handsome, tall, active, muscular, and well proportioned; their complexions are dark, and their

sparkling eyes of the deepest black; they wear their black hair parting in long curls over their shoulders. Their dress is picturesque and highly ornamental, and round their waist is folded a voluminous scarf of variegated silk, in which they wear a short sword, and in war, a brace of pistols. They shave their beards, but their thick black mustaches hang down on each side of the mouth. On their heads they wear red Greek caps with a large purple tassel waving over the neck.

The women excel in horsemanship, and like the men, confine themselves to the beautiful but unchanging national costume, varied only when on horseback, by the addition of wide Turkish drawers, of the finest white manufacture, gathered in minute plaits at the ankles. Their long, flowing hair is woven in two parts, with broad yellow or rose-coloured ribbon; and when loose, reaches below the hem of the vest, but when bound up, it is round the head and over the forehead like a graceful and natural diadem.

The young Olga Ukassowich, until her fifteenth year, watched her father's flocks, in company with her sister and cousin, upon the hills which surrounded their habitation. Nicholas, their grandfather, who governed their family, had six sons, all married, and they, with their numerous children, formed a joyful circle round the venerable old man, who was close upon his ninetyeth year. This house, rich in flocks, was still richer in virtue and peace; and Nicholas governed it as its lord, feared, honoured, and beloved by his children and grand-children, to the number of forty-five. They all eat at the same table, and at the close of the day, they all joined in the evening prayer, around the fire in winter, and in summer, under the widespreading elm, which shaded the space in front of the cottage.

George, the fourth son of Nicholas, had one son and five daughters, of whom Olga was the oldest. As, therefore, according to the above-mentioned custom, the male population spends a portion of its time in martial exercises, both for the defence of their native valleys, their flocks, and other property, and to enter the regiments which are furnished by Croatia to the army of the emperor, Leo, the only son of George, was more frequently in arms than his cousins, who could take their turns with their brothers. For this reason, Olga, on attaining her sixteenth year, through love she entertained for her brother, and according to the custom of her people, applied herself with such resolution to the acquirement of skill in the use of arms, and in horsemanship, that from patrolling the country, in expeditions and in nightly watches, she became equal to the most robust of the young men, and on more than one occasion, at the head of her cousins and other borderers, she put to flight the roving bands of Bosnians, Servians, and Albanians, who, in search of plunder, had fallen upon the neighbouring villages.

In this brave girl were united a remarkable beauty of person with a mind of admirable vivacity and penetration. Both when under arms, and when pasturing the paternal flocks, she snatched every moment to read, in Slavonic as well as in German, which she had learned in the

public schools, the histories of her own country, and of the other nations of Asia and Europe. She also took every opportunity of gratifying her thirst for knowledge, by extracting from her grandfather, and the other old men of the valleys, the traditions of her own race, and of the neighbouring people; and such was her diligence, that she far excelled her cousins and the other girls in that region.

In the mean time, it happened that the wife of George brought him another son, whom they called in Slavonic tongue Ostutni—that is, the Tardy; and in the year 1846, the period having arrived for renewing their share of new levies for the imperial squadron, Nicholas was required to furnish three from his house. The family assembled, and placing in a box the names of all the young Ukassowich, from the age of twenty to twenty-four, three were drawn out,—Babba, or Barnaby, the son of Stephen; Janni, of Anastasius; and Leo, George's son. But Olga came forward, and said with firmness: "It shall never be said that Leo went to the war leaving my parents without a son; for we cannot count Ostutni, who is as yet but an infant."

The aged Nicholas placed his hand upon the head of Olga. "Well spoken!" he exclaimed; "the blood of Ukassowich is ever generous. Remember, my daughter, that Irene, my own sister, served as a substitute for me, under the Empress Theresa, in the campaigns of Silesia, and displayed such valour that she was created, upon the field of battle, colonel of the regiment of Gradisca. Remember, that in our domestic records we have a Zoe, who acquired fame in the war of the Spanish succession; a Euphemia, who fell in the assault of Belgrade, in the act of planting the imperial standard upon the outer fortifications. Olga, be virtuous, pious, and valiant." When the venerable old man had ceased speaking, his three grandchildren knelt before him, and he blessed them.

In 1848, Olga had already formed part of the garrisons of Capo d'Istria, Verona, Padua, and lastly, at Nistri, when Marshal Zichy so tamely ceded Venice to the rebels. After this period, she retired, with the rest of the Austrian columns, towards Klagenfurt, whence she afterwards descended with General Nugent, to defend the Austrian possessions in Italy.

It was already three in the afternoon, and Babba Stefanovich had not yet returned to his quarters, after the fierce engagement of Carbonera, so well contested by a body of picked troops from the Roman Legion, and a detachment of the exiled Italians. The Austrians advanced in a dense column along the Fontani road, concealing behind a body of troops two pieces of heavy artillery, and a numerous squadron of cavalry behind a cluster of houses. In the heat of the first onset, their leading troops opened, the two pieces of cannon fired, the cavalry charged, and the ranks of the Italians broke, and fled back to Treviso for refuge, with the Austrians in hot pursuit at their heels. General Guidotti was slain, and with him a number of youths from Rome, and various provinces of Italy.

After this bloody engagement, Olga retired with her own cavalry to their quarters at Fontani, where she found her cousin Janni slightly

wounded by a ball which had grazed his arm near the left shoulder; she removed his coat, and rolling up his sleeve, she saw that it had only pierced the skin, and having bandaged it up, she next gave her attention both to her own horse and that of Janni.

Olga waited for her cousin Babba, the greater part of an hour, but not seeing him, she went about inquiring if he had joined the patrol; but one man was currying his horse, another was cleaning his bridle, another was shaking the dust from his horse's trappings, another was scraping, with an old knife-blade, the foam from his saddle-cloth, and no one, in fine, had time to heed her inquiries. She waited a few minutes more, which seemed to her interminable. At length, overcome by a thousand fears, she saddled Emir, the name she had given her horse, and started in quest of Babba. She asked for him at Madonna di Rovere, at Fiera, Visnadello, Castrette, and Ponzano, but as no one could give her any tidings of him, she was reduced to the greatest distress.

At length she turned, with great anxiety, towards the place of the combat, between Carbonera and Treviso, to discover if perchance he had been killed or wounded; she ascended a hill and looked around in every direction, over the whole extent of the field of battle, and descending slowly, she continued to stretch her sight in advance.

Those who have never beheld a field of battle, cannot form an idea of its confusion, and the shuddering and horror which it inspires. Over a vast circle is seen every form and aspect of suffering, disorder, despair, and death. On all sides are arms and baggage, muskets thrown away, and caissons, for the most part, broken to pieces by the fugitives, to prevent their pursuers from using them against them; sabres, swords, and bayonets, scattered upon the ground, some drawn, and others still in their scabbards, attached to the sword-belts; cartridge-boxes, some empty, and others filled; helmets, caps, flasks, pans, and knapsacks with their belts and straps entire, or sometimes cut, to save time in unbuckling them; here shoes, there cravats and stocks, torn from the neck to give them more freedom to breathe in their flight, coats, waistcoats, jackboots, portions of trowsers left hanging upon the thorns of the hedges. Here a wounded horse lies gasping, there a gun-carriage broken and overthrown, with a horse which could not be disengaged, struggling and plunging, and covered with foam. The ground is stained with blood, and strewn with fragments of trees, torn down by the cannon-balls, and the grass and crops are trodden down and destroyed. Death, in every hideous shape, stalks over all. Here are heaped up groups of slain, among whom a discharge of grapeshot has coursed, their limbs are torn, their bodies with arms or legs shot away, their eyes hanging out of the sockets, their mouths rent open, jaws crushed and wrenched from the joints, their ears cut off or hanging by a shred, their skulls shattered, and brains dashed out and mingled with the hair, their bodies torn open and mangled, their blood contamination and loathsome. New horrors of death mark the passage of the cavalry, where the sabre has done its work, disfiguring

barefoot to obtain so great a favour. I have two most ardent wishes : to visit the Madonna of Loretto, and to see the Pope. You Romans enjoy, to the fullest extent, the sight of the great father of the faithful—the Vicar of Christ; and you have abandoned so exalted a presence to come here and kill us, your brethren in the Holy Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church."

Lando blushed with shame at so just a rebuke, and dared not raise his eyes to the face of Olga, whose bosom harboured a faith so pure and a charity so lively and noble. When they arrived at Fontani, and entered the court of the house where Olga was quartered, she saw Babba, who had returned from an exploring expedition, and calling him aside, she said to him, "Take softly upon your shoulders this prisoner of mine, who is wounded, and lay him upon my mattress; I'll be here again in a few moments."

Babba followed the directions of his cousin; and Olga, after putting up her horse, and seeing it well rubbed down by two soldiers, returned immediately to Lando's room. Upon another camp-bed Janni was laid or seated, with his arm in a sling, quietly smoking his pipe, for his wound was so slight, that it gave him but little pain. Olga sent a soldier for the surgeon, and in the mean time she gave orders to prepare broth for the refreshment of the wounded youth, who had tasted nothing since morning, and was faint and languid. The surgeon examined and dressed his wound afresh, probed it, applied lint and bandages with great skill, and then left him to attend to the other wounded.

Olga spoke to her colonel, who was distantly related to her, and a great friend of her father, and obtained his permission to watch over her prisoner, and exemption for a few days, until he was restored, from military duty, in which her cousin had lovingly offered to act as her substitute. The young Olga unceasingly watched by the bed of Lando, both day and night; no mother nor sister could have shown more solicitous and tender care, had he been sick in his own paternal home.

She asked him if he had a mother or sister, and on his answering that he had both, "Well," said she, "I will take their place beside you; you must know that I am a woman, and the life of a soldier has not deprived me of the natural tenderness and compassion inherent in our sex; the arduous life of war has made me strong and patient under fatigue, which if supportable in the camp, will become a pleasure by the bedside of a sufferer." These were not empty words; she performed every office of a most watchful infirmarian, preparing his bandages and his meals, and rising frequently during the night to administer restoratives, all with that pleasant tenderness which wins the heart of the most obstinate enemy.

Lando, by her assiduous and exquisite pains, improved so much in a few days, that his wound closed and healed, so that he could take a few steps in his room, and in a short time he gained so much strength that he was able to ride even long distances. Yet, in the midst of so much kindness, he was sad and in great doubt of his future lot; he

and that the Austrians were rapidly recovering the cities of the province of Venice; that General Nugent had effected a junction with the army of the enemy at Verona, and consequently Udine, Belluno, Treviso, Bassano, with the entire line of the Brenta, and the whole of the mountains of Vicenza, were reconquered for the empire by the imperial troops.

One day, at an early hour, he saw Olga enter his room, and with a pleasant smile, "Brave Roman, now that you are recovered, you are free to return to the arms of your country; consent to prolong the maternal anguish of her who loves you; go to Treviso, where the Italian garrison still awaits you, and thence return to Rome with as little delay as possible." Lando, abashed at such generosity, was preparing to return and thank the magnanimous young heroine, Olga interrupted him. "When you embrace your sister, tell her that you found another hero in the field of battle; tell her that she is a Croatian, who has the heart of a Roman; tell her that charity breathes not only upon the Tiber, but also on the Illova, and that even in the bosoms of Croats there beat the hearts of Christians. Of you I ask no other reward for myself, for my family, and for our race, than that you will visit the Holy House of Loreto, and when you arrive at Rome, that you will prostrate yourself before the shrines of the Princes of the Apostles, St. Peter and Paul, and beseech them to obtain for me the grace to preserve intact my Catholic faith, pure and unsullied, to the hour of my death."

She then took Lando by the hand and led him to the court, where he found horses in readiness, and presented him with a fine chestnut charger; she and her cousins, Babba and Janni, threw themselves into their saddles to accompany him with a band of horsemen as his escort. When they were approaching the first Italian sentinels, Babba rode forward bearing a white flag of truce, and Olga, before bidding farewell to her prisoner, said to him: "Lando, may you live happily, and some time recall to mind Olga the Croatian; tell the Roman legions that they are unjust in their perpetual cries of 'Death to the Croats,' and in holding that warlike race in such detestation. As the greatest indignity, they call the emperor a Croat; so also they call even the Neapolitans, Croats; the liberals of Italy are in the habit of denominating all soldiers who are faithful to the sovereigns, Croats, in the same manner as they call all that are faithful to Christ and to his Church, Jesuits. Jesuits and Croats are the two great bugbears of 'Young Italy.'

"But, I repeat, tell them that they do wrong to consider the title of Croatian as one of contumely, for as your Gioberti and all your demagogues call the Italians Pelasgians, they ought to hold the Croatian in great reverence and love, because he is a Pelasgian above all other men. We are the Liburnian Pelasgi, and we have always preserved our race pure from admixture with other nations; and among us there still lives a tradition, that we were the first to people Italy. While I was in garrison at Padua, that man of profound learning, Menin, who is writing the history of the costumes of all the nations in the world, said

1. The first part of the document is a letter from the President of the United States to the Congress, dated January 1, 1863. It is a very short letter, and it is very important. It is the first letter of the kind that has been written since the beginning of the world. It is the first letter that has been written by a President of the United States. It is the first letter that has been written by a man who has been elected President of the United States. It is the first letter that has been written by a man who has been elected President of the United States.

SECRET

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I will say, however, does it not seem
in these days as if we had without

falling into extremes? It is evident that the *Blacks*, the *Retrograders*, and the *Jesuits* are taking their revenge—they are making reprisals. I will grant that the demagogues had the most mischievous and hypocritical intentions; but people ought sometimes to notice, if not to praise, those temperate and wise men who desired a liberty, honest, upright, subject to God, and friendly to our fellow-men. Behold how many such there are in Tuscany, Rome, Naples, and even in Piedmont."

All true, most true. But if, again, we examine the views of the moderate men, together with nobleness, generosity, civil wisdom, there will be found, brooding in some corner, beneath these admirable virtues, powerful opiates and narcotics, and, above all, one baneful and frightful error, which is the belief, that states can be led to real felicity by a medicine concocted from poisons and antidotes.

This is the *claudicare*, the *duobus dominis servire*, which the Word of God, the eternal Truth, the infinite Wisdom, has declared impossible, not only in the government of civil states, but even in the private conduct of each individual. Our politicians have introduced a new dogma, a sort of patchwork of the two extremes, which they denominate the *Golden Mean*; the most absurd, and the most mischievous heresy of our times. These wise *savans*, perceiving that every child knows, both in Latin and in the vernacular, that in *medio stat virtus*, invented the paltry conceit of the Golden Mean, to persuade the multitude that they are enfolded in the arms of virtue, when they are seated at the feet of this masked counterfeit.

The Golden Mean from the time of Adam down to the birth of the moderate party, has been that point which holds the balance between two extremes and contrary vices; precisely as the needle of a balance holds the centre between the scales; for instance, the central point between *prodigality* and *avarice*; between *scrupulousness* and *laxity*; between *timidity* and *audacity*. But the pretended moderates fixed the Golden Mean between *vice* and its opposite *virtue*,—namely, between *religion* and *impiety*; between the *Catholic faith* and *heresy*; between *justice* and *iniquity*;—in fine, between *good* and *evil*; between *truth* and *falsehood*. How is it possible to discover a Golden Mean between these things? It is like seeking to unite fire and water,—a manifest impossibility, for the water will extinguish the fire, and there will only result a mixture of ashes and cinders. A little vice and a little virtue; a little truth and a little falsehood will certainly produce a most wicked composition; for good, if it be not all good, becomes evil; and truth, if it be not all truth, becomes falsehood. Tell me, you moderates, is this argument logical? It is clear as the sun. The Golden Mean is the assassin of the world; satisfied, like Pilate, with one act of justice and another of injustice, it washes its hands, and seated gravely, *pro tribunale*, it declares itself innocent of our destruction. Do not they show more consistency, who take the extremes? At least, they say openly, "Italians, make yourselves Protestants; renounce Christ; ye are, each of you, emanations from God, and, therefore, equal to God; you have consequently no further need of

laws, human or divine; the right of property exists no more, you are all masters of all; the people are God."

This is at least frank and honest; Giuseppe and Mazzini are, in this respect, worth more than all the pretended moderates of Italy, who, inciting at one moment to truth, at another to falsehood, now to justice and liberty, now to iniquity and tyranny, would finally plunge Catholic nations into a lethargy, which would consume them with exhaustion and want, and then sink them into what is neither more nor less the aim of Mazzini, the unfathomable abyss of impiety.*

Most certainly, they who pass for *Moderates* in Italy never view themselves in such a mirror, yet the reflection is neither distorted nor partial; it is a picture of every individual, and whether they deny it or not, this and no other is their faithful likeness.

The excellent Olga, with her Croatian patriotism, never supposed, while she was speaking to Lando in her classical style, that her words amounted to a lecture to the Moderates against wavering between two scales. How indeed could it concern her? Was she on that occasion to compare the patriotism of the Croatian with that of certain Roman citizens, who rushed down from the Seven Hills to exterminate the Croatian from the soil of Italy? Such conversation would not have been tolerated in public, and was scarcely listened to, much less reciprocated, by persons closeted in private, without witnesses, as it precisely happened to Bartolo in his private study at Rome.

CHAPTER XXX.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

BARTOLO was one day after dinner conversing with Don Prospero, a gentleman who a few years back had been one of the *Conservatori* of the Capitol, and, as often happens among friends in time of war and faction, Don Prospero took sides with the advocates of the ancient order of things, and Bartolo with those of the new, and each one, of course, maintained that he was in the right.

"I tell you, and I maintain it," said Don Prospero, "that the Romans are making themselves ridiculous through the whole of Italy. We'll say nothing of the Pope's sending them to the frontiers, with distinct orders not to cross the Po, the refusal of the legions to heed

* These evident truths inflamed the zeal of the Risorgimento, the organ of the moderate ministry of Turin, which, on finding the principles of Mazzini declared more frank and honest than the hypocrisy of the moderates, exclaimed: "There, again, the Retrograders are advocating extremes. They are amalgamating with the Mazzinians." Is that a fact? What remarkable logic Italy is taught by the Risorgimento.

those orders, and their thousand excuses, that they also are Italians, that the war is national, that Italy must be evacuated by the foreigner, that the Croat insults and disgraces it, that all nations have a right to their own *autonomy*,* that God is with them, the angel of Italy guides them, and the cross protects them. Yet I maintain the Romans have committed a most gross blunder in throwing themselves into this war."

"Oh, you know, Don Prospero, you have some rather antiquated notions; you can't shake off your old prejudices, looking upon Rome as the same city that was governed by a senator with his *capitulum* on his head, and his toga of cloth of gold. During these last two years, my dear friend, Rome has awoken from its long sleep; the Senate has changed to a municipal body, the Capitol recruits its new Camilluses, its Fabiuses, and its Torquatuses. The Roman youth are inflamed with patriotism, as in the times of Brutus and Scævola."

"For the sake of common sense, Bartolo, say no more. Patriotism is not bought at the apothecary's; the love of country cannot grow in the hearts of the effeminate, the corrupt, and the irreligious. Among the designing of our days, patriotism is a mask which covers ambition, pride, avarice, and the most cruel tyranny; among the simple it is not a feeling, but a mere vague and high-sounding expression, which echoes and then loses itself in the air, thus, among youth, it is a fire stirred up to fury by the demagogues; a fire noble in itself, but rendered noxious and malignant by the breath of the associations, who use it to wrap the world in flames. Such is the love of country which all the conspirators of Italy, both old and new, congregating to our destruction, have been transplanting into Rome."

"Why you talk like the most abject *Retrograder*, and I look at you with amazement, for I tell you that you do Rome great injustice in speaking in such a manner."

"Rome, did you say? As if Rome wished itself represented by proxy by that handful of madmen! And to fill you with still greater amazement, I'll open your eyes to another truth, which you certainly don't expect, which is, that this patriotism which you so highly extol in the Roman citizens who are gone to this war, has turned to their shame, and has made them the by-word and the laughing-stock of Italy. The volunteers from Lombardy, Tuscany, Piedmont, Naples, Venice, and the Romagna, maintain the war with more or less valour; but the Romans, ah, the Romans! my dear Bartolo, I really blush to repeat it, conduct themselves worse than the abandoned women of the Piazza Navona."

"Why, Don Prospero! Don Prospero!" (stroking his mustaches) "you have a mind to invent a little, to try my temper."

"I invent? ay? Have you the *Pallade*?"

"I have, but I never read it; Polissena used to read it."

"Well, do you think that the *Pallade* has much patriotism?"

"Yes,—for sale!"

* That was one of their Jacobin words.

"That's true, and it has it cheap; you will reach it here, if you please? that *Pallade*, which, with all its stores of patriotism, speaks of many Romans as the loudest talkers, and of those who threw out sparks of patriotism, like a wheel of fireworks; he speaks of them, I say, as of so many hares, deer, and rabbits. Here, give me No. 247. You shall hear about our Scipios and Metelluses.

"On Monday we reported in our notices of the Roman Legions, the news of the taking of Verona, and of the defeat of the Croats at Cornuda, taken in flank by General Durando. That news was not true. The following is the origin of the mistake: A little after noon there appeared coming down the high road, at full gallop, a vehicle full of civic officers, shouting "Victory! victory!" But, lo! those officers have turned out to be vile deserters, who, to pursue their flight in safety, without interruption from their comrades, invented these lies. Shame upon the wretches! Oh ho! a vehicle full of *civic* officers! Romans, you see,—not Tuscans, not Lombards, not Neapolitans,—Romans!"

"Well! and I also exclaim, Shame upon the wretches! Anything more than a few officers?"

"Wait a moment, Bartolo, we shall see that few multiplied," said Don Prospero, turning over a few leaves; "here, No. 245—listen! 'If our troops' (at Cornuda) 'had been led by men of greater courage and experience, Nugent's corps would have received a notable defeat.' Mind, they had courage enough upon their lips in the Piazza del Popolo; at the groaning tables of Terni, Foligno, and Ancona; at the assault upon the hen-roosts on their marches, and especially upon the hens and chickens of the upper plains. What say you, Bartolo?" "Read on, Prospero!" "'Pallas has it from a reliable source, that various lieutenants and other officers' (of higher rank is here meant) 'have shown themselves unworthy of their rank, and even abandoned their posts. Thus they proved themselves mere theatrical and review officers.'"

"I am indignant at such cowardice," said Bartolo.

"And I laugh at it!" rejoined Don Prospero. "Do you suppose that those braggadocios, whom we have seen so many years living in Rome on imposture, roguery, and trickery, should become Cincinnatuses and Coriolanususes. But do you know who did combat bravely in the Roman legions? Those honest and ingenuous youths, who were beguiled by the cunning agitators and went to the war—as for them, yes, they are true Romans. If the Roman legions had contained none but these, the honour of Rome would now be intact and unspotted in the sight of Italy and of Europe."

"I beg of you, Don Prospero, read no more; I have heard enough."

"Just a little more. Pallas, putting on her helmet and buckling on her coat of mail, brandishing her spear and seizing her shield, with its horrid snake-haired Gorgon, breaks into a grand philippic against the fugitives, who, if they before trembled at the whistling of the balls of the Croats, must now be ready to give up the ghost. Listen!

"If it should fatally be true, that a part of you have vilely deserted

the flag of Independence, which before your departure you kissed and embraced—woe to you, if that was the kiss of Judas! Your fellow-citizens, your brothers, your wives, who are expecting on your return to be presented with your victorious *laurels*, oh, with what indignation will they reject you from their embrace!" And then—why, and then—"Bartolo, this Pallas Minerva breaks into an imprecation so awful, that I have not the heart to read it all. She then proceeds to speak of slights; of fears; of tremblings; of the manner in which they throw themselves on their faces into the ditches, while balls were flying over their heads; of inflicting slight wounds on their own hands and arms, to suspend them to their necks and be admitted to the hospitals as wounded; and a number of other shameful acts of cowardice. No doubt, Bartolo, this Pallas is no other than the goddess of Wisdom, and she can with her owl's eyes discern who are cowards and worthless. And do you know who they were?"

"Whoever they were, their names ought to be placarded and exposed to the scoffs of the public!"

"Who? Here they are, in No. 247, and elsewhere. They are—'A number of Croats, disguised as Roman civic soldiers.'"

"Why, what nonsense is this, Don Prospero? You are really in a good humour to-day!"

"I am not joking with you—read here; this letter of Horatio Antinori, dated Venice, May 16th, is worth one of Livy's harangues. Antinori, after asserting that discord had been introduced among the legions by the intrigues of the Croats, so far as even to proclaim General Ferraro himself a traitor, continues: 'The vile traitors are those officers who from the midst of a life of luxury have passed into the camp of Mars, and thus suddenly exchanged their crowns of flowers for musket-balls and the shouts of a people exulting in the tremendous thunder of war; but when their imaginary chivalric valour was cowed, they sought to excuse themselves by proclaiming, "that the camp was a confused Babel; that there were no heads; that they were eager to defend Italy"—(with their tongues, not with their blood).

"There is not a doubt, that in this most disgraceful state of things, the soldiers are also culpable; but not on that account can they be excused for the inconstancy shown in forsaking the enterprise. I know that Padua received with hisses those deserters of the Italian cause. I hope they may meet with the same reception in every other city; that when they re-enter the Holy City it may be as disgraced runaways, despoiled of the Cross which they have betrayed.' Good heavens! If I had said as much, my dear Bartolo, I should have been a calumniator—a double-dyed Croat. But besides the Croats, there glided into the Roman camp in the helmets with the red horse-hair crests and the great coats of the Civic Guard—could you guess who? I'll wager my head that you wouldn't guess right once in a thousand."

"The good-for-nothing young fops of the Caffè Nuovo?"

"Try again."

"The galley slaves of Termini, who threw off their striped doublets, for the military tunic and tricolor cross?"

"Try again."

"The thieves let out of the prisons, who exchanged their chains for the red trousers?"

"Try again."

"Who were they, then? I give it up."

"Don't faint, my good friend; they were the—*Jesuits*!"

"The Jesuits, disguised as Roman citizens, went and mixed with the legions to raise a panic among them in the heat of battle, and put them to flight?"

"Yes, it's a positive fact. Look here, in No. 250: 'Italian news. The Jesuits, who were with us, dressed as civic soldiers, have caused our defeat. The moral prestige of our legions is destroyed,' &c., &c. Don't you see now?"

"Yes, I see now, what puts you in such a laughing humour."

"And I tell you, Bartolo, that if the Jesuits had been there, mixed up with the legions, they would have shouted at the top of their voices: 'Stand fast there, cowards; do you wish to become the laughing-stock of the Croats? If your own honour is not worth defending, at least have some regard for that of Italy and of Rome.'"

"But let us speak seriously; we are not to consider this as applicable to the whole of the Roman legions; there are exceptions to every rule."

"Undoubtedly, the Romans are naturally brave men, and many that went to the war have proved themselves such, as I have already said; but that was not the case with the impious and vicious sots by whom they were surrounded. God has permitted so much baseness, because they were filled with arrogant boasting, beyond all the other Italians. In the other cities of Italy our youth are less given to noisy vapouring, and act with persevering courage. The civic troops were valiant heroes, as long as they had to contend against the unarmed, defenceless Jesuits; but when in front of the Austrians, so shameless and numerous were the desertions among them, that at Padua and Bologna, as the *Pallade* says, they were received with hisses, the honourable uniform of the Roman Guard was torn from their backs, and they were overwhelmed with contumely. The minister, Mamiani, found it necessary to publish a circular to the provincial governors, to 'imprison the runaways.' A fine thing, truly! They who had rushed to the redemption of Italy, with such vaunting, are loaded with the chains which they had prepared for the Croats. Prince Aldobrandini, in the order of the day of May 19, says: 'Let us blot their names from our rolls; they cannot, they ought not, henceforth, to form part of the civic troops of Rome.'"

"Yet I flattered myself," said Bartolo, "with such sanguine hopes that the redemption of Italy would be achieved by the prowess of our heroes; and here it all ends in smoke."

While the two friends were conversing, Angiolo brought some letters from the post-office.

"Ah, reach them here," said Bartolo. "This comes in good time! Lando writes to me from Padua. Let us see."

Lando had written to his uncle the particulars, already related, of his wound, and of his approaching return to Rome, and gratefully describes the manner in which he owed his life to the generous and sisterly care of Olga. He expatiated upon the generous treatment extended to all the prisoners by the Austrians, and the mirthful indifference with which General Nugent and their other officers saw the calumnies and insulting caricatures, daily published against them, in Rome. "It is not to be denied," said the general, laughing, "that the Italians are of a facetious turn, and if they handled their swords as well as they do their pens and pencils, it would be a dark day for us." Lando went on to express the alteration which had taken place in his own sentiments, and in those of Mimo and many others of his friends. He was indignant at the vile cowardice and shameful defiance of all order, on the part of the rabble which formed a large portion of the Roman troops; while, on the other hand, he gave due praise to those who had distinguished themselves in the performance of their duty. The latter he described as overwhelmed with shame at being confounded with such miscreants; and at beholding, instead of the valour and discipline, so much boasted of in Rome, the population everywhere flying at their approach, as if invaded by licentious savages.* "I hope," continued he, "that you will already have received Mimo's letter, informing you of the death of Polissena."

"What!" exclaimed Bartolo, "Polissena dead? When? Where? I have no letters from Mimo, they must have been lost. Let us see what Lando says about it. 'What a beautiful end! How God touched her heart! How passionately the poor creature longed to confess her sins! How fortunate to die, as she did, the death of a Christian and a heroine!' Angiolo, go! run to the post-office; ask if there are no other letters to my address. 'She died a Christian and a heroine!' Angiolo, stop! I had better go myself. Don Prospero, let us go."

They went out, arm-and-arm, to the post-office, continuing their conversation on the progress, or rather the decadence, of what was called the Italian cause. And Don Prospero proved, by authentic letters, that as in Rome, so the inhabitants of the other chief cities of Italy, so far from benefiting by their newly-acquired liberty became the prey of the licentious and lawless ruffians that infest every state, and rise to the surface in times of revolution, subverting the laws necessary for the protection of society, and endangering the honour and lives of individuals, as well as their property. Bartolo, on leaving Don Prospero, who had to attend to some affairs of importance at noon, continued his way to the post-office, reflecting on what he had heard and read. He was personally acquainted with Ginati, whose letters Don Prospero had quoted, during their conversation, in support of his views; he knew him to be one of the supporters of the new

* It is fortunate that those who have accused us of using exaggeration can refer to the testimony of whole cities, in the States of Venice, in proof of what is said above.

ideas in Tuscany, and saw his confidential communications to his friend.

"The Retrograders," thought he, as he walked along, "are not so much to be blamed for not taking as gospel the heroism of our agitators; for considering them as cloaking their base hearts with a noble exterior, as covetous of riches more than of glory, of power more than of liberty, and actuated more by hatred against monarchs than by the love of their country. This Giusti, one of the principal leaders in these revolts in Italy, admits, without concealment, that the whole affair is a rascally business, and a farce! Yet in public he shouts himself hoarse, in defence of a cause which he considers bankrupt, both in merit and in conclusion. Confessors would call such tampering with one's own conscience, neither more nor less than downright hypocrisy."

At this point in his meditations, Bartolo reached the post-office, and asked if there were any letters for him.

"We have delivered them to your servant," said the clerk.

"They are not all there; I know that another letter was written to me some days back, and you are always inattentive in your deliveries, and particularly since this idea of the resurrection of Italy, your brains are gone a wool-gathering."

"It's you that are out of humour, Signor Capegli; I repeat that there are no other letters in the box C."

"Come now, have the goodness to look about a little; there ought to be a letter, of great interest to me; you will oblige me infinitely."

After a good deal of searching among the letters to be kept till called for, the clerk produced one addressed to Capegli, and Bartolo walked away with great satisfaction, and soon discovered as he went, that it was, as he expected, from Mimo. It is unnecessary to relate his extreme astonishment at the narrative of the edifying death of Polissena, and how he felt his soul moved to sentiments of piety, reverence, and faith; but on arriving at the passage which described her ardour to make her confession to a priest, and how, when in that solitary place, at such an hour and in the midst of the terrors of war, it was impossible to obtain one, she turned, with an impulse of contrition and love, to the image of Mary, Bartolo burst into tears, which he was unable to restrain until he arrived at the house of Adele, towards which he had turned his steps.

He found his sister-in-law grieving that so long a time had passed without hearing from her sons, and when she saw Bartolo's saddened countenance, and the traces of his tears, she was filled with alarm.

"Be calm," said Bartolo, "your sons are living, and behave like brave men; they are both, moreover, on their way back to Rome, and will throw themselves into your arms within a few days."

Nanna gave a cry of joy, while Adele could not utter a word, and was so overcome by her maternal feelings, that she stood with her eyes open, and fixed upon her brother, like a statue. Bartolo aroused her by the recital of the death of Polissena; he repeated what Mimo had written, his voice frequently broken by sobs so that he was compelled to stop, but when he read the passage in which the dying lady

so affectionately entreated the forgiveness of Alisa, Adele threw herself on her knees, before a beautiful Madonna of Carlo Dolci, and with her arms upraised, and her hands joined,—

“Oh, mother of mercy,” she exclaimed, “how great is your merciful love for us poor sinners! obtain for that unfortunate soul, full pardon from your divine Son, and that she may be spared the dreadful pains of purgatory.”

“What a consolation,” said she, turning to Bartolo, “this will be to Alisa! Bartolo, give me the letter; I will take it to her myself, to San Dienisio, and you go to the Anima and to the Suffragio, and have masses said for her soul. Ah, Nanna! what a miracle of grace! Poor Polissena, let us never say another word to her disparagement, her soul is among the blessed.”

CHAPTER XXXI.

ROME ON THE FIRST OF MAY, 1848.

WHILE the Roman civics were preparing to achieve against the Austrians the feats of prowess which are in part related in the last chapter, the Pope wished to take some step with reference to the disobedience of his troops, in passing the Po, and entering the Venetian territory, contrary to his prohibition. For, as it will be remembered, they snatched up their tricolor standards, and raising them upon the Capitol in sight of the whole world, swore they would never rest until they had planted them upon the tower of San Stephano, in Vienna. When the Pope saw this from the Quirinal lodge, he gave his benediction to Italy, declaring, at the same time—

“That he was at war with no one; that all Christians were his children; that he pressed them all paternally to his heart; that the Roman volunteers were at liberty to unite themselves to his troops, which he was sending to guard the Pontifical States, but that they were not to cross the borders.”

He spoke to the deaf. In the interpretation of good Catholics, this blessing of Italy, signified that the Roman pontiff prayed that it might receive those celestial gifts, those superabundant graces, that strength of faith, that firmness of hope, that ardent charity, which, raising Italy above all other nations, as well as above itself, would render it, in the eyes of God, strong, and incomparable in magnanimity, peace, concord, and emulation in the choicest virtues, both of soul and body;—a benediction which, raising it still higher in the brilliancy of the eternal light of the gospel, would make it the mistress of truth to all nations, far and near, in these days, as much as in past ages; a shining light to all that are benighted a

overclouded in the shadow of death, a guide to wanderers from the paths of eternal life;—a benediction which would draw upon Italy the dew of heaven, and the fertility of the earth; which would engage the princes of the apostles, Peter and Paul, to overshadow it with the most exalted patronage of their invincible power; which would invoke upon its cities, upon its towns, its plains, the powerful arm of St. Michael, the champion of the Most High, the guardian of the Roman Church, the terror of the angels of Satan, the shield of the faithful, and a sword of fire against the impious;—a benediction, which would restore to Italy, that supreme dignity and grandeur which crowns her among nations, by the sublimity of her genius, by her skill in the arts, by the power of her arm, and the wisdom of her counsels.

Such was the benediction pronounced upon Italy, and upon her sons, by the lips of Pius IX., the sovereign Pontiff of the Church of God; but this blessing was commented upon, expounded, and distorted into meanings, intents, and purposes, without end.

"He blessed Italy! Therefore, he cursed the Austrians!" was the conclusion of some of those interpreters in the Piazza Colonna. And if some honest Trasteverino shook his head, and said that "these inferences don't quite come home to me, for if I bless my daughter, Nunziata, it don't exactly follow, that I curse my other daughter, Felicita," he was called a sheepish blockhead by his mustached opponents.

"Well, even a sheep can bleat," replied Menico, as he went on his way.

"He blessed Italy, therefore he blessed the swords, spears, and daggers of the united Italians." Another added, "and he blessed the arms which wield the swords, and still more the heart which trembles not in its pericardium."

"Who's talking of picaroons?" cried out one of Cicernuacchio's sash-bucklers.

"Who are you talking of pitching into now, you cursed 'Black?'"

"The Austrians," replied the other.

"That's something more like; down with the 'Blacks,' say I."

"He blessed Italy, therefore Italy ought to act for itself; it ought to be free, it ought to be a nation. This time then let the Croat tremble, and flee; let not one dare to turn his head for a parting look; it is a sacred land, a land that is blessed!"

"Ay, it is precisely because it is a blessed land," said to himself more than one 'wig and gown,' "that foreigners love it so much, and they are so charmed with it that they will shed a stream of blood for every foot of it."

Then the public papers, from the *Isonzo* down to the *Jillaro*, had every one its say; there never was a blessing so blessed as that; and it echoed from troop to troop, from cannon to cannon, from musket to musket, until it was a perfect wonder of a blessing. The Roman Civics carried their bagful of blessings upon the *Piave*, upon the

Livenza, the Sile, the Talliamento; they scattered them by handfuls until the air was redolent of blessings. But since so many ran away, it can only be explained by supposing that some stitch must have given way and let out the blessing, or that when they left their camp in the keeping of the Austrians, it fell into their hands with the other arms, and with the baggage, and they had made it a prisoner of war, and still keep it as a dear favourite, turning it to good account against the Italians who lost it.

Every one knows that for the last three centuries, commencing with Luther and Calvin down to Voltaire, and from him down as far as Carlo Botta, the world has been stunned with cries against Papal excommunications; that poor Gregory VII., that Alexander III., that Boniface VIII., that Clement VII., and finally Pius VII., were loaded with so many excommunications by various writers on the excommunications fulminated against the German emperors, against Philip le Bel, against Henry VIII., and against Napoleon, that in our days to mention the word excommunication, is held a crime of the blackest dye against our present civilization; and one might advance the most gross absurdity, rather than that the Pope has still the power to excommunicate, not an emperor, but even a beggar. Let us proceed to an instance. Six would-be great personages (of those that had particularly distinguished themselves in persuading the Romans to go to the war) had met to dine at the Lepri eating saloon, in the Via Condotti, and were conversing with a pompous, magisterial air, on the present state of Italy and Rome. They were already at the fourth course of dishes, when Sterbini, who presided at the table, said to the waiter:—

“Bring the Madeira.”

“Yes, sir;” and he ran to the sideboard.

“No, dunce, that’s the claret; that has passed round twice already; the Madeira, I tell you.”

“Good: after the pheasants you will pour out the Marsalla, and after the sturgeon let us have the Bellet, which is our Radetzky.”

“And the champagne, when will you have it?”

“Ah! our Charles Albert! we will pass that round the last; it is sparkling and brisk, and the very thing for a toast to Italy.”

“Then turning to the other guests, among whom were Pier Agnolo Fiorentino, and the Italian prelate, he said:—

“We must give a lesson to those miserable Austrians, who have had the audacity to issue from the citadel of Ferrara, and quarter themselves through the city, as if upon their own ground.”

“Accidenti!” cried Ciceruacchio, who sat at the other end of the table facing Sterbini, “Accidenti! so these greasy beards really had the impertinence to set foot on our ground, had they? We must put them all on our spears, and make a roast of them. We will mince them to sausage-meat.”

“Well done, our excellent Angelo! You will make an admirable store-keeper of the Austrian’s swine-flesh!”

“But, then, my good fellow,” said Count Mamiani, smoothing the

hair upon his temples, and in a tone of suavity, "what you would require from the Jesuits, monks, and priests, might be had cheap, but those wild Croatian swine have awful tusks, and belch fire and flame with a grunting and a rage so tempestuous, that you would perhaps not find it so easy to grasp them by the bristles, and go through all the other operations for reducing them to sausage-meat."

Then Sterbini, with a slight frown and his head pompously thrown back, and his chin forward, said with the gravity of a Cato, "To strike terror into the Austrians, besides the invincible valour of the Roman legions, we need a sharper weapon: that sword of fire of the cherubim, which expelled our first parents from Paradise."

"What cherubim are you speaking of?" said Pier Agnolo. "The cherubim! why they have had their wings clipped, and they have betaken themselves into the highest heaven until they grow again!"

"I mean to say," said Dr. Pietro, in a tone of indignant wisdom, "I mean to say that this is not the time to stand with our hands in our pockets, and if it was ever for the advantage of the Pope to unsheath the sword of St. Peter, and hurl the thunders of the Vatican, this is the time. The Austrians have set foot upon the soil of the Church; they are therefore excommunicated *ipso facto*. But that is not enough. Pius IX. must make an example before the world; he must fulminate against the emperor the major excommunication, 'late sententie.'"

The prelate hereupon burst into a boisterous horse-laugh, exclaiming, "Really, Sterbini, is it you?—positively you? You?—excommunication—Pietro Sterbini—1848!"

"Well, sir?"

"That last glass of Madeira must have contained the Spanish spirits of Torrecremada and Ximenes; it can be nothing else. And whence would you hurl this excommunication?"

"From the steps of the Vatican, with the usual forms."

"You would have to turn over the entire sacristy of St. Peter's to find the old parchment rituals, and drag them out of the dust; Ciceruacchio would serve as the living bookstand, and you and Count Mamiani, with lighted torches in hand, would answer 'Amen,' as soon as the tremendous words should have been pronounced by the Pope, and then you would extinguish your torches according to the rubric."

"This is not a mere joke, monsignore. Everything has its own time. Learn that I say it not as originating with me. This morning at the Caffè Nuovo, at the Piccioni, and in the Circolo Popolare, the cry was unanimous—'Excommunication!'"*

"But what will the world say? After three hundred years, during which the world has been making itself hoarse with shouting against excommunications, would you forge one upon the anvil of the Vatican, and hurl it hot and piercing at the head of an emperor? And it was

* It may appear a ridiculous joke, but we heard it with our own ears, and all Rome heard it for several days.

not the Sacred College that provoked this, but the Roman Circolo Popolare, which sent troops first to invade the Austrian territory."

"The Pope, is Pope, *hodie et nudius tertius*; therefore Pius IX. ought to maintain his territory inviolate. God gave it to the Church, woe to them that meddle with it!"

"Ah! there is the cloven foot! Yet it has more than once been sounded in my ears that Pietro Sterbini and Co. were only waiting for the rebounding of the ball to seize upon the States of the Church, and invest themselves with the sovereignty of Rome."

"Whoever says it lies in his throat. Our friend Galletti swore to Pius IX. that he would shed the last drop of his blood in defence of the Pontificate, and I would give not only the last drop of mine, but the systole and diastole of my heart."

While they were becoming heated in this dispute about excommunication, Torre rushed into the room breathless, and with his eyes protruding from his head, shouting, "We are betrayed!"

"How?"

"What has happened?"

"The Pope, as you know, has to-day held a secret consistory. Well,—he has made pretty fools of us all. We have been trifling like children with the future triumphs of our legions, the approaching redemption of Italy, the birth of liberty, the indissoluble nationality, and eternal;—all has vanished like the dream of a sick man."

"Explain yourself. Has he excommunicated the emperor?"

"He has signed our downfall, and has stricken us with a plague that will blister us worse than a hundred excommunications."

"Well; but let us know in substance why?"

"The why and the wherefore consist in an allocution most ruinous to us, printed in secret, and posted on every wall in Rome."

"But what does it say?"

"It says that he has no intention of making war with Austria."

"You have not read right."

"Ay, I have not read right, eh!—I have not read right? Look here a moment at this copy of it. Listen. 'It being the desire of some' (some, says he!—all desire it, except the *Blacks*)—'that we should join in the war against the Austrians, with the other Italian states and princes; we believe it to be at length our duty to declare openly in this your assembly, that it is most foreign to our counsels' (ay, did I read aright?) 'because we, although unworthy, are the vicegerents upon earth of Him who is the Author of peace and the lover of charity; and, in accordance with the duty of our apostleship, we embrace equally with paternal affection all races, all people, and all nations.' (He is also the father of the Austrians!) 'If, notwithstanding, certain individual subjects have been borne away by the example of the other Italians, how can we find means to restrain their ardour?'"

When this was read, Sterbini struck the table such a blow with his fist that the plates rattled and the glasses were broken; monsignore stared at him stupidly; Ciceruacchio shouted, "Blood and thunder!"

and ended with a volley of curses against the cardinals. "It's them cursed cardinals, that have put into the ears of Pius IX. this wicked allocation ; but their red caps won't serve 'em this time. Death to the cardinals !"

Count Mamiani, on the contrary, with his impassible countenance : "Peace! peace! my brethren," said he, "peace! While you are all carried away by a passion which robs you of your discernment, I, on the other hand, have conceived a smiling idea, which tinges everything with rosy light."

"What rosy light? Ideas of blood they ought to be—of terrible revenge—of death!"

"Peace, brethren! This strong step of Pius IX. will cost him dear. I see the passage open to a new liberty, to new plans, to new enterprises. Be but cautious, and the blow will not fail."

"Speak, count; what course do you advise? For the contest is pretty near desperate."

"Not at all. If the ministry were a Mamiani, a Galletti, do not doubt but that the battle could be restored. Now for the steps to be taken. You, Sterbini, go into the Corso, influence the people, cry out treachery, stir up to fury that part of the Civic Guard which is wholly ours. You, Ciceruacchio, fly through the Monte, the Regola, and Trastevere, collect your scattered fellows, shout that Rome is in danger, that a conspiracy of the cardinals threatens a reaction, that we are on the point of falling again into the grasp of Lambruschini and Nardovi; that the *Blacks* are for killing us all. Yell your best, rave, curse,—there is no time to be lost. In the mean time, I will hasten to the Senator Corsini, to the Duke di Rignano, and to the minister of war. Wait a moment, Sterbini; stop, Messer Angelo; you, monsignore, put your shoulder to the wheel,—the city papers must be set agoing; let them breathe fire and fury; leave the rest to me: we shall come off victorious without a chance of failure."

Every one hastened to his business. Sterbini went down to the Piazza di Spagna, jumped into a carriage, and away towards the Corso. While the horses galloped madly, he stood up supporting himself with one hand upon the back of the carriage, and with the other waving a white handkerchief, he signed to the crowds who were streaming from every cross-street, to hasten towards the Ghigi palace. From the tobacco shop of Piccioni there rushed a crowd of brethren,—from the Caffè Nuovo there flowed a swollen and foaming torrent; every group, and knot, and company of people who had stopped along the Corso to read the allocation, or to comment upon it, or to rave against it, fell in with the vortex, which dragged with it everything in the street, in the stores, and in the other caffès.

"To the Poli barracks!"* shouted Sterbini: "to the quarter of the Piazza Borghese! Run! fly! sound the tocsin! We are betrayed!—

* The various battalions of the Civic Guard were distinguished by the names of the fourteen wards of Rome; but some were usually called by the name of the place in which they were quartered, as that of the Poli palace, of the Piazza Borghese, of the Piazza of Venice, etc., etc.

we are murdered! Pius IX. is in danger! Quick! I say, presto; to the barracks of the Piazza of Venice, of the Sant' Apostoli; seize the first carriages you find; whip, spur, fly to the quarters of the Monte, to the Cancellaria, to the Piazza Farnese. Drive in haste! There's no time to be lost!—to the gates of Rome!—to the gates, I tell you!—to the Castle! Ah! the infamous traitors! To the Ponti barracks! Rush to the assault!—seize them before the cardinals can get possession of them to bombard Rome!"

"What! bombard us, the Roman people? The sovereign people bombarded? The incarnate imps!—death to the cardinals!—death to the bombardiers!"

In another part of the city Ciceruacchio, in his light cart, drove through the streets like a thunderbolt; everywhere he kindled the populace to fury; he rushed into the grog-shops, into the barracks of the Civic Guard, and into certain peculiar dens, where he kept a set of the worst of characters.

"Out with you, scoundrels, out! Yell and howl, 'Death to the Cardinals!—Death to the Priests!'" He flew to the Campo Vaccino, among the excavators of the *beneficenza*, the retreat of the sacred phalanx, Satan's skirmishers:

"Up, you, to the Corso; shoulder to shoulder! Up, ye gallows-birds! Go you to the hill of the Capitol; you, through the Piazza Montanara; and let these go down through Trajan's Forum and the Sant' Apostoli. A cask of wine shall be yours to night; bread and cheese, and a *papitto* a head. Run! and the devil squeeze your hearts!" *

For a day and a half the most dreadful anarchy reigned in Rome. The most furious of the Civic Guard rushed past the little fountain of Borghese, through the Orso, the Panico, and the Banchi; they met at the head of the Bridge of Sant' Angelo, and filed through the grating of the castle.

"Who goes there?" cries the sentinel.

"The Roman Civic Guard. Quick! the officer of the picket."

"What do you want?" says the officer.

"We have orders from Pius IX. to join you in the defence of the castle."

"Produce your order."

"The order is verbal—our word of honour—Lieutenant, with the good—we are brothers—"

"Enter!"

They crowd in, drive out the sentinel, and two of them place themselves on guard. The rest cross the drawbridge, take possession of the outer wall, and pass into the keep. Others join them in small parties, and swell the numbers of the garrison. The whole castle is theirs. It was an amusing spectacle to see those heroes with the flaming horse-

* Such is a tithe of the foul language used by those ruffians. Others would have hesitated to soil their pages with such expressions, but how otherwise can a faithful picture be given to foreigners of the depth of misery to which Rome was reduced in those days?

need not the advice of counsellors. You, you alone give your own decision." The Pope stood firm. These embassies came and returned; the Circolo Popolare was waiting in the most violent uproar; the Civic Guard fenced in that rock of Minerva. At length their envoys made their appearance. "The Pope is resolute; he says he will grant a reply to-morrow."

"To the Polverura!" shouted a voice; "to the powder magazine!" echoed a hundred others: and a strong body of civics jumped into a number of carriages and hastened to the assault of the powder magazine at the gate of San Paolo. Of this comfortable kind of assault in carriages Rome gave some admirable examples to Europe during those commotions,—a new device, but unworthy of the world's conquerors. The ancient Romans on foot surmounted the Pyrenees, the snows and glaciers of the Alps, and crossed the burning sands of Lybia; but the sons of those heroes flew to their triumphs in carriages, with their guns between their knees, cigars in their mouths, making descents upon the taverns and strewing them with—empty bottles.

Let us once more revert to the journals. The *Epocha*, after relating that "the people, impressed with its dignity and exalted position, had pronounced its decree,—*the independence of Italy at any sacrifice*,"—thus continued:—

"About the hour of ten, there took place a numerous convention, of about fifteen hundred persons; five citizens were elected to determine the projects afterwards to be resolved upon. The Casino [of the Circolo Popolare is meant] was externally surrounded by the Civic Guard, under arms, and by an immense concourse of people. The whole proceeding bore the impress of the imposing dignity of a *people, with deliberate reflection, deciding its own destinies*. [And the Pope, had he no longer a voice in such decisions?] The members of the assembly were ranged in a semicircle, and the president and deputies stood upon a platform in front of the people. [Homer's gods in Olympus.] On the right was a picket of the Civic Guard, commanded by Angelo Brunetti [the Marshal Ciceruacchio], and in solemn calmness the discussion opened."

In the mean time, in the caffè of the Belli Arti, a Catiline jumped upon a marble table, and shouted at the top of his voice—

"Romans, we are betrayed! but to discover the treachery and the betrayers, there is no better means than to make ourselves masters of the secrets of the post-office. Away! run to the courier's office; seize the letters, despatches, packages! we'll read all the wicked designs which are written among kings, ambassadors, nuncios, legates, consuls, and villains of all nations!"

"The Pope's too?" cried a voice.

"Those of the Pope must be read first of all; those of the cardinal secretary of state, and then those of the other cardinals!"

In the midst of this pandemonium, one honest voice was heard.

"Infamy! Abomination! Letters are sacred and inviolable: the rights of mankind are entrenched beneath every seal; he who breaks it is a traitor, a felon to security, and civil liberty!"

"What liberty? What security? Tyrants are deserving of neither! To the Post, brethren!"

"To the Post! to the Post!" shouted those madmen.

A crowd of villanous wretches rushed to the Post-office: "Deliver up the letters, or die, all of you!"

The clerks were compelled to throw the letters into their hands, as the traveller his purse to the hands of highway robbers. The Civics filled the hoods of their cloaks, others their helmets, others carried them away in their arms.

"To the Capitol! Let them be opened upon the platform, and read to the people collected below. It is the people's right to learn the treachery of its tyrants!"

Hereupon, Ciceruacchio and the others, possessed madmen, wished to force the senator to commit this felony.

Never, from the foundation of Rome to the present time, did the Capitol behold so criminal a breach of trust, nor a transaction so foul as this. Our descendants will refuse to credit it, like so many other enormities stated in this narration; for even our own contemporaries accuse us, from various parts of Italy, of dilating upon those topics through envy and revenge, of inventing charges that are extravagant, and coloured and shaded with scoffing and ridicule, and of describing grotesque and mad antics, like Don Pirlone, to excite laughter.

But the Romans do not make the same accusation. They, who were eye-witnesses of all these monstrosities, loudly attest to all Italy, that our narration does not depict a thousandth part of what took place in Rome in those days. Neither can we be accused of being actuated by rancour and revenge, inasmuch as we have introduced into this narration nothing but what the conspirators transacted in Italy, in the full light of day, before the eyes of Rome, and of all Europe. The journals of every state in the Peninsula admired, praised, gloried, and triumphed in their achievements, in strains of such bombastic and glowing eloquence, that it excites disgust, pity, and contempt.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE UNDECEIVING.

"Oh, as for me," said Bartolo to Signor Fernando, in the parlour of San Dionisio, where he had gone to see Alisa, who was still with her good and dear mothers—"as for me, I no longer know where I am. During these two days, Rome resembles a madman struggling in convulsions. After a terrible fit, he is calm for a moment; a mixture of joy and terror sparkles in his eyes; then he again grinds and gnashes his teeth, he clenches his fists and shakes his head with violence, his

body and limbs are twisted into the most deformed contortions, and he sends forth the yells of a demon. The night of the 29th of April, Rome seemed sinking into ruin, and the Corso resembled an abode of demons. The whole night it was a scene of horror, and not until three in the morning was tranquillity sufficiently restored to permit a few hours' sleep."

"If it had all evaporated in a fright and noise," said Signor Ferdinando, "we might console ourselves; but it is far otherwise, and I should not wonder if these combinations end in such enormities, that Rome will become a desert."

"God forbid! This can be but one of those sudden outbreaks which sometimes agitate Rome, and then subside; you know the disposition of the Romans. After a violent outburst, a gathering of mobs, a distracting roar of shouts, every one calms down again, and returns quietly to his ordinary occupation."

"You'll see, Bartolo, that it is as I say. This is no sham disturbance; there broods under this a diabolical spirit, which springs from the abodes of Young Italy. For ten Romans, I see among them a hundred strangers stirring and blowing up the flames. The Romans have this day exchanged their natural, honest characters, to break out into every brutal act. What they have done to the Cardinal Chancellor is of itself enough, if they had done nothing else."

"Why, what has happened to that most excellent dignitary? I am well aware that the brethren of the societies have long had a crow to pluck with him; for so early as thirty-one, he scattered them like chaff before the wind."

"I see very well that you are unacquainted with what has happened during the last two hours. I must tell you, then, that the Pope, hearing cries of death against some of the cardinals, sent for them to his palace. One of the most venerable among them had scarcely crossed the Corso, when a mob of scoundrels, enraged by the satellites of Ciceruacchio, began to hiss him, to throw mud and cabbage-stalks, and were already snatching up stones, when the coachman turned his horses full gallop up the Via di Condotti.

"What is it?' cried the people, assembling in crowds.

"A spy."

"No! an Austrian in disguise."

"He was for setting the Caffè Nuovo on fire."

"The Lord save us!"

"He killed somebody."

"Ah, the savage! hit him, seize him, he's an Austrian!"

"I had just arrived at the foot of the hill of Capo alle Case, and I saw a carriage whirled along and pursued by a number of enraged fellows, shouting, 'stop! stop!' but the driver plied the whip to the horses, and they flew like the wind, while a long way was a stream of men, increasing and swelling fearfully. 'Who?' shouted the new comers. 'An Austrian; catch him! down him!' The people in the houses rushed to the windows and; the women in the street lifted their little children above the

crowd, and ran with the rest, or rather were borne along by that raging tide: 'Strike him down!' 'Death! he's an emissary.' With difficulty the poor cardinal succeeded in making his escape to the palace of the Pope."

"What is this you tell me, Signor Ferdinando? What infamy! Such excesses in Rome."

"That's nothing in comparison with what took place in the Palace of the Chancery. The Pope sent Monsignore Maggiordomo, and a Secret Chamberlain in his own state carriage to fetch the cardinal, who was guarded as a prisoner by the Civic Guards. At the appearance of the carriage they flocked out of their quarters, drew up in front of the gate with fixed bayonets, and shouted, 'Stand! you can't pass.'

"Monsignore Maggiordomo said that he had orders from the Pope to take the cardinal to the palace. An insolent young sub-lieutenant immediately thrust himself forward, and asked, 'Have you a written order from the Pope?' Monsignore nobly replied, 'that when the Sovereign Pontiff sends his Maggiordomo in person to execute his commands, it is not usual to give his orders in writing.'

"'No!' cried the shameless youth; 'you shall not pass without an order.'

"When the Pope heard of this violence, he called the general of the Civic Guard, and ordered him to bring the cardinal to him. The prince, entering his carriage, went with a prelate to the Court of Chancery, and calling the captain of the guard, gave him the order of his Holiness. But before the captain had time to answer, the same lieutenant who had addressed the cardinal interrupted him.

"'What Pope?' cried he, in a ruffianly tone. 'The cardinal is a traitor; he is our prisoner.'

"'But you, officer and soldiers, pray be reasonable; this is an order from the sovereign, a positive command: he requires the cardinal in his presence. Be Romans; make no further opposition.'

"'No! he shall not go out.' The general eyed him sternly, and said, 'I shall see who will dare fire at my breast when I take with me his Eminence.' The lawless villain replied, 'We will fire upon you both;' and casting a glance at the others, those reprobates ran to their muskets, threw themselves upon the stairs and the landings, and planted themselves with fixed bayonets at the doors; the cardinal, therefore, remained in his apartment, and the general, boiling with rage, withdrew amid the yells and hisses of that rabble."

At this relation, Bartolo chafed and writhed in his chair; he seized the partition grate of the nun's parlour, and shook it in the violence of his anger; Alisa, who had in the mean time entered, turned her astonished eyes from her father to the superioress who had accompanied her.

"Well, what do you say to that, my friend? You, who so loudly proclaimed the Civic Guard as the deliverer of Rome, and almost of the Holy Church! And now while we are speaking, siege is laid by this same most religious Civic Guard to the palaces of the cardinals, and they are held there prisoners. As I came here I saw with my

own eyes double guards at all the gates and doors, and you will see them yourself as you return home.

"To Albano! to Albano! Alisa, get ready, for I will remove from the sight of such a scandalous spectacle. What will the world say? Because the Pope refuses to yield to the factious, they vent their rage upon the cardinals, outraging in them the Pontificate; they make a mockery of his august commands! Ye senseless fools! do you suppose that you will move a Pope from his resolve with such scarecrows? Firmness is a virtue peculiar to the Pope, and you can stir him no more than you could the rocks of the sea."

"Well said, Bartolo! You speak like a man of judgment."

"I assure you, my dear Ferdinando, the scales are daily falling from my eyes. Alisa, have all your things in readiness; I will come for you to-morrow morning; and when you have seen your aunt, we will seek a little peace in the villa at Albano."

In the mean time the demagogues persevered in their perfidious assaults against the determination of the Pope, to force him to recall the Allocution, or at least to declare that the new ministry had continued the war by its own authority and upon its own responsibility. The Vatican rock is immovable. Pius IX. has passed a Pontifical decree; his word cannot vary, or yield a hair's breadth. He has said Peace, and peace shall be. His Holiness did in effect send a proposition to the King of Sardinia to receive the Roman volunteers into his service; and a new legate was to be sent to the king and to the imperial camp, suggesting conditions of peace. He proclaimed the Roman militia to be under his command; and on the other hand, no soldier or volunteer was taken prisoner by the Austrians that had not extended to him the same security as if he was lawfully engaged in war.

Notwithstanding this, in order to increase the rage of the maddened partisans, the false report was spread, that the painter Caffi, who had accompanied the legions, in the uniform of the Roman National Guard, was taken by the Croats and hanged upon a tree, with this inscription, in large characters, upon his breast: "Thus are served the Roman Civic Guards." Yet the worthy Caffi was at that moment quietly smoking his cigar in the camp, and writing to his friends in Rome that he was never in better health and spirits. Moreover, the prisoners of war, taken by the Croats, in the encounters on the Isonzo, the Livenza, and the Talliamento, everywhere proclaimed the kindness and courtesy generously shown them by the Austrians.

To the Allocution were also ascribed a variety of occurrences unfavourable to the conspirators, or disgraceful to the Roman name. For a pretended conspiracy at Ancona, invented by the *Pallade*, men of honour were impeached and imprisoned as traitors, whose only crime was a sincere and loyal devotedness to their sovereign; the sole fact of their being denounced by the *Pallade* was a sufficient guarantee of the truth of this, for that paper held in detestation none but men of the most exalted virtue.

The object of this and other inventions was to propagate a belief that the Pope, in adhering to the terms of his Allocution, was acting in

opposition to the dictates of his own conscience, and at the instigation of a conspiracy of the partisans of Austria. The dissensions among the Roman legions, on the march and in the camp, the mutual recriminations of the soldiers against their officers, whose equals they considered themselves, and of the officers against the soldiers, whom they reproached as turbulent and insolent, and devoid of all military discipline, of regard for the honour of Italians, and of that love of duty, and that confidence in their leaders, without which no army can be brave and effective in action; all was laid by the *Pallade* to the charge of the Allocution. Was it unnatural that an army so constituted should fly in the most disgraceful manner before the army of Nugent, so distinguished by its rigorous discipline? Yet the defeat and flight of the Roman legions, according to the *Pallade*, were owing, solely, to the Allocution.

But if the demagogues were cowardly in the open field, there was another field in which they displayed a valour above that of any other people in the world; namely, that of *assassination*. If they fled before the Croats of Nugent, they abounded in that bravery which secretly lies in wait for its victims, as the *Pallade* unblushingly relates:—

“No. 236. On Tuesday (May 3rd, 1848), about one o'clock, during the night, near the palace of the Rospigliosi of Zagarolo, the surgeon Angelo Zauli, of Faenza, was killed with a stiletto.” Every honest mind would suppose that the *Pallade* would comment upon this with expressions of horror, or at least with compassion. No, to assassination he adds contemptuous raillery: “Poor surgeon! it appears that he had not given satisfaction to everybody. The deuce! What an idea, to leave Faenza to go and die at Zagarolo! There are certain cases, certain combinations, which cannot be explained. Let them pass. We only observe in general terms, that there is *no corner in the world* capable of hiding him who for just motives is *justly proscribed*.”

Every one will turn from these lines and cast round him a look of shuddering amazement, to discover if he be really in Rome, in Italy, among civilized men, among Christians, and not among cannibals and anthropophagi. And if any individual, at the imminent risk of his life, for the sake of Christ, raises a voice to warn youth against throwing themselves into the abyss of the secret societies, and of the conspiracies, he is assailed by a file of newspapers, and a thousand voices, as a calumniator. The document is a solemn one. God has permitted that it should be brought to full light, for the most exalted ends of his Providence and his mercy. Youth of Italy, the hope of your religion and your country, learn to profit by it! The unfortunate Zauli, and innumerable other victims of assassination, stand as ghastly and awful shades upon the threshold of those portals, within which brood sacrilege, and every deed of darkness, of rebellion, and of death.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE VILLA OF ALBANO.

On the fourth of May, at about eight in the morning, the hour when the gates of Rome were permitted, by the strict watchfulness of the Civic Guard, to be opened, Bartolo went out with Alisa, on his way to the hills of Albano. That lovely young lady grieved at this new separation from her excellent teachers and her affectionate companions, who had enriched her mind during those days of her retirement with that celestial wisdom and sweetness which are unknown to those who yield themselves up to the seductions of the world, and who are strangers to that golden innocence of youth, which imparts to the heart the purest joys of that happy period of life. Let the young lady, who may read these lines, recognize this truth; let her understand the meaning of my words: she will thank me and love this beautiful Alisa, who is the representative of the sweet virtues of your own innocent heart.

In that beautiful asylum of peace, where she had been educated, from her childhood, in the holy and benign principles of piety and faith, Alisa had fortified her mind, which had been softened and dissipated by the poisonous atmosphere of worldly society and conversation; and on arriving at the delightful retreat of her father, it appeared more beautiful than ever. The flowers seemed more fresh and odoriferous; the green of the trees and grass more brilliant; the sky more bright and crystalline; the birds sang with more sprightliness; the fountains were more limpid and silvery;—for purity of heart, creates in nature a mirror, in which it sees its own reflection. This was the first time that she had been at home without the company of Polissena, whose death she had wept with tears of sincerity, and whose memory had become dear and grateful by her return to God. A good heart readily forgets the wrongs it has received from others, and Alisa had truly forgotten the evil insinuations of her false friend; and, whenever there arose in her heart sentiments of indignation and disgust at the scorn with which Polissena had frequently treated her piety and devotion, especially towards the Most Holy Virgin Mother of God, Alisa felt the greatest sorrow, and humbled herself, saying: "God has pardoned the poor sinner, and shall I refuse her forgiveness?

Madonna now embraces her as a beloved child, shall I still keepembrance her failings? Ah, my beloved mother, grant rest and o her soul in your bosom."

ights of Aser would also intrude; she could not banish from and the dangers which her fancy pictured as surrounding him. ould then take her harp, and, as if in expiation of her trans-ns, she intoned in the sweetest measure, "*Virgo singularis!*

Vitam præsta puram, iter para tutum," with a warbling of exquisite melody, which died gently on the enchanted air.

Bartolo was fond of riding out in the mornings, on horseback, accompanied by his daughter, whom he looked upon with delight, as she rode gracefully by his side. He frequently conducted her along the beautiful and flowery banks of the Alban lake, or into the ancient wood of Ferentum, and through Marino to the foot of the declivities of the mountain of Jupiter of Latona, thence to the Madonna del Tufo, and to the Abbey of Grotta Ferrata, to admire the magnificent frescoes of Domenichino.

"But if you wish to see," said Bartolo, one day, "some other wonders of the art of painting, we will pass up here, above the abbey, through the thick forest of green-oaks, and I'll take you to the Villa di Montalto."

"Oh yes, father," said Alisa, "it would afford me much pleasure, for Erminia often told me that the woods are most beautiful, and afford a dense shade. Beneath a magnificent green-oak stands a little oratory of the Madonna, protected by the immense branches of the tree; and the students of the Propaganda, who pass their vacations there, illuminate all the grove, on the 8th of September, with lamps contained in many-coloured globes, suspended among the branches of the trees, so as to produce emblems and devices, which have a most enchanting effect. They also sing the praises of Mary in every language of the world. My friend told me that she went last year with her brothers—their house is just above the grove—and heard them sing in Chinese, in Indian, Persian, Curdic, Arabic, Coptic, Ethiopian, Greek, Armenian, Slavonic, and in all the other tongues, both of the Eastern and Western hemispheres. Is it not something really admirable, father? How grateful it must be to the Madonna, who, you know, understands them all, to hear her own praises chanted in so many tongues, and praises of her Divine Son, Jesus, who redeemed, with his blood, all the nations of the world. She related to me, that among those fathers who educate the young students, there was one, who, with an Indian from Ceylon,* accompanied their chants with the sweet sound of his flute, and that another young man played the piano, all which must have added, in the midst of the silence and obscurity of the grove, a ravishing sweetness and gracefulness to the harmony."

While they were thus conversing, they passed through the dense forest, had seen and bowed to the beautiful Madonna in the oratory, contemplated the ancient holm-oak, and entered the gateway which opens upon the ample esplanade of the villa. An old man came to meet them, and received them with a courteous but saddened countenance, and when they made known their wish to see the painted halls of the palace, he held their horses and assisted them to dismount. Alisa stood a moment, while they were opening the windows, to admire

* Signor Farnando, now a priest in India. The performer on the piano was Signor Rohl, now teaching Oriental languages in England.

two spreading holm-trees, that join their branches over two seats, upon which the students sit beneath the shade; she walked round the fountain, that throws high in the air a thick jet of limpid water, which falls again in spray into a reservoir which is surrounded by an iron railing. In front is a garden, containing the most beautiful flowers and rich espaliers of lemon and orange trees, and terminating in a rising ground, covered with brilliantly green and short grass, the whole forming, in front of the palace, a delightful prospect.

After admiring those beauties they entered the great hall, painted by Zuccheri, who, to give an appearance of great elevation and spaciousness to the arched ceiling, which is somewhat low, decorated the walls with delicate columns supporting a bower of vines, in which are seen a variety of birds, up among the foliage, so delicately touched, in the colouring, that they seem to have life, and to hop from twig to twig, among the leaves. On the left hand is the "Hall of the Sun," a splendid work of art of Domenichino, who gave to the groundwork of the vault a most vivid orange. At one end the heads and breasts of two horses are seen, thrown forward, panting from the rapidity of their course, with eyes of the most fiery vivacity, their nostrils distended, and their fore-legs arched, in the act of bounding through the liquid air, as they seem to draw from the ocean the chariot of the sun. A curved shell forms the half-visible chariot, and above it, bending slightly forward, is seen a youthful figure, of divine beauty and brightness, urging on the horses, representing the rising sun, and shedding from his eyes, and from his radiant and serene countenance, a flood of dazzling and flaming rays. It is impossible to imagine the beauty and the delight experienced at the sight of this divine representation. In the middle of the vault, the sun, with admirable foreshortening, stands upright in his golden chariot, the flaming horses speed through the high heavens, with rapid flight, upon banks of clouds that seem on fire, above and on the sides, but ash-coloured and dark beneath; while at the other side of the vaulted ceiling, the steeds are seen to descend into the ocean, leaving visible, nothing but the back of the chariot, and a portion of the shoulders of *Phæbus*, who throws back his hand, in the act of applying the whip to his horses, and seems to melt from before the eyes.

This magnificent villa was erected by the Cardinal di Montalto, nephew of Pope Sixtus V., and in consequence of this it is named Montalto. Within the recesses he caused two inestimable frescoes to be painted, in which he desired Pope Sixtus to be represented as in his early youth. In one, Domenichino painted him as a boy, returning with his father from the fields, and leading two oxen, which are still yoked to the plough. The young boy is so lively, and so gracefully caresses a little dog, which runs bounding before him, that the spectator cannot resist the idea that he is really animated. In the other he appears as a youth of fifteen years, resting at noon after his harvest labours, and fallen asleep with fatigue beneath the shade of a fine spreading tree. It is the dinner-hour, his mother is preparing the plates, his father is cutting the bread upon a stone, and his sister (after-

wards the mother of the cardinal), in a frock of azure, is bending down and reaching water from a silvery rill with one hand, while with the other she timidly shakes her brother, who awakes and rises to partake of the meal. That sleep is so sweet, the timidity of the young girl so touching, and the face and attitude of the father so ingenuous and thoughtful, that the beholder is unable to turn away his enchanted eyes.

The other end of the room opens into the chamber of Night, painted by Annibal Caracci, who, upon a field of ultramarine, depicted a starry sky, with the youthful *Hesper* in the centre, admirably drawn, in the act of lighting two torches, one from the bosom of a *Cynthia*, who serenely guides a chariot drawn by a pair of yoked oxen, and the other from the fingers of the ascending *Aurora*. On the opposite side, in the deepest shade of night, a *Mercury* is in the act of descending, with his head downwards, and foreshortened with unequalled boldness. He has a winged cap upon his head, and winged sandals on his feet, wielding in one hand the caduceus, and in the other a purse, the one an emblem of his patronage of thieves, the other the sign of his office of guide to the dead into the gloomy realms of *Pluto*. Round this painting runs a frieze, in which are represented symbols of night; and above appears *Night* herself, bearing in her arms *Sleep* and *Death*.

The other apartments of the villa are painted by *Zuccheri* in fanciful arabesques and graceful designs, of rare and admirable execution. From the balconies of these apartments are enjoyed magnificent views of *Tusculum*, also that of the *Villa Aldobrandini*, the *Villa Conti*, and other palaces, gardens, parks, fountains, and valleys, which lead the eye in one direction as far as *Rome*; in another to the *Sabine* mountains; in a third over the plains of *Latium* as far as the sea, which may be seen glittering on the far distant shores of the south.

Alisa was so delighted with so much beauty, that she reluctantly tore herself away, when her father, finding it later than he had supposed, wished to return to *Albano*. As they passed out through the court of the fountain, *Bartolo* said to the old guardian,—

“You bear traces of sorrow on your countenance; has any misfortune befallen you?”

“My dear sir,” replied the old man, “I am unused to this secular dress, for a few days ago my superior was compelled, in consequence of the threats of the conspirators, to leave the college and abandon his beloved students; that little room near the chapel was his, and when we passed through it, I was unable to conceal my grief. The will of God our Lord be for ever blessed!” *Bartolo* pressed his hand in silence, *Alisa* cast upon him a look of compassion, and, remounting their horses, they silently returned to *Albano*.

Notwithstanding the salubrious air of those hills, *Bartolo* remarked that his daughter frequently suffered from nervous headache, and that she was delicate and dejected, he therefore resolved to take a pleasure trip to *Naples*, to pass the end of *May* at *Portici*, *June* at *Castellamare*, and all *July* upon the beautiful and cool shores of *Sorrentum*, where,

in the little bay below the hotel of the Syren, she might have the advantage of its baths, so strengthening to the nerves, and so efficacious in restoring bodily vigour. He lost no time in preparations, and within three days they were rapidly approaching Terracina, to the great delight of Alisa.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE FIFTEENTH OF MAY AT NAPLES.

"Oh, papa, why will you expose yourself to so great a danger? Why will you cause us so much terror, and this insupportable agony? For charity's sake, dear—dear papa, don't go to the barricades!—don't join with those criminal ——"

"Luisella, ah! criminal? Criminal?—the defenders of their country, the supporters of the laws, the combatants for liberty—criminal? Get out of my sight, simpleton! It's that bigot of a mother of yours that teaches you to disgrace our heroes with such epithets."

"Forgive me, dear papa; but don't go out, I beg of you, I conjure you! You have a wife, and sons, and an aged father. Ah, poor grandfather!"

"No; I have no family, no children, no father; I have a country to defend, its glory to sustain, its liberty to secure. Reach me the powder-flask; where have you put it?"

"Papa! ——"

"The powder! the powder, I say! There; they are beating: it calls every citizen that has the heart of an Italian."

Hereupon, Luisella, a girl of sixteen, beautiful, graceful, modest, full of spirit and the most ardent affection for her father, threw herself upon his neck, kissed and caressed him, while her tears flowed upon his face. The aged Don Gennaro, near upon his eightieth year, kept immovable in his chair by the gout, tearfully beheld from the next room this contrast of phrenzy and affection. Donna Cecilia was in her own apartment, with her other children, and was not aware of the mad and wicked intentions of her husband. But Luisella, who had on the previous evening seen her father take an English rifle by stealth into his study, and knew how strong a partisan he was of the new projects in Naples, never took her eyes off him; and seeing him prepare to leave the house, she opposed it with a persistency inspired by her filial love, and her fears and anguish for the fate which might befall her parent.

Don Carlo, a gentleman of about forty years of age, of an impetuous and violent temperament, but of a kind disposition, and affectionate

towards his children, seeing Luisella thus hanging upon his neck, and feeling her heart beat, with the violence of her anxiety, against his own, was moved, and on the point of abandoning his resolution. Luisella, reading in his eyes the emotions which were passing in his heart, gave a final assault, saying,—

“Dear father, I will not leave you: if you will go and combat, I will stand in front of you; I will be your shield; the balls shall first pass through your Luisella. Papa! dearest papa!”

Don Carlo pressed his daughter to his bosom, and was on the point of saying, “I will not go,” when the bell rang violently, twice in succession. A servant ran to the door, and on opening it, there entered a young man of the name of Santilli, who impatiently hurried up to Don Carlo, and, without a word of salutation, or noticing Luisella, who had taken her arms from her father’s neck, proudly summoned him to take his arms and accompany him from the house.

This Santilli was of a prepossessing exterior, showy in his dress, wore a beard and mustaches, and reminded one of the Grecian head and features of Alcibiades, or Epaminondas. He was the Hippias of Naples, and spent whole days and nights holding forth in the most frequented piazzas, to excite the peaceable labouring people to an exalted sense of the resurrection of Italy, and of the generous efforts made for its revival. Such was his vain conceit of his eloquence, that he seemed always to have a heavy charge of it in reserve, ready to explode on the shortest notice, like the cuttle-fish, which bespatters with its inky fluid every point of rock, and every inequality which it touches in its lurking-place. At the tables of the great hotels, and at the counters of taverns; at Toledo, among the opulent stores, and at the Porta Capuana, among the dealers in vegetables; upon the square of the Castello and that of Santa Lucia, among the fishmongers, and the oyster criers; Santilli here, Santilli there, Santilli everywhere.

When Christina Trivulza, princess of Belgioioso, assembled those hundred and twenty knights-errant, who were to sail on board the *Virgilio*, to conquer Lombardy from the Austrians, Santilli leaped upon the binnacle and harangued those heroes, like Jason did the Argonauts, or like Themistocles harangued the Greeks before the battle of Salamis.

When the Pezzilli, the Barberisi, and the Bellini wished to form a deputation to the palace, as representatives of the nation, to petition the king to send succour, by sea and land, to Venice, Santilli preached, and deafened people with such energy, that at last he drew together a band of young spendthrifts, who denominated themselves “the people, the kingdom, the nation.”

We may well imagine that Santilli, in the presence of Don Carlo, whom he saw vacillating between the endearments of Luisella and the love of his country’s liberty, drew from the stores of his eloquence his most weighty arguments, and the most convincing exhortations. Don Carlo watched him attentively; Luisella wept, and besought her father with every gesture of affection; she stretched out her arms to him,

clasped her hands, and pointed to her aged grandfather, who sat there, sad and despairing. But Santilli, taking Don Carlo's arm, led him to the window, and pointed to the active preparations of the conspirators; he described the barricades, which were already raised by the exertions, principally, of the Calabrians and Cilentani. Coaches, carts, and wag-gons were seized and piled together with furniture of every description. The night, he said, had been passed by the National Guard in the preparation of those defences, while Don Carlo had slept, unmindful of the glorious enterprise. The leaders of the cause were astonished at his supineness. Let him imitate Romeo, Cecilia, and Fiorentino, who appeared at every point, showing the example, both by word and deed. Many of the houses of Toledo were supplied with arms; the balconies, roofs, and windows, swarmed with patriots. Let the satellites of tyranny come, they would find it an arduous task to subdue free hearts that combat for the love of liberty.

Don Carlo was stunned by the torrent of fiery words which he poured forth, and looked down the streets, which swarmed with mobs of factions, of criminals and of rebels of every degree; he saw faces distorted with passion and rage, urged on to rebellion by the demon of impiety and the fury of desperation. That dreadful sight filled him with horror; but among those fiendish countenances he saw his friends, who looked up to his windows as they passed, and called on him by signs to join them in the struggle. Santilli, at the end of his noisy speech, obtaining no answer, continued: "What are you thinking of? Why do you hesitate? Why do you doubt? Come along, trifier! let's away; take your rifle. Here, with your powder and balls, let's go."

Luisella, terrified at this outcry, rushed to the door, and clung to the bolt, and cried, "Ah, you robber of fathers, you destroyer of children! here you shall never pass." Santilli, assuming a composed air, and with a fiendish smile: "Beautiful young lady," said he, "our country calls us; hinder not its heroes from saving it. You yourself should take up arms in its defence; do you not know how many gentle and modest ladies are now at their posts, at their windows, upon the roofs and balconies, with arms in their hands?"

"No!" replied Luisella; "neither gentle nor honest ladies fight in the cause of traitors to the king, of the assassins of their country, and the enemies of God. Leave me my father; go you and fight in the ranks of the other wretches, with your dancing and singing girls, and your abandoned women, for none other are or can be found capable of aiding in such a cause."

Shots were already heard in the Piazza Reale. Rage and fury filled the heart of the ferocious demagogue. He rushed upon Luisella, tore her hands from the door, and seizing her by the hair, dashed her to the ground, and threw open the door; he then laid hold of Don Carlo, pushed him to the head of the stairs, and drew him after him down the steps.

That fifteenth day of May rose deadily and frightful over Naples, which was joyfully awaiting the opening of the Legislative Chambers of

the kingdom. But that terrible day had been foreseen by men of wisdom, dreaded by the good, longed for by the soldiers, who had been loaded with insults, resolved upon by the wicked, and predestined by God for the safety of the sovereign, of constitutional government, and of Italy.

The societies had some time past organized a singular species of telegraph, entitled among the conspirators the *White Express*. It consisted in the disseminating of sheets of white paper folded like letters, with superscriptions and directions, and bearing the stamp of the post-office, where they were posted, and of that where they were delivered. In these sheets the conspirators were in the practice of writing every species of invention to inflame the minds of the people, deceived and seduced by their perfidious trickery. No one need be told of the success which by these snares and falsehoods the conspirators obtained, to the injury of Naples and the whole kingdom. They narrated innumerable victories gained by the Lombards over the Austrians; depicted atrocious cases of havoc, of butcheries, of plundering, of destruction, and levelling of cities, of burning of granaries, and of devastations of the country, committed by the Austrians, who threatened to consume the whole of Italy. Let the Neapolitans hasten to succour the oppressed; let them come without delay, with numerous legions, with well-appointed parks of artillery and powerful naval forces. Let the land forces march through the Romagnas, the fleet sail direct to Venice, or coast along the Adriatic, and support the legions on their march.

Such evil arts were used in the city with the intention of producing a spirit of discontent, to drive the king to remove the bulk of his troops from the capital, and thus leave the people weak and unprotected and unable to defend itself against the power of the conspiracy. The desired ends were obtained. A naval squadron set sail for Venice, and two land divisions commenced their march towards Lombardy; the first, under the command of General Giovanni Statella, consisting of eight battalions, a field battery, and a company of sappers: the second, of about the same numerical force, led by Brigadier Nicoletti; one regiment of lancers and two of dragoons closed the march, under the orders of Marcantonio Colonna. Gulielmo Pepe was appointed general-in-chief of these thirteen thousand troops. The army was preceded by the Prince of Luperano, the Duke of Albaneto Pallavicino di Prato, and the Prince of Colobrano, with others, sent as commissioners to the war in Upper Italy. The Pope's Allocution of the 29th of April, disclaiming all concurrence in the war against Austria, closed the passage to the Neapolitan legions; this, however, was afterwards re-opened by the preponderance of the ministry of Mamiani, which scornfully set at defiance the Allocution, and the protestations by which Pius IX. opposed it.

The tumults which occurred in Rome on the first of May, on occasion of the pontifical Allocution, and the wringing from the hands of the Pope the last thread by which he governed the Roman States, added immeasurably to the audacity of the conspirators of Naples, who confi-

dently trusted to overthrow the constitution which on the 29th of January they had sworn to maintain, and with it to dethrone the king and destroy the present form of government.

Fifty peers of the realm were to be nominated on the 15th of May, and in conjunction with the Chamber of Deputies to form the Parliament: this, however, was a mere device to blind the ignorant to the machinations of the societies; for on the 13th, a numerous band of rebels rose in arms in Santa Maria di Capua, and in Aversa, threatening to march upon the city with all the fresh accessions to their numbers that they expected from the population of the neighbouring country. But the peasantry, sound in their loyalty to the king, spurned their iniquitous solicitations; consternation spread among the traitors and disconcerted their plans.

In Naples, where the accession of auxiliaries was implicitly relied upon, the measures of the conspirators proceeded with amazing audacity; so that in the afternoon ninety-nine deputies, convened of their own accord, spread the report that the object of their deliberations was the form of the oath. This assembly at once constituted a tribunal to which flocked a dense crowd of conspirators, who, unable to find room in the interior of the Montaliveto Palace, covered the steps, and the space round the fountain and under the Ricciardo Palace. The proposed form of the oath was vague, uncertain, and ambiguous; the king was to take an oath, of which he knew not the extent; hence the answer of that loyal and sincere prince: "I swore to the Constitution of the 29th of January, before the whole kingdom; in May, my oath shall change neither upon my lips nor in my heart."

This noble declaration, which ought to have proved to the rebels the fruitlessness of their endeavours, was represented as a crime—the king was perjured, the kingdom betrayed. The miscreants of the Montaliveto, throwing off the mask, filled the hall with shouts of rage: "Let the king," cried they, "take the oath which we prescribe, or cease to be king. The cities and plains are in arms to support us—already the Cilentani are at the gate, led by Carducci; the Calabrians, the Basilicans, and the mountaineers of Abruzzo will arrive in a few hours, Let them who are not with us tremble!" Not satisfied with terrifying into compliance the rest of the members, they endeavoured by dreadful menaces to strike terror into the peers of the realm assembled at the palace of the president, the Prince of Cariati.

In the mean time, Andrea and Stephano Romeo declared that assembly to be *permanent*; they created a president and secretaries, and decreed the "National Constituency." A considerable number of deputies, suspecting perfidy, had absented themselves; a full third of those present made their way out through the crowd, the infuriated demagogues alone formed the tribunal to the number of about sixty, extolling the people and imprecating the king.

The king, on being informed of their insolence, resolutely protested to the Prince of San Giacomo, that on the following day he would take the same oath that he had sworn in January, without changing one iota of its substance.

He had of his own accord bestowed the constitution upon the kingdom; the liberals had accepted and sworn obedience to it with demonstrations of joy; they now repudiated it before the country, before Italy, and the world. Yet the time is not distant when the liberals of Italy and of Europe, facing about, will calumniate that monarch as disloyal; and to the perjured and perfidious demagogues will be awarded the praises of spotless good faith.* But as for iniquity, so a day will come for truth and justice (a day which infallibly comes to all); and when the fury and prejudices of party have died away, the world will admire good faith where intact and undoubted, and abhor felony under whatever mask of falsehood and fraud it may conceal itself.

When the Prince of San Giacomo related the resolute words of the king, there arose in the Chamber a confusion, a storm of cries so tempestuous, that it resembled rather a den of raging lions and tigers. A stentorian voice arose above the rest: "The king wishes to destroy the Constitution! there is no resource but the barricades—death to the traitor!"

"To the barricades! to the barricades!" thundered from the benches of the deputies. "To the barricades!" was echoed from the floor. No sooner said than done.

The leaders of Young Italy rushed from the Chamber, ran through the principal streets, exclaiming that the country was betrayed; inviting, vapouring—almost using force—with parties of workmen of every kind. "Sound the tocsin!" shouted the National Guard, which was waiting below for the outbreak of the conspirators. Gabriele Pepe, general of the National Guard, endeavoured to appease that torrent of mutineers; but he was thrown to the ground, and with difficulty escaped assassination. In every street drums and trumpets sounded to arms: "To arms, brethren!" everywhere shouted the rebels; "we are betrayed! Come forth; hasten to save your country!"

In Toledo, the conspirators were seizing upon everything movable to barricade the streets. The garrison and reserve troops, at about an hour after midnight, received orders to leave their barracks and stand on guard at the royal palace, and keep possession of the principal piazzas of the city. The king called his commissaries, and sent them to cause the barricades and obstructions to be removed. They went, used every exertion, advised, begged, and prayed; at length the king was informed, "that if the garrison retired the barricades would be removed." The king, with great goodness and clemency, to avoid every motive for bloodshed, condescended to this proposal, to the astonishment of every one. The troops retired; but the faithless rebels, instead of adhering to this agreement, were only stimulated to increased audacity.

Pier Agnolo Fiorentino (who, after inflaming with all his energy the

* We have already read it a hundred times in the *Statuto* of Florence, and we read it yet, *usque ad nauseam*, in the *Risorgimento* of Turin, and in other moderate journals.

insurgents of Rome, during the first days of May, had hastened to Naples, to embolden the conspirators there), and Battista La Cecilia, another desperate character, lately returned, were, with the Calabrian Mileto, like an impetuous wind blowing up the flames. Hearing of the numerous messengers that were parleying with the men at the barricades, to persuade them to desist from their criminal intentions of civil war and bloodshed, they answered, "Tell the king that it is already too late. Let him abdicate the crown, give up to us the fortifications, and dismiss the garrison to a distance of forty miles; the people are king; let it alone reign and give laws."

At the news of such madness and frenzy, the king, who was strongly adverse to bloodshed, after a long struggle with the Chevalier Angelo d'Epiro, with Noya, and Letizia, who urged him to destroy the barricades by force, at length granted permission to a band of soldiers, without arms, to present themselves at the first barricade of the Nardones quarter, as simple citizens, to aid in removing it in a peaceable manner. Fifty grenadiers of the Royal Guard, left the palace, accompanied by the artillery, Colonel d'Epiro, and Colonel Letizia, and the Syndic of Naples. The National Guard, on the approach of the soldiers, although they saw that they were unarmed, levelled their muskets from the top of the barricade, and shouted,—

"Away, ye vile rabble, or we'll riddle you with balls!"

The soldiers withdrew, and returned to their posts at the king's palace, inflaming their comrades to avenge the insult which they had received.

The enraged grenadiers pointed their pieces, and seized their matches, resolved to overthrow those excrescences of rebellion: but General Scala, throwing himself before them, by commands and entreaties, restrained them. Cries passed from quarter to quarter, from company to company.

The troops were boiling with fury, and at length, about six in the morning, they were permitted to leave their stations. The Swiss regiments, with two squadrons of lancers, and two companies of the pontoon train, took possession of the square of the castle, under the protection of the batteries of the Forte Nuovo: another Swiss regiment, with a squadron of lancers and half a battery of cannon, drew out upon the esplanade of Mercatello; the fourth Swiss regiment, with a section of artillery, posted themselves so as to command the heights towards the street, down to the foot of the steps of Santa Teresa degli Scalzi. Another section of artillery, with a squadron of lancers, protected the passage of the Vicaria, while the second regiment of hussars, of the Guard, was posted at the Mercato, under the guns of the Forte del Carmine: but in the mean time the first regiment of grenadiers took its station as a reserve, in the Granili; also, a battalion of the second, and two battalions of chasseurs, a battalion of marines, a battery of horse artillery, the first regiment of hussars, and a battalion of sappers, encircled the royal palace, partly in close file, and partly as a vanguard in reserve, at the quarter of Santa Lucia, and at

every outlet of the royal palace, to guard against surprise, and to defend its approaches.

During these movements, under the very eyes of the militia, as they stood in line at their posts, the conspirators continued to raise new barricades, to strengthen others, and to enlarge and complete those which were unfinished. Pietro Mileto, in view of the royal palace, and in the presence of the soldiers, with unparalleled audacity, continued to block up Toledo, to fortify the palisades of San Ferdinando, while the troops could scarcely restrain their rage, on seeing themselves made objects of scorn before the whole of Naples, whose inhabitants had flocked to witness so extraordinary a spectacle. At this moment were seen disembarking from a steamship three hundred Sicilians, who, like hounds in full cry, sped through the streets and public places, raising cries of revolt, to excite the inhabitants to rebellion, and offering insults without end to the king's soldiers, to provoke them to battle.*

The anxious hours from six to ten were spent in fruitless negotiations and projects of peace, when at that hour one of the deputies, Vincenzo Lanza, spread the report down through Montaliveto, "that the king had yielded; that he retracted his former oath to the old Constitution, of January, and affected to take another; that the Parliament should be opened, the barricades be removed, and the garrison return to its quarters."

Hereupon, a captain gave the word of command to the infantry and cavalry to leave their posts, and return to their quarters; but General Selvaggi, commandant of the Royal Guard, divining the treachery, and observing no signs of removing the barricades, galloped at full speed into the midst of the retiring squadrons, recalled them to their posts, and caused them to hold themselves in readiness for every event. This resolute devotedness was the salvation of the country. At a quarter past eleven, while the battalions of the Guard were standing at ease, in tranquil groups, and knots, and circles, conversing, with their elbows resting upon their bayonets, a shout of applause arose from behind the first barricade, and a sudden clapping of hands, which drew the attention of all; at the same moment, two sentinels of the National Guard fired, from the top of the barricade, upon the battalion of grenadiers, and from the windows of the third story of the Cirella Palace were fired other musket shots, upon the mass of the column.

At this fire, the soldiers, with ungovernable fury, broke through all restraint; they levelled their muskets at the barricades, and in a moment two thousand shots re-echoed through the Piazza and the Royal Palace. The officers, who were scattered, rushed, at this outburst, to the head of their troops; the generals hurried from beneath

* We have received letters from Palermo, denying the truth of this statement of the arrival of three hundred Sicilians; but we find it confirmed in many accounts of that day's events, published in Naples.

the royal portico, and threw themselves among the ranks to stay the attack of their enraged soldiers; it was in vain: their men, reloading their muskets, discharged another volley, and, throwing themselves into column, rushed to the assault.

The soul of the king, when he heard the second discharge, was torn by deep emotions of compassion and horror.

"My God!" he exclaimed, "blood is shed! You are the judge and witness of all I have done to prevent it. Let this blood of my subjects fall upon the heads of those who thirsted for it, and provoked it. Oh, my God! aid the cause of justice! have mercy upon the city and the kingdom!"

God heard him, and accepted that prayer of that father, the brother, and the friend of his beloved people. Impiety and perfidy have sought by every species of falsehood to cast upon the mild and clement sovereign the odium of that day of blood: but falsehood is dispelled by the rays of truth. The king had already yielded up to the conspirators almost every prerogative of the crown, but they were not to be satisfied, unless he would also sacrifice his conscience. But conscience is of more worth than a kingdom; and can be abandoned only to God, who has given a conscience to kings as well as to the meanest of their vassals.

The conspirators thirsted for blood, and found it in torrents that confounded them, and enveloped them in ruin and death. They laboured incessantly during the night to block up the streets; they fortified the houses like so many citadels, pierced the shutters and doors for their rifles and muskets; piled mattresses, bedding, and sand-bags in front of the parapets to weaken the force of the balls, and turned the peaceable people out of their habitations, to use them against the troops. Many of the inhabitants abandoned their houses to take refuge at a distance among their friends, leaving their furniture and valuable effects to the mercy of those robbers, who after they were defeated and overwhelmed by the royalists, laid to the charge of the latter, through the Italian press, the rapine and spoliation which they themselves had committed.

The terror of the peaceable inhabitants in their houses was indescribable. When the first discharge was heard at the barricades of Nardones and San Ferdinando consternation, horror, and mortal anguish filled the minds of the citizens. Those whom curiosity had attracted to the Piazza Reale, the square of the Castello and of Montaliveto, vanished instantly, to take refuge in their houses; others ran in confusion, not knowing where to flee; they found the doors shut and the gates barred and bolted; patrols and horsemen at full speed filled the streets, and the artillery rattled over the pavement to take up its position at the end of the streets, that they might sweep them with grape. If a son or a husband happened to be absent from their homes, cries of despair burst from the poor mothers and wives; they threw open the windows, screamed to those at a distance, and waved their handkerchiefs, or made loud inquiries of their neighbours concerning them. At the same time the rebels were running through the streets;

some with swords and pikes; others dragged along falconets and battering cannon, or carrying their rifles, which had arrived from England, and had been secretly purchased by the conspirators, who had distributed them the day before to their partisans. It is nevertheless still persisted in by many, that this outbreak was the work of the treacherous police of Naples, to raise a civil war in the city.

Upon the Piazza Reale, after the first discharges of the garrison, General Carascosa, seeing that the soldiery could no longer be restrained, placed himself at their head in the assault, restored order in the ranks, and with other generals, marched in the form of a wedge against the barricade of San Ferdinando. The horse artillery rode up with the cannon, and a furious and bloody struggle commenced. A storm of balls hailed upon the assailants from the front of the barricade, and from the windows on every side: and Marshal Ischitella and Generals Selvaggi, Nunziante, and Carascosa, seeing the destructive fire from the windows of the palace in front of San Ferdinando, ordered the pioneers of the Guard to break down the doors, and when this was effected, they invested it with the soldiers of the marine regiment, who rushed to the windows and balconies to direct their fire upon the windows opposite. A body of grenadiers having also gained possession of the palace of the Foresteria, covered the left flank of the column against the fire which was directed upon it from the Cirella Palace, and the large windows of the Church of St. Ferdinand.

The first regiment of Swiss threw themselves upon the front of the barricade, then dividing, made way for the artillery, which poured its round and grape shot upon the obstructions and against the angles of the houses which kept up the most destructive and most obstinate fire; bursting in the walls, which fell crumbling to the ground. The artillery also of the Royal Piazza was pointed at the surrounding houses, from which the rebels had already wounded General Errico Statella. Those terrible balls crashed through the parapets, railings, and architraves of the windows, which fell with a horrible noise, dragging down the framework and walls together with the mangled and wounded conspirators, who fell or remained hanging among the ruins of the breach.

Marshal Lecca, pointing his battery at the barricade, poured upon it a terrific storm of balls, which shattered its defences, and seeing the fall of the breastwork, he sent a company of sappers with the pioneers and the chasseurs, who with handspikes, axes, and hatchets, in spite of a destructive fire from the houses, succeeded, after an hour of struggling and slaughter, in clearing a wide breach underneath. The enormous mass of stones, logs, trunks of trees, and beams then fell with a horrible crash; the soldiers raised a shout of joy, which was re-echoed by the troops upon the Piazza Reale, with cries of triumph and victory. The front ranks leaped upon the ruins of the barricade, and with their bayonets charged the National Guard, who sought to fly from the rage of the victors, but many fell, pierced through their backs, or with their heads and shoulders laid open by the swords of the pursuers.

When that great barrier was thus taken, the soldiers immediately rushed to the assault of the Cirella Palace, from the windows of which death and ruin had hailed so mercilessly down upon their brave and devoted ranks. Their fury soon reduced the doors to fragments; they poured like a foaming torrent into the halls and courts; climbed through the lower windows, and bounded up the stairs with levelled bayonets. The conspirators fired a few shots down from above, and planted themselves at the turns and upon the landings, at the doors and at the ends of the passages and outlets. But the soldiers, at the sight of the dead bodies of their comrades who had fallen upon the steps, sprang like raging lions into the apartments, and pierced with their bayonets, or cut down with their swords, every one that opposed their passage. There were in this den of miscreants upwards of a hundred; one-fourth of the number were foreigners of almost every nation, men of most desperate character; many of them were put to the sword, and the others, panic-stricken, pale and shivering with terror, casting off the uniform of the National Guard, crept under the beds, into the wardrobes and closets, and behind the curtains and tapestry. The soldiers hunted them out of every hole and corner, and dragged them from their hiding-places by the heels and arms, covered with dust and cobwebs; but they were neither slain nor maltreated by their noble and generous victors, but after being disarmed, delivered by a strong escort to General Selvaggi and Marshal Lecca, who sent them on board an old frigate of the Darsena.

The soldiers, from the windows and balconies, and the marines from the windows of the palace, directed their fire towards the second barricade, clearing Toledo in advance of the columns which were charging down upon it, and keeping in awe the rebels, who were firing from the windows. The storm of grape-shot again swept destructively over the barricade and the houses on each side, while two heavy cannon sent a destructive discharge through the front wall of the barricade, which, by these irresistible shocks, fell with a deafening crash to the ground. Again the grenadiers throw themselves within; they are reinforced by fresh squadrons, which rush into the houses, slay, disarm, and seize the conspirators; the street is now clear as far as the Vico Carminello. The third barricade was stormed with less difficulty, on account of the diminished numbers of the rebels, and the garrison remained masters of the ground as far as the other side of the Vico Tedeschi.

A company of grenadiers, which was marching round by the Marina, found upon the shore of Santa Lucia, a crowd of *lazzari* and fishermen, awaiting, with fearful anxiety, the result of the conflict; on hearing of the victory, and the destruction of the barricades, they raised a shout of joy, "Long live the King! The justice of God is with him against the robbers!" and with these cries they ran to destroy the barricades, carrying away the beams, planks, wheels, and carts, and everything they could lay their hands upon.

While these assaults and fierce struggles were raging at the entrances of Toledo, a part of the fourth and the second Swiss regiment,

hearing from the Carmine the first sound of the cannon, and seeing the signals for aid upon the watch-towers of the fortress of St. Elmo, of Castel Nuovo; and of Castel dell' Ovo, hastened to the square of the Castello, with half a battery of heavy artillery.' Marshal Labrano, from the steps of the Gran Guardia, ordered the fourth to the assault of the barricade of Santa Brigida, to throw it down, and force their way into Toledo, to join the first regiment, which was attacking the obstructions above San Ferdinando.

But they had not advanced above fifty paces up the street of Santa Brigida, when, from the hotel of the Giglio d'Oro, from the monastery, and from the windows of all the houses on their flanks, a terrific fire of musketry was opened upon their dense ranks. Still advancing, they returned the fire of the barricade, in front, and of the houses on the side, with an incessant and rapid discharge. The lieutenant-major, Edward Goumaens, rushed in front of his men, and was the first to leap upon the barricade, shouting to his brave grenadiers to follow him. They rushed like lions to the very top of the parapet, but Goumaens fell, and his followers were forced back with severe loss. At this sight, the bravery and fury of the company of grenadiers redoubled; but, although they poured a perfect shower of balls at all the windows, they made but little impression upon their enemies, who delivered their fire from behind thick quilts and mattresses, and in comparative security, dealt destruction upon the troops. Already, Frederick Konig, Ferdinand Scapter, Paul Grand, and other officers, were wounded and disabled. Rudolf Sturter, captain of fusiliers, who had been previously wounded in three places, was called by name, from a window of the Giglio d'Oro, and as he approached he was stretched lifeless by a ball which entered his forehead.

The colonel, seeing that the soldiers could make no impression in column, withdrew them; he ordered up the cannon, then placing his men in two files, on opposite sides, directed a cross fire upon the windows, and charged again upon the barricade. The artillery poured forth a destructive fire of round shot at the centre of the barricade, and swept the windows, along both sides, with canister, striking the balconies and other projections, and crushing everything in its course. It was a scene of horror and ruin. The sides of the barricade were battered to fragments, the National Guards were seen beyond, vainly endeavouring to fill up the gaps with beams and earth, and fascines; but every renewed discharge sent into the air those obstructions, together with the men.

The barricade was at length forced, and the soldiers poured into Toledo, hotly pursuing the National Guards, now in headlong flight; but an unremitting fire of musketry still poured down from the windows; and among those who received wounds at this moment, were the officer Frederick Russilon and the colonel in command. The latter retired instantly to the Largo di Castello, and ordered the lieutenant-colonel, Di Muralt, to take the command, and sent forward the second battalion to the relief of the first. The companies, infuriated at the view of the numerous dead, rushed along, under the

walls of the houses, overturned every obstacle, and charged down the street, where resistance was now at an end; but in their headlong course Gabriel Eyman, of the first fusiliers, Stampfi, of the chasseurs, and the captain, Frederick Wattewill, were struck down at their head. Seeing their commanders weltering in their blood, the maddened soldiers, with ungovernable fury, breaking through all restraint, assaulted houses, shattered the doors with their axes, and rushing like lions upon the rebels within, slaughtered all that opposed them, sparing, however, all who laid down their arms and begged for mercy.

The press of Young Italy, however, filled the world with narrations of unheard-of barbarities; imputing to the soldiers a total disregard of age and sex, representing them as slaughtering infirm old men and women, innocent children, and infants at the breast. They represent them as seizing the helpless innocents by the feet, and dashing out their brains against the walls, or piercing them with their bayonets, and casting them, still living, from the windows. These same journals preserve a crafty silence concerning the carnage inflicted upon the soldiery by the conspirators, from the sheltered positions in which they had entrenched themselves, and concerning their treachery and robberies; and, after plunging that peaceable and noble metropolis into such disorder, and flooding it with the blood of its citizens, they charge it upon its faithful soldiers, and treat them as assassins in the face of Europe.

One single innocent victim fell among those tragic scenes, and that was the young and beautiful Constanza, daughter of Marquis Vasaturo, from whose residence so active a fire had been kept up upon the soldiery. When the doors were broken down, the soldiers rushed up the stairs to stop the firing of the conspirators; they ran furiously from one apartment to another, and in entering one of the rooms they heard persons flying to the next and fastening the door on the other side, and in their rage a musket was discharged against the panel of the door. By a lamentable mischance, the terrified young lady, in endeavouring to secure the door, was pierced through the breast, and fell lifeless upon the floor. The soldiers, having forced open the door, beheld, to their sorrow, instead of one of the rebels, that noble young lady in the agonies of death. They raised her body from the floor, carried it to a bed, and carefully placed it upon the pillows, and with inexpressible grief they left that house of death.

Beloved flower of youth! thy fate has been mourned by the sincere and the noble, who saw thee cut down by the rage of civil discord; but party fury (afterwards so cool in Rome on the death of the learned Prelate Palma, who, like yourself, was slain by the rebels in the papal chambers), kindled at your death the lurid torch of calumny, aspersions against the faithful soldiers of your king.

By these severe struggles the entrance and centre of Toledo were reduced; but, in the mean time, the conspirators, who had entrenched themselves at Montaliveto, were using every means to secure against the royalists the defence of that great stronghold, which they had constructed with one end resting against the Ricciardi Palace, and the

other against the wall of the house opposite. That barricade was a massive construction of stones and earth, flanked by heavy benches, confessionals, chests, and coaches filled with sand and tow. The regiment of grenadiers of the Guard came up from the Medina Fountain like a whirlwind, and filing off beneath the houses to keep up a cross fire upon the windows, followed by a considerable body of hussars, commanded by the brave Duke di Sangro, fell upon the barricades, under a shower of bullets poured forth from its front, and from the windows. The pioneers tore down the wood-work, the sappers, with pickaxes, forks, and crowbars, broke and dug away the mound of stone and earth. Dense clouds of dust arose from the crashing ruin, and rendered everything around invisible. A tempest of balls was poured from the Ricciardi Palace upon the assailants. At length cannon was pointed at the door, which burst it in, and effected a large breach, by which the grenadiers rushed in upon the conspirators, but the resistance was more obstinate than they had expected, for those who found no means of escape, rendered desperate, made head against them at the top of the stairs and at the doors, firing rapidly upon the assailants, who, with bayonets in rest, forced their way into every apartment, struck down those that made opposition, and disarmed all that asked for quarter.

During the confusion, the rebels, who kept their printing-press and secret documents and records in the palace, set fire to their most important papers, but hearing the thundering crash of the cannon at the door, they fled panic-stricken, and let themselves down from the windows of the Vico Donnalbina, leaving the papers scattered upon the floor of the room. The flames which arose from them caught other papers upon the book-shelves, and from there passed to the window-curtains, whence they rapidly extended, and the whole quarter was wrapt in an inextinguishable conflagration.

Among the persons in the palace at the time of the assault was the Cardinal di Benevento. He was treated with the greatest respect by the soldiers; they even permitted a number of conspirators to pass who had placed themselves secretly among his suite, but his books, papers, and effects were consumed with the palace. The ladies met with the same treatment. The officers and captains protected the entrances of the private apartments, while the soldiers pursued the conspirators through the rest of the building. When the slaughter of their companions, and the insults offered to them by the conspirators are considered, the moderation of the soldiers presents a spectacle of generosity worthy of praise and admiration. The royalists are, nevertheless, unblushingly charged by the Italian liberal press, with barbarities sought for in vain even in the history of the taking of Famagosta by the Turks, or the sacking of Rome by the Lutherans of Bourbon.

CHAPTER XXXV.

LUISELLA.

THREE days before these events took place, Bartolo had arrived with Alisa in Naples; and stopped at the Hotel Di Roma, upon the delightful shore of Santa Lucca. He consulted his friends and determined not to prolong his stay in the city, but to retire with his daughter to Sorrentum until the return of tranquillity; he accordingly went to the Hotel of the Sirena. That ancient hotel hangs, as it were, from a high rock on the very edge of a limpid bay, where the ancient Romans had constructed baths and storehouses. The foundations of these works are still visible on the shore, and under the azure waters; through seaweed, which rises and falls with every wave, at this day may be distinguished the suits of chambers, the large festive halls, the galleries, and the meandering corridors which wound with a delightful coolness between the sea-walls and the swimming-baths and basins in that admirable retreat. Above this palace of the Syren, raised upon a high ridge of rocks, which, jutting into the sea, form an ample and beautiful terrace, protected along the edge by a beautiful row of columns. The space between these columns is curtained with canvas, to defend it from the rays of the sun, particularly when its reflection glances from the surface of the unwrinkled sea. The extreme point is adorned with vases of exotic plants, while the surface of the wall is covered with representations of gardens and grottoes, with flowers that charm the eye. When seated at dinner upon this shaded terrace, every turn of the eye presents new and magnificent views by land and sea. On one side appears the Bay of Sorrentum, with its shores broken, indented by capes, points, bays, and recesses formed by broken ranges of rocks which overhang the shore from the Cape of Scutari to the opposite Capo di Monte, and terminate in a promontory still bearing traces of the ancient fish-ponds of Pollio.

In front, the great gulf stretches its expanding waters towards Castellamare; while upon the graceful shore the eye wanders with delight over the fertile hills of Torre dell' Annunziata and Torre del Greco, adorned and encircled by gardens, orchards, cottages, and shady groves of orange and lemon trees, and cedars which spread their soft verdure over every side of Vesuvius. On the side facing the Sarno, through rows of poplars, the unburied city of Pompeii rises to the view; and on the left, at the foot of Resina, a column rising a little above the surface, indicates that there still lies entombed the graceful Herculaneum; nor can the eye penetrate to the innumerable beauties of the porticoes, atriums, fountains, terraces, and chambers, enriched with paintings of infinite value, which are buried beneath the mounds of pumice-stone and indurated ashes.

The gardens and orchards of Portici are crowned by the Villa Reale, immortalized as the asylum of the Vicar of Christ during the days of his lone and tedious exile. The sorrows and the bitterness which the Holy Father experienced during that eventful period, were assuaged by the tranquil solitudes of that peaceful abode, and by the filial affection and reverential love of a great king. These gardens and orchards of Portici extend with an almost imperceptible descent as far as Naples, which, when viewed from the terrace of Sorrentum, resembles a gentle acclivity, rising like a golden cloud from the surrounding scenery, with its base bathed by the sea and its summit encircling the fortress of St. Elmo as with a royal diadem. On the other side, also, is the swelling ridge of the Vomero, clothed with gardens and country-seats, bordering the Chiaia and the glittering banks of the Mergellina as with a frame of joyful and most brilliant verdure, and gracefully bending its course as far as Posilippo, which still displays the ruins of the sumptuous retreats of the Roman emperors.

Alisa, charmed with those beauties, stood calmly, silently contemplating and feasting her mind upon that glorious prospect; then stretching her view over Posilippo, she asked her father what was that white spot which appeared like a star sparkling upon the water.

"That's the islet of Nisida," replied her father, "which is reached by a bridge of open arches that extends across an arm of the sea, and unites it to Posilippo; and that white spot is a large structure for the custody of condemned malefactors."

"Oh, that is a little paradise," exclaimed Alisa, "and not a prison for criminals!"

"My dear daughter," said Bartolo, "were it even a thousand times more bright and smiling, chains and remorse would change it into an abode of fiends; and the heart of the wicked, even in the midst of the most beautiful and favoured spots on earth, enjoys neither the serene sky, nor the transparent waters, nor the flowery gardens; but is ever wrapt in melancholy, darkness, and discontent, without comfort; the pure in heart, on the contrary, live joyful and calm in the wild forest or upon the barren rock."

"Oh, see how beautiful is yonder bay!"

"That is the little Bay of Pozzuoli; and further towards the right is the delightful Bay of Baia, formerly the favourite retreat of Agrippa and Augustus. There, look in the direction of my finger; there, those shores, gladdened with ever-youthful verdure, were the Elysian fields; and that which stands so boldly forward into the sea, is the Cape of Misenum; behind it is a gulf that served as a port to the Roman fleet, which wintered there secure from storms, and afterwards to sally forth to the conquest of the world. That portion of sea between Misenum and those yellowish rocks, washes the shores of the Isle of Procida, so noted for the strength of its wines, and the Greek fashions still preserved by the women, but much more as the birth-place of Gian di Procida, the father and master of all the conspirators of Italy."

While Bartolo was conversing after dinner with Alisa, upon the

beautiful terrace of the Syren, and watching the little fishing-boats sailing backward and forward and drawing their nets, he heard a deep sound, borne upon the gentle breeze from the direction of Naples. It differed from the salute of vessels, or the accustomed signals from the batteries of the fortresses; for it had been heard at intervals since the forenoon. Directing their attention across the gulf, they now perceived a large fire rising from the centre of the city, rapidly increasing and rolling immense volumes of smoke into the sky. In the mean time, the English, Germans, Russians, and other foreigners, who were enjoying the pleasures of the country in Sorrentum, came in wondering crowds, and placed themselves at every window which faced the gulf and gave a view of Naples. The conflagration spread rapidly, and the people flocked together upon the piazza, along the house of Tasso, which faces the sea, with anxious exclamations: "Oh God! the palace is in flames!" Others denied this. "The fire is not at the royal palace, but at the custom-house of the Nunziatella." No one surmised that it was the Gravina Palace. The people at Sorrentum were in deep distress, and filled with vague fears for their beloved monarch; they trembled at the thought of the crowds of conspirators who had congregated in Naples from every province, and displayed their piety and their loyalty to the king by pouring forth prayers to Heaven and the Madonna to shield that venerated head, and remove from it every untoward event. At this moment were seen innumerable feluccas, tartans, and every description of boats, stretching with every sail set or with bending oars across the gulf, crowded with passengers, most of whom were young men, of a dejected and discouraged appearance; it was observed too, that all were now cleanly shaved, whereas before none were to be seen without bushy whiskers and beards. By land also, long trains of carriages came hurrying in, loaded with persons likewise remarkable for their smoothly-shaved chins, who alighted upon the piazza, and with an almost total absence of baggage, sought lodgings in every hotel. The hotels of the Syren, Tasso, Strongoli, of the Ponte alle Grotte, the Piazza, and of the Gate of S. Antonino were filled to overflowing. Many dispersed among the country-houses as far as Cucumella, others at the Piano, and others among the cottages of Meta.* The people were filled with curiosity. "What's to do now? How's this? What are these folks after? What are they all so serious about, and how does it happen that they are all without baggage and so wonderfully plain in their dress? It might be Lent with them, to judge from their black, sober clothes. There must be some wicked design afloat to turn all these young sparks and fops into meek hermits." Fortunate were they, who were among the first to escape from the catastrophes of that day. The greater part of these fugitives were men who had fled from the barricades the moment they heard the thunders of the cannon, or felt the balls pattering upon the parapets, or saw the ruin of roofs, tiles, shutters, and balconies,

* These are all villages and villas, delightful retreats on the plain of Sorrentum, rising here and there from the plain of groves of cedars, orange, and olive trees.

under the volleys of grape, which seemed to them the image of doomsday. The deluded simpletons who had suffered themselves to be persuaded by the rebels to intrench themselves in the houses, unable to escape by the doors, leaped from the back windows, or let themselves down into the alleys, lanes, and unfrequented passages, and crept along the by-ways and cross-streets, and then fled at the top of their speed to the first place of security that occurred. Others were seen running headlong from roof to roof, leaping from high walls, or hanging from great heights, and letting themselves fall into gardens and other places where the soil seemed soft.

The deputies, in their hall in Montaliveto, at first indulged in whimsical vapouring and warlike speeches; they gave notice of a "committee of public safety, with absolute and dictatorial power;" the chamber was to resolve itself into a "permanent assembly," the National Guard to be at its disposal; the king to be dethroned and condemned to death. But when it became apparent that their plans were likely to fail, they began individually to seek some avenue of escape; some feigned sudden indisposition, others bethought themselves that their exertions brought them in instant need of refreshment, and as they forgot to return, the chamber was in a short time nearly cleared. It was amusing to see La Cecilia among the rest, with, I know not what excuse for retiring, making his way to the door to place himself in safety; but the Deputy Stanislaus Boracco, seizing him by the collar, "Since," said he, "you invited us to the party, you shall keep up the dance with us, be the consequence life or death." At this moment, after the barricade was forced, the Ricciardi Palace reduced, and the other defences demolished, General Nunziante sent a message to the deputies with orders to dissolve the assembly. As, however, they still remained cowering in the chamber and trembling with fear, the general generously and considerately sent them an armed escort, to protect them from the fury of the Lazzaroni, and conduct them in safety to their residences. This was a necessary precaution for the Lazzaroni everywhere followed the combatants, and as soon as the barricades were demolished, they threw themselves in the midst, seizing upon the beams, boards, and wood-work of every description; but they never made any attempt upon the National Guards, when they beheld them in the power of the Royalists; hence, to save themselves from the fury of the populace, the guards hastened to put themselves under the protection of the soldiers, who sent them as prisoners of war into the Darsena on board the ships.

Meanwhile, the struggle was still fiercely maintained in Naples at the barricades, at the end of Toledo, at San Giacomo; volley after volley issued from the Lieto palace, by which Major Salis Soglio was killed, and Colonel Dufour wounded; whereupon General Stockalper ordered the artillery to fire upon the palace and the barricades. The cannon of the Castel Nuovo was similarly turned against the theatre and the houses of San Carlino, and also that of the third regiment of the Swiss, upon the Serignani Palace, and the hotel of the Globe; from this place were discharged those shots which killed the sen-

tinels of the Grand Guard, and wounded the Adjutant-major Di Prieux.

The insupportable anguish of Luisella can neither be described nor imagined. After seeing her father leave the house, she rose from the ground, where she had been so savagely thrown by Santilli, as the first shots were fired at San Fernando. She did not, however, allow her grief to discourage her, nor waste her time in useless tears; she hastened to the window, where she remained until she had discovered the barrier at which her father had posted himself. Anger and filial affection contended in her breast; she first resolved to fetch a double-barrelled gun, which she knew was kept in her father's study, and run and take her place before him, on the parapet of the barricades: but reflecting that she was ignorant of the use of arms, and that the demon Santilli would never permit her to remain, lest her presence should unnerve Don Carlo, she very reluctantly abandoned her resolution, and was for some time in a state of restless agitation. At one moment she ran to her grandfather, the next to her mother, whom she vainly endeavoured to console; her brothers joined their lamentations to those of the servants and maids, who were trembling with terror. She closed the shutters and blinds of the windows which overlooked the street, with a firm determination of refusing admittance to the conspirators, if they wished to carry on the contest on the floor occupied by her family.

When the first barricades were forced by the grenadiers, who rushed down the street and invaded the houses of the conspirators, the poor young girl's fears for her father were increased tenfold; but when she heard the thunder of the cannon, nearer and nearer, and saw the window panes shivered by the reverberation, almost beside herself with terror, she opened the blind a little, and looked eagerly towards her father. She saw Santilli leap fearlessly upon the barricade, and fire down in the faces of the soldiers, while other conspirators, below, charged and reached him their muskets, as fast as he fired them, until at length a grape-shot struck him in the forehead, and he fell backwards, with his brains scattered upon the pavement. The young girl drew back from this shocking sight, exclaiming: "Ah, most Holy Mary, save my father!" At this moment, Don Carlo received a musket-ball in his right arm, and fell fainting to the ground, from which he was unable to rise.

Young Tancredi was long intimate with Luisella; he was watching the issue of the struggle from a narrow window of his house, near the barricade, when he saw her father fall, and, running out as he was without his coat, he passed over the dead and raised Don Carlo from the ground, and conducting him along by the side of the houses, he placed him in safety in his own dwelling. He knocked at the door, and called Luisella by name, telling her that he was with her father. Luisella ran down and opened it; but when she saw them, thinking her father dead, she gave a lamentable cry and rushed towards Tancredi, who said, as he held out his hand: "Stop! don't be afraid, your father lives." Don Carlo opened his eyes, and Luisella, with the aid

of Tancredi and the servants, carried him up stairs and laid him upon a sofa.

A few moments after, she heard shots fired from the lower and upper stories of the house, and concluded that the soldiers had forced the entrance, and had put to the sword every one that opposed them. Having ascertained that her father's wound was in the arm, she begged her mother to restrain her tears, that the wound, though painful, was not dangerous, and to aid her to bind it up. She then said to Tancredi: "You take your seat on this side, while ma will sit on the other." She then carefully closed the shutters and blinds, and lighting the night-lamp, she placed it behind a screen, and gave the following directions: "Don't move from this place; let it appear that papa has been sick for some time, and if the soldiers enter, beseech them to make no noise; leave the rest to me."

Leaving her father's room, she placed her grandfather (who was seated, helpless, in his arm-chair) in the second ante-chamber, with an old nurse at his side, holding a plate of quartered oranges, as if in the act of helping the poor old invalid. In the room at the entrance, she caused a snow-white cloth to be spread upon the table, and placed in front, a dozen bottles of wine, and in the middle, two dishes of cured ham, two others of salad, half a cheese, some baskets of oranges, of cherries, and other productions of the season. The maid-servants, and her little brothers, she consigned to the more retired apartments of the house; and taking in her arms, her little sister, a child of two years of age, and directing the two footmen to place themselves in their best liveries, by the table, she threw herself upon her knees before the picture of the Madonna del Carmine, recommended herself to her with great fervour; then rising, opened the door which led to the gallery, and stood upon the threshold, caressing the child.

While Luisella was engaged in these stratagems of filial piety, the conflict below, still raged desperately; the thunder of the cannon, and the roar of the musketry, discharged by platoons, or in a running fire, deafened her ears. The royal troops, after bursting through the barriers, rushed like tigers to the assault of the houses, and forcing the doors, or breaking them down, bounded up the stairs to dislodge the rebels; they slew all who opposed them, and seized the vanquished. So it happened at the house of Don Carlo; they gained possession of the ground-floor by bursting in the door, and put to the sword all that resisted, and made prisoners of those who begged for mercy.

A body of the royalists furiously mounted the stairs with levelled bayonets, but when they saw the door open, and the noble-looking young lady advancing to meet them, with a joyful countenance, they stood still with astonishment. As she approached, she exclaimed: "Long live the King! long live the brave! Come friends," continued Luisella, "and refresh yourselves, after so much fatigue;" and taking the sergeant's arm, she led him into the ante-chamber, still retaining the child upon her arm; she took a bottle of wine and filled a glass, which she offered him. As the soldiers were fatigued and black from the dust and smoke of the battle, it is unnecessary to speak of their

delight at finding such a treat at that moment, or to say that they duly honoured it, by copious libations of champagne. The footmen were not idle, to one they offered ham, to another fruit, while Luisella kept them in good humour by congratulations on their valour, and the rescue of the country from destruction. At this moment a captain joined them, and Luisella received him so cordially, and invited him so kindly to accept a little refreshment, that from being in the height of fury, he was in a moment changed to mildness.

"Signorina," said he, "are you not afraid of so many soldiers?"

"I was afraid," replied Luisella, readily, "of those frightful rebels, who were firing from the windows below and above us, but the faithful and valiant soldiers of the king, I look upon as brothers and benefactors."

"You will not object, however, miss, to our examining if by chance any of those conspirators have taken refuge in the more distant apartments of your house."

"You do us honour," she replied; "but I assure you that none of those wicked men have attempted to conceal themselves among us, from above. Come; I request only that you will allow me to accompany you, to quiet the apprehensions of our family, and particularly of my mother, who is greatly distressed by the illness of my dear father."

The captain made a sign to two soldiers to follow him, and Luisella, keeping carefully by his side, introduced him into the room where her good old grandfather was seated, who, pale and trembling, raised his hand, as if begging for his life.

"Fear nothing," said the captain, in a tone of kindness, and the young girl related to him how pious the old man was; how he was constantly engaged in prayer, and how great was her affection for him her dear grandfather.

But when they reached the ante-chamber of her father, Luisella, staying her beating heart, advanced silently on tiptoe, and sighed to the officers to walk as lightly as possible.

"My father is sick in the next room," she said, "and this noise and terror of battle has very much increased his illness."

She then advanced gently to the door, as if listening, and opened it partially, so that the captain could distinguish in the obscurity, by the light of the dim lamp, the mother, who was giving him to drink, and Tancredi on the other side, supporting his head; the accommodating officer, drawing back, said, in a whisper,—

"Damigella, close the door again."

She did so, without any change of countenance, and conducted the captain into all the other apartments, even into that where she had sent the children, who, at the sight of the soldiers, ran and hid their faces in the bosoms of the servants, who were no less terrified than themselves. Luisella ran to the oldest boy, and kissing him affectionately, with many caresses, she tried to bring him to the captain.

"Don't be afraid of him," she said; "he is our friend and protector; we owe him our lives: give him your little hand."

The captain was delighted with these praises of the engaging young

girl, and, stepping forward, patted the cheek of the little boy, and said to Luisella that it was time for him to return.

When they again reached the ante-chamber, the soldiers were rapidly clearing the table, and Luisella sent for more wine, with an invitation to drink a toast to the king. The captain, thanking her for her courtesy, told her that he would leave two sentinels to protect her from the intrusion of other soldiers, which the young lady gratefully accepted, and accompanied him to the head of the stairs.

Returning to the two soldiers, she caused a flask of wine to be placed upon a stand near them, and desired them to allow the doctors to enter, who attended her sick father: she then closed the door, and ran joyfully to her parents, whom she fondly embraced, and also saluted Tancredi, and kneeling at the foot of the bed,—

“Let us,” she said, “recite, three times, the Ave Maria, in gratitude to the most holy Virgin, for her signal protection.”

All were moved to tears of tender admiration by her filial love, and her presence of mind in this great extremity.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

REMORSE.

BABETTE, of Interlaken, as it will be remembered, had been seized about the middle of March, by a commissary of police, who, with others, entered her hotel upon the Chiaia. So sudden was the surprise, that she was unable to lay her hands on a brace of pistols, which she had always in readiness to fire upon any one whom she suspected as an assailant. She had abundant reasons for apprehension. Among her effects, the police found papers, partly in cipher and partly in writing, in which many of the plots of Young Europe were brought to light; the names of the conspirators were detected; the secrets of cabinets revealed, and the perfidy of state officers, of high functionaries of the police, and the embassies, laid open; the plans of war, the means employed by the conspirators, notices of assassinations, and orders to encourage old partisans, or to form new ones by seduction, corrupting influences, or by open menaces. There were bills of exchange for large sums, letters of introduction to eminent personages, blank letters, with the address upon the outer covering, and in the interior the signatures of various Hungarians, Englishmen, or Germans, which Babette filled up according to instructions received from London, Paris, or Berlin. Others were blank only in appearance, for on the application of chemical tests, the writing suddenly became clearly legible. Others, and they were the most numerous, appeared at first sight blank checks, assignments of capital, bills payable at sight, or in a certain number of

days, more or less; but they were, in fact, formulas used by the conspirators, to urge their partisans to greater rapidity, or to further delay in action, according to the necessities or designs of the society.*

When Babette issued from the hotel, she cast around her a rapid scrutiny, to discover some means of escape; but the carriage was drawn close up to the entrance, and tall, powerful men stood on each side; one of them lowered the carriage steps, and the commissary handed her in to a seat. As she entered, she observed several others standing at the opposite door, watchfully intent, and armed with heavy clubs. The commissary jumped in after her, and two carabinieri, in plain clothes, followed him, and seating themselves opposite her, ordered the coachman to drive on. The carriage was rapidly driven in the direction of Vittoria and Pizzofalcone; the proud woman remained immovable where she had thrown herself back upon the seat of the carriage, and repressed all outward signs of the cruel tempest of passion with which she was inwardly tormented. In a short time the driver slackened his speed gradually to a walk, and the next moment stopped. Babette cast a troubled and wavering glance through the window; she saw a rough wall of huge stones, and a wide gateway. A gruff-looking fellow opened the carriage door, and the commissary said to Babette,—

“Baroness, descend.”

As she rose and placed her foot upon the carriage step, the man who opened the door took her arm, as if to help her to alight, a company of *sbirri* closed round her, and she found herself next moment within the portal.

“Where are we?” asked Babette.

“In the gateway of the Castel dell’ Ovo,” was the reply. The commissary disappeared, and the carriage rattled over the pavement towards Santa Lucia. A drawbridge was let down, the company passed with her in the centre, and she heard the creaking of the pulleys, the grating of the chains which raised the draw, and the beating of the weights against the sides of the counterscarp. They then entered a long gallery or terrace, which crosses the narrow neck of sea from the mainland to the fortress, defended on both sides by high parapets, armed with heavy ordnance. When they were about sixty paces from a ravelin, the sentinels called “Who goes there?” “Justice,” replied a corporal, and they passed within those dismal vaults which lead to the esplanade, adjoining the dungeon of the fortress, which is surrounded by a double moat, with the coping of the scarp overhanging a branch of the sea, which washes the foundations. The night was dark, and the silence of those gloomy abodes was only broken by the sentries’ cry of “Who goes there?” Here, for the first time, a thrill of horror stole into the bosom of Babette,—that inhuman heart, which,

* The police discovered in these bank checks, and bills at sight or in a certain number of days, numerous mysteries, for on presenting them for examination at the banks, or at mercantile agencies, they found that they were fictitious. They were, moreover, written to persons who are not engaged in business, nor in any kind of commercial pursuit.

while free, knew neither fear nor hesitation, now, taken by surprise by the hand of justice, as generally happens to all malefactors, was cowed and despondent ; it was filled with confusion, and stricken with pusillanimity and timidity. Her heart beat as if it would burst, her knees trembled beneath her, she shuddered in every limb, and a cold sweat bathed her whole body. That ancient fortress has, even in full daylight, a sombre and melancholy aspect,—what then must it be in the darkness of night, especially to a prisoner who enters it with a conscience loaded with murders and crimes which strike the imagination with horror ? The impenetrable fortifications render the escape of the inmates utterly impossible ; this preys upon the breast of the unhappy prisoner.

None of the guards spoke a word, but with rapid strides they led her by the light of their torches through endless vaults and passages into a casemate, which descended a great distance below ground, illuminated by the torches, and filled with their acrid and resinous smoke, and opened into a corridor with numerous passages on the right and on the left. They stopped at the end of this dark vault before a door, so low that it was necessary to stoop to enter, and drawing back two enormous bolts, Babette was led within.

She discovered by the glare of the torches a square den, formed of large, roughly-hewn stones, from which hung here and there enormous iron rings ; one side was occupied by a pallet, and a marble slab, projecting from the wall, served as a table, upon which stood a pitcher of water ; opposite the door was a small window, secured by a double grating of iron bars.

The guards, after pointing out these things to Babette, and bidding her good-night, withdrew. The heavy bars and bolts resounded through the vault as they were carefully forced into their sockets on the outside ; she heard their hands trying them, and shaking the door to test its security, and then the echoing of their steps died on the distant corridors as they returned to their posts.

Babette stood motionless and horror-stricken in that solitary and horrible darkness. She gasped for breath, her heart almost stood still within her bosom ; she shuddered, and felt as if in a dream. After remaining thus almost insensible for some time, she was suddenly startled by a hollow, thundering sound, which shook the walls, and made the entire dungeon tremble.

The ancient tower in which she was imprisoned has its foundations in the main sea ; its base is surrounded by a broad, solid mass of masonry, composed of enormous stones, grooved and morticed into each other, to break the force of the waves that perpetually dash against it. On the night of her seizure, a violent north-west wind blew in furiously across the gulf, and drove the roaring waves against the walls, shaking the whole structure with a dreadful sound. When Babette sufficiently recovered her scattered senses to perceive it, she almost fell to the ground with terror ; but, hearing the sound of the waves retiring over the rocks, she understood that the tower stood upon the sea.

Aroused by this discovery, new passions tore her proud and ferocious heart. As the wind whistled through the iron grating, and the clouds flitted rapidly across the troubled sky ; as the sea thundered upon the rocks, and vainly dashed its foaming waves against the scarp of the dungeon, so the mind of the prisoner was lashed alternately by anger, despair, violent thoughts, disordered passions, and perhaps a ray of hope, which the next moment vanished, and left her plunged in darkness and desolation more horrible than before. Her first movement was towards the grating. Standing upon a step, she remained a long hour watched the surging waves beating in white foam upon the dark rocks beneath. At length exhausted with conflicting passions, she felt her way to the pallet, upon which she threw herself, with the hope of forgetting her anxiety in sleep. Her heated blood rushed to her head, which burned and ached, while her limbs trembled beneath the covering with the chill ; her tongue was dry and swelled ; her palate and throat parched with a heat which caused her to gasp with open mouth, and to inhale the cool air, but she received no refreshment. She tossed restlessly to and fro, until nature, vanquished by excess of excitement, left her deprived of sensation, and sunk in an oppressive and disturbed sleep.

Sleep on, wretch ! but thy crimes watch like bloody spectres round thy bed, and cast upon thee their grim and avenging eyes. They alone keep vigil over thee ; the angel of peace puts them not to flight, nor are they washed away by the hope of those mercies which God, in his tenderness to his creatures, extends, with a bountiful hand, to the sinner who, with a contrite and humble heart, throws himself at the foot of his throne. Thou knowest not that beneficent Father of mercy and compassion ; thou hast used his adorable name only to blaspheme. Mary, the consoler of the afflicted, who pityingly descends to bring consolation to those that are in chains, or who are stretched on the bed of death, Mary soothes not thy lips with her name,—never descends into thy heart to cheer it with sweetness and hope. What then remains to thee in this forsaken solitude ? Horror and remorse.

In the mean time, Sicily was in tumultuous confusion ; an armament had already sailed from Naples to put down the revolt ; the secret societies, while the Neapolitan squadron was on its way to Sicily, were exerting their whole force in Naples itself, after the expulsion of the Jesuits, to excite new and more dangerous outbreaks. The brave generals and officers, however, with the whole army, remained steadfast in their allegiance, and watchful against the rebels, who were exasperated to madness at their loyalty. Their knowledge of this disposition of the troops kept them in greater awe than they were willing to confess even to themselves ; and hearing of their seizure of the Swiss Radical, the bearer of important secrets of the central committee, which had sent her to rekindle the ardour of the Italian conspirators, they would willingly have terrified the authorities, and compelled them, by their outcries, to grant her dismissal ; but perceiving that the military were in no temper to yield to threats, they were

forced to bite their nails in silence, and to await a more propitious occasion to effect her rescue.

Babette's unrefreshing sleep had lasted scarcely two-thirds of an hour when she started up: "Ah!" cried she, "who strangles me?" With eyes protruding from their sockets, she threw out her arms, and writhing and gasping convulsively, she seemed to be struggling in the grasp of some one who was endeavouring to suffocate her. Then, as if breathing more freely, she turned her eyes toward the door. "Away! hence, and leave me in peace!" she cried; but the words had scarcely passed her lips, when her terror and struggles were renewed, as if she were defending herself from a fresh assault. It was the image of Cestius which had appeared to her in her dreams, and presented itself so vividly and menacingly to her fevered imagination, that when she awoke, it seemed to be his ghost hovering around her in the darkness of her prison. She saw it, heard it, and felt the suffocating pressure of its hands: she thought its dimensions were enlarged and its head seemed to touch the arched vault; with its left hand it pointed to the ghastly wound, whence the blood oozed in a black and bubbling stream, which flowed over her face and bosom, and covered her whole person. In its right-hand it brandished the dagger with which she had slain him; drops of blood dripped from its point, and every drop as it fell to the ground rose into a gushing stream, until fountains of blood spouted from every part of the floor, and as it rose like an inundation, her pallet seemed to be lifted from its place, and floated and tossed upon that surging sea of blood. The wretched creature writhed upon her bed; the sweat streamed from her face, she saw Cestius threatening to suffocate and endeavouring to plunge her underneath the flood. The hideous spectacle overcame her; she fell back insensible, and remained sunk in a sort of stupor during the remainder of the night, and even after the gaoler had paid his visit, on his round through the prisons at the second watch.

The day dawned; the cool morning breeze restored her; she opened her eyes, glared round the gloomy vault, and thought it was still a dream, when the gaoler returned, and wishing her a good-morning, asked if she desired anything—"Breakfast," she answered, "and my clothes."

"My wife will bring you coffee"—wherewith he left her; and not long after, the bolts were again withdrawn, and she saw a woman neatly dressed, with large earrings in her ears, with several rings on her fingers, and a large silver hairpin passed through her hair. She carried a long basket, which contained the clothes of the baroness. Her daughter, a little girl of about ten years, accompanied her, with a cup of coffee; when she saw Babette seated upon the wretched pallet, and covered with a rich shawl, which she had thrown round her at the moment of her seizure, she stood with a frightened look, for she had never before seen a lady in the prison; she cast down her eyes, and kept them fixed bashfully upon the breakfast tray.

The woman addressed the baroness, and bidding her good-morning in a compassionate tone, "Lady," she added, "I am sorry for your

misfortune. But it cannot be helped; such accidents will happen in this world; keep up your spirits, and take these refreshments;" with these words she took her hand. Babette returned its pressure, and after looking earnestly at her a moment, burst into a flood of tears. The eyes of the little girl filled with tears also, and, with childish innocence, she placed herself at her side, and offered her the coffee in silence. Babette sipped it slowly, to prolong their visit; and while the woman, who had laid the basket upon a low stool, was engaged in placing the clothes in better order, she fixed her eyes upon the little girl, and as she contemplated her innocent countenance, she felt in her own bosom a consolation mingled with shame, anger, and remorse. Again left to herself, her former sad reflections returned. As soon as the little girl found herself outside, she said to her mother, "Mamma, that lady looked at me so strange, and her eyes frightened me; I will not go there again, mamma."

"Be quiet, Mariella," said the mother, "and mind you don't tell Nunziata."

"I won't say a word, mamma; but I don't want to go there any more, you know."

None are so quick at reading the eyes as children; without a doubt the poor child had discovered in those eyes that inexpressible something, forbidding and troubled, which depicts the guilty soul. The eyelids, the eyebrows, and the internal movement of the orbs, in their contractions and waverings, attract the timid and innocent glance of children. Mariella was often required to follow her mother, but she never could be prevailed on to meet the terrible look of the baroness; and if at those times the latter offered to take her by the hand, she snatched it from her and stood aloof, holding fast to the dress of her mother.

Babette, during the two months that she passed in that prison, spent the greater part of her time leaning upon the sill of her small window, whence she could see the whole gulf, and in clear weather she could discern the beach of Sorrentum, curving from the promontory of Vico, as far as Capo d'Ercole, beyond Massa Labrense. That sea, almost always tranquil, the almost perpetual serenity of that sky, those hills, always verdant and covered with shady groves, and those shores, bright with flowers, gave pleasure to her eyes, but cast trouble into her soul; for the sight of the innumerable riches of nature without, with the horror of a prison within, so much life in the elements, so much activity and freshness in the free breezes, laden with the fragrance of orange flowers, the fish darting rapidly to and fro in uncontrolled freedom at the foot of the tower, the birds flying joyfully through the clear air,—all these things, instead of giving solace to the heart of the prisoner, only redoubled the impatience with which she bore her captivity.

She saw with longing eyes the merchant vessels and ships of war, and the skiffs of the fishermen that approached the dungeon, and which she in vain sought to attract by signs within hearing; she beheld on the festivals crowds of joyful people crossing the gulf in boats

of every description to the places of amusement and entertainment which border it; the merry groups in their holiday attire dancing to the sound of harps, and to the songs of the Tarantella, filling those enchanting spots with gaiety and pleasure. Their freedom and gladness only embittered her mind against them; her envy of their happiness turned to a deadly hatred; she would have rejoiced to see them ingulfed in the deep waters before her eyes; she invoked in her heart the clouds to obscure the heavens, the raging wind to lash the sea into wild fury, the thunder and the blasting lightning to reduce those joyful barks to ashes. Revolving these diabolical thoughts in her mind, her countenance assumed a demon-like expression, she blasphemed and cursed God and all mankind.

The elevated and pious mind of Silvio Pellico, during his imprisonment in Venice, was entertained by the contemplation of the spider and the ant. He admired the art and industry of the former, while in the regularity and order of the latter, he saw a model of good government, and the consequent prosperity and happiness of a people who display a ready submission to the laws and to lawful authority. His mind turned from them to the high consideration of state government, and he said to himself, "See how the men of this age, who call themselves wise, heap calumnies upon princes and heads of governments, denominating them fools and tyrants! If the people be not ruled by a well-regulated government, they fall into endless disorders; let the harmony of the laws be removed, and the order of society will be confounded, entangled, and trodden under foot. Precisely as if I should suddenly throw among these ants, so admirably ruled by their king, a destructive hornet, which would spread confusion and disorder among them." Silvio, in the innocent simplicity of his heart, derived pleasure from those little insects: but the perverted and bloodthirsty heart of Babette took no delight in the innocent contemplation of nature; from honey she extracted poison. The view of domestic peace and harmony only brought a fresh increase to the interior disorder of her passions; she was rendered more bitterly sensible of her lost liberty, and the remorse which tore her heart became more gnawing, when she compared theirs with her own misdeeds. With regret she saw the return of day, and at the approach of night, horror invaded her heart afresh at the expectation of the struggles which darkness brought with it. If in the darkening twilight a wandering bat found its way through the grating, she was thrown into a delirium of terror; her distempered fancy magnified it into a giant, or into the spectre of Cestius, or some other youth who had fallen beneath her dagger, by order of the society. But it seemed that the ghost of an unfortunate young Argovian, a youth of eighteen years of age, the only son of his widowed mother, haunted her imagination more than others. When she struck him, her weapon glanced aside, and instead of killing him, it only pierced his shoulder-blade; the wretched Agathocles (the name he bore in the society) fell upon his knees, and suppliantly stretching out his hands, besought her to spare him, and to permit him to be carried to his home; he promised

sacredly to conceal her name; he begged of her to leave him to die in the arms of his mother, that she might receive his last breath, and close his eyes when he expired;—a lamentable consolation for a mother who was about to lose so early the object of her most tender affection! But the monster, aiming a blow at his heart, "Die, wretch!" she cried, and despatched him.

That spectre pursued her everywhere; everywhere that prayer resounded in her inmost heart; that lament was her unceasing torment.

While the blood-stained Babette thus endured her self-inflicted torments in prison, the pure and elevated mind of Luisella was enjoying the fruits of the admirable plans which were prompted by filial piety, and which preserved the life of her father. On the terrible 15th of May, after she so dexterously deluded the just anger of the soldiers, and had returned thanks to God for his merciful favours, she turned her whole attention towards the recovery of her father, whose wound was not of a dangerous nature, but extremely painful at first. By the treatment of a skilful surgeon, he was soon enabled to move his arm, and Luisella, seeing him so rapidly becoming convalescent, with a view to remove him from the reminiscences of that sorrowful day, and yet more to prevent the visits of some of his friends, who expressed ardent hopes of a time of retribution, proposed a pleasure-party to the beautiful coast of Sorrentum, while the attractions of the season and the place still lasted: he would, she said, recover more rapidly; there he could ride through those flowery hills, and he could breathe the purest and most healthy air in the world. This proposition was agreeable to Don Carlo, but he wished first to grant her also a consolation relating to her engagement to Tancredi, to whose affection and devoted courage he knew that he owed his life. Therefore, taking the hand of his preserver, he said to him, "Tancredi, you have my consent to your future marriage with Luisella; persevere and strive to become worthy of her." He then embraced him as his son, and about the end of May he went to Sorrentum, where he made choice of the hotel of the Syren.

There, at dinner, with many other strangers, or seated round the circular table upon the terrace, which overhung the sea, Luisella and Alisa frequently found themselves side by side, and entertained each other with the pleasant conversation which the beauties of the place and the agreeable season suggested. They placed themselves, after dinner, near the parapet, where they stood in raptures of admiration at that beautiful prospect; they pointed out to each other the most picturesque portions, and those points on the shore which combined the greatest beauties; then, as it often happens between pure souls, they passed their time in a sisterly interchange of thoughts, studying to know each other better; the one, unfolding her own reflections to the virtuous heart of the other, with a deep and noble emulation. In the mean time, Bartolo and Don Carlo held together prolonged disquisitions on politics, still seated at table over their coffee, or a bottle of *marsala* or *muscatel* of Syracuse. Frequently, in the evenings,

after tea, Alisa had her harp brought upon the terrace, and touched it with masterly skill. The harmony floated in the silence of night over the sea, which reflected the rays of the moon, and murmured, as it washed the rocks, like a low accompaniment to the music. Luisella also joined her clear and silvery voice to the sweet sounds of the harp, with an alternate thrilling and warbling of modulation, which drew the inhabitants of the surrounding villas to the windows, and arrested the oars of the fisherman, who listened motionless to the sweet melody, as it awoke the echoes of the rocks and recesses of the grottoes.

Or, about sunset they would leave the house, and turn up the road which passes above the little village of Marina Grande, and on reaching a high rock at the top, they entered a miniature temple, open on all sides, and turned their eyes down upon the roofs of the poor but happy cottagers, upon their little terraces and porches, covered with their nets spread out to dry; and not unfrequently, they watched the young village girls, dancing with light and joyful steps, to the sound of the cymbals and tamborines, while the little boys amused themselves upon the sea-beach, and gambolled in the water, like so many water-fowl. Passing on to Capo Di Monte, they ascended to the top of a bare rock, which protruded from the cliff, and there spent the fleeting moments in reading some beautiful poem, or in drawing some group of trees, or flowery banks, or beautiful retreat, or bay, or grotto of the strand below. Sometimes they mounted their horses, and they made excursions as far as Massa, admiring, as they passed, the beautiful declivities, which descend, clothed with orange-trees and cedars, to the beach, opposite the island of Capri. Those seats of peace and tranquillity, the piety of the innocent inhabitants, their ardent love for Jesus, and their devotion to his blessed Mother, was a subject of edification to the young ladies; they compared this quiet scene with the agitation of Naples and Rome, shaken and thrown into the extreme of disorder by the incessant violence of the conspirators.

During these pleasant rambles, Alisa's thoughts frequently reverted to the plains of Lombardy, where the war was raging with violence. Peschiera was besieged, the Italian army had spread from the Mincio to the Adige, and Verona was pressed with such vigour, that Charles Albert looked down upon it from the heights of Bussolengo and Somma Campagna. The thought of Aser would importunately intrude, with the dangers and hazards to which he was exposed; and to banish her anxiety, she frequently indulged in lively conversation with Luisella, or she would go to the church of St. Francis of Paul, where she knelt before the altar of the Madonna, and besought her intercession to protect her from these reflections, which robbed her of her peace.

Bartolo had discovered in Don Carlo one who entirely agreed with him in his Utopias; they held long and warm discussions in politics together, and their days flew rapidly by, in uninterrupted felicity.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE BATTLE OF CURTATONE.

THE king of Naples, after the suppression of the revolt, turned his thoughts to the troops which had been despatched, so much against his inclinations, into Lombardy; he therefore determined to recall them; and for this purpose, he despatched two resolute officers, with secret instructions to General Pepe, to return within the kingdom, and they would join him at Bologna. That old promoter of rebellion burst into an uncontrollable fit of anger; he glared fiercely upon the messengers, and replied that they were not sent by King Ferdinand, but by the enemies of their country; that he had received secret and express orders from his majesty to cross the Po, and to march resolutely to reinforce the army of the king of Sardinia, in the war of Italy. The envoys replied, "Pepe, either you will return, in obedience to the king's command, or General Statella is created commander-in-chief of the army;—here is the mandate of the king."

General Pepe still persisted in his refusal;—he spoke loudly to the Bolognese of his fidelity to his country; he was born a son of Italy before he was a subject of monarchs; his country had the first right, above all others, to his service and affection; let them rest secure; he would cross the Po. Applause and endless festivities were showered upon him by the National Guard; and he gave orders to commence the march to Ferrara. The troops proceeded discontentedly, and with feelings of anger against their disobedient general, and on arriving at Ferrara, flatly refused to cross the Po, and renewed their oaths of obedience to the king. Vain were Pepe's indignation and menaces: with the exception of a few officers, who drew over with them a small number of soldiers, the whole army obeyed the orders of the king, and immediately commenced its march on the return; and through the midst of every species of difficulty, thrown in their way by the secret associations, reached the territory of the kingdom.

The affairs of Lombardy made little progress among the Sardinians; this excited the clamours of the violent demagogues, who, in the midst of the luxurious ease of the cities, and in carrying on a war of words from their tribunes, charged the king with stupidity or with treachery.

"The first sword of Italy," cried they, "sleeps upon its cushion:—ho will arise and awake it?"

The inactivity of Charles Albert roused their fury. But Nugent, having cut his way through the midst of the Italian legions, which were endeavouring to prevent his passage of the Brenta, and afterwards of the Bachelione, reached Verona with a body of well-disciplined troops to reinforce the squadrons of Marshal Radetzky. Before Vicenza, however, he met with a vigorous check from the Italian

legions, in which the Romans gave abundant proof of their contempt of the cowards, who had fled, and by their unyielding valour, convinced the enemy of the native courage and intrepidity of the true Roman citizen. The men of Venice published their praises and proclaimed to Italy how much Vicenza was indebted to their prowess.

The 29th of May, however, dawned unpropitiously on the confederate arms of Italy. Upon the plains of Curtatone, near Mantua, a battle was fought between the Austrians and a body of four thousand Italians, chiefly Tuscans, who displayed a valour on both sides heretofore unexampled since the commencement of the war. The Austrian brigades of Benedek and Wohlgemuth were drawn up in front of Curtatone, those of the Generals Clam and Strassoldo, above Montanara, and the fifth of Liechtenstein, above Buscaldo. The Tuscan youth entrenched themselves in the houses, blocking up the entrances with earth and large beams to protect them from the artillery. For the musketry they made apertures and loop-holes through the lower walls, pointing in every direction, and upon the roofs they constructed defences to facilitate the downward projection of missiles, to defend the doorways and windows from assault. A portion of them were posted in the country, in triangles and squares, to break the onslaught of the Austrian cavalry, which charged them furiously upon the level ground; others, in platoons and echelons, harassed the left wing of the enemy; while a considerable force, moved in loose order, crouching in the ditches and behind the embankments of the fields, kept up a rapid fire upon the columns in front; and with only four pieces of artillery, posted upon a rising ground, they scattered grape among the enemy's cavalry, and the mass of infantry which were marching to the assault of the feebly-entrenched little battery. To these the Austrians opposed the thunder of fifty cannon, which were posted in front and on the flanks; these tore through the Tuscan ranks, and rent into fragments the defences, with frightful ruin and devastation. Those brave youths, unmoved by this disparity of force, maintained the combat with unwavering intrepidity, opposing to that impetuous torrent, for five hours, the living wall of their breasts; resolved to conquer or to die in the attempt.

How many youthful lives were cut short on that day, upon the bloody fields of Curtatone! How many young men fell beneath the swords of the hussars, the spears of the Ulanes, and the dreadful fire of musketry and artillery! How many tears of bereaved parents have watered the soil of those fields, and the banks of those streams, —tears which have been caused by the unsparing rage of war! Thou, beautiful Tuscany, knowest it! Ye mothers of Arezzo, of Pisa, of Florence, and Sane, are witnesses that your tears are yet undried, and your wounded hearts still unhealed. Your sons, whom you had fostered on your bosoms and reared with such tender care, in whose hearts you had instilled the practice of virtue and piety towards God, which are the ornaments of Christian youth, were betrayed into the evil paths marked out by the leaders of the conspirators; all drank the poison of a false liberty, that excited in them an anger against the

past, hatred towards the present, and frenzied anticipation of a better future. Lamentable and fatal error, through which man, forgetful of himself and of his eternal salvation, risks his property and his life, to rivet upon himself, under the name of liberty, the chains of the most degrading slavery that could ever be forged for his country by the most ferocious tyranny.

Among the innumerable evils, however, which fell to the lot of Tuscany, the noble and honourable conduct of her youth during their passage through the territory of Lombardy to the war of independence will ever reflect honour upon her name.

The volunteers, with the exception of the scum of the conspirators, conducted themselves in a manner so remarkable, in their march through the cities, that they gained the esteem and love of the inhabitants. Many of these brave men, who had joined the enterprise through want of judgment, and a mistaken notion of their duty to their country, gave decided proofs of truly Christian hearts, openly and generously professing the piety which they had imbibed from their parents. So far from detracting from their prowess and magnanimity in action, these good dispositions increased their intrepidity and valour. Those who fell and were still able to speak a few words before they expired, no longer broke into the impious cry of "Viva l'Italia, death to the foreigner!" but their dying words were, "Sweet Jesus!" and "Holy Mary, hasten to our help!" Many were seen, after they were wounded, extended as they were, prostrate in the furrows, or after dragging themselves to the foot of some tree, to draw from their bosoms a little crucifix, which they wore round their necks, or a relic, or the scapulary, and press it upon their wounds and upon their lips, and breathe their last in that embrace, with acts of contrition and love. Such also, according to the declaration of Giorgio di Pimodan, aide-de-camp of Marshal Radetzky, was the death of the brave Piedmontese officers and soldiers after the battle of Santa Lucia, before Verona. He relates, that before their burial, his soldiers had removed from the necks of the slain their crucifixes and gold and silver medals, and that he purchased them of them; but afterwards, reflecting that they were no doubt pledges of affection from pious mothers and sisters, he had not the heart to retain them, and replaced them upon the hearts of the brave dead, before they were buried.

Charity also, like a beautiful flower, flourished upon the ensanguined fields of Montanara and Curtatone; and in the midst of the deadly slaughter that stalked through the Tuscan ranks, it shone with a celestial splendour; for on the fall of any of the soldiers, one or two of their comrades, disregarding showers of balls and grape, hastened to his support; they raised him in their arms, and carried him out of the battle, or laid him down behind a bank, or sat him up behind the thick trunk of a tree.

Among others who took an active part in this struggle, was Alessandra, a young lady of seventeen years. The mind of Alessandra filled with the mad and delirious conceits of those authors who,

during the two previous years, had written and sung of the vague and deceptive hopes of Italy, and she had rashly and foolishly yielded to the temptations held out to her, and joined the legions for its redemption. Neither love for her mother and sister, nor the advice of her friends, nor the fatigues and hardships for which she was so little suited, could turn her from the mad promptings of her misguided imagination. Having secretly procured a uniform and arms, together with a brother, who was bewitched by the ravings of Guerazzi, and the seductions of Pigli and Montanelli, she fled secretly from home, exposing to the profanation of the military march, and of the camp, the holy brightness of Christian modesty, which every breath sullies and enfeebles.

It was not until after the troops had commenced the descent of the Apennines that she returned to a correct view of the fallacies which had impelled her to her foolish resolution: in the silence of night, upon her rude camp bed, she felt the sting of conscience, repented of her rashness, and blushed when she thought of the spiritual dangers to which she had exposed herself; but self-love and human respect still prevented her from returning to the path of duty and rectitude; she marched on boldly with the legions, nerving herself against the stings of conscience and remorse.

The day of the battle of Curtatone arrived; the courageous heart of Alessandrina never faltered before the thunder of the cannon, or the whistling storm of balls, or the awful onset of the cavalry, which charged in squadrons, and threw confusion into the Tuscan ranks. After Colonel Reisbach had gained possession of the trenches, she still fought bravely in the ranks of the second regiment of chasseurs, which, unable to sustain the shock of the light cavalry of the lancers, threw themselves behind the cover of a small wood of alders. The Ulanas made a rapid evolution, in order to fall upon their flank, and during this movement, Alessandrina, while reloading her musket, was struck in the side by a ball, which passed through her lungs.

The unfortunate creature fell, with this mortal wound, upon a bush of thorns, and her shoulder-belt becoming entangled in the branches, she remained suspended, pale, fainting and dying. In this pitiable position, she begged pardon of God for her sins; she hoped in his infinite mercies, and drawing from her bosom a silk cord, to which a little cross of gold was attached, she kissed it, and pressed it to her lips, repeating, continually:

"Sweet Jesus, have mercy on me!"

At this moment a young officer who was endeavouring to join a body of men that were still maintaining the unequal combat from behind a ditch, passed near the spot. Perceiving the youth on the point of death, he stopped and accosted him with words of encouragement, and passing one arm gently beneath him to raise him up, he removed the belt from the bush with the other hand, and laying him tenderly upon the grass, bent over him to sustain his head. Alessandrina was fast declining, and the young officer, with his handkerchief, wiped away the sweat of death which bathed her face. He removed

her hat, and perceiving the long hair which filled it, he discovered that the object of his sympathy was a young lady; then a tear stole down his face and fell upon the cheek of the dying girl.

This officer was Aser, who, after the combats of Treviso and Vicenza, had joined the Piedmontese army, and frequently passed from place to place between Mantua and the Mincio, to communicate the orders for the various movements, and to animate the troops. On the field of Curtatone he brought no dishonour upon his character; with courage and skill, he fought where the battle raged with utmost fury. His horse was killed under him; his helmet and the skirt of his coat had been perforated with balls, but when the miserable remains of his column retired from the field, he accompanied them in their retreat towards Goito.

Alessandrina, to whom he was a stranger, still pressed her crucifix to her lips, and recommended her soul to the holy and beloved names of Jesus and Mary. Then turning to Aser: "Accept my thanks," said she, "compassionate and pious Italian, for these charitable offices. I had indulged the hope that I would have watched over my dear mother for many long years to come, but my own folly has led me to meet an untimely death far away from her. Jesus, forgive me! How sweet to invoke his name, how consoling to hope in his mercy! I have a brother in the second of the Tuscan light infantry," she added, mentioning his name; "have the charity to take this little crucifix to him after I am dead—in my name—as the sole pledge of my love. If he should still live, let him wear it faithfully near his heart for the sake of his Alessandrina; but if he be wounded, give it him to kiss, to pray with it before his eyes, and to trust in Jesus." Here her head fell upon the arm of the brave Jew, her eyes became fixed and glazed, her lips opened, and she expired.

At this spectacle, while beholding this melancholy scene, and hearing these last words, these acts of piety, and witnessing the peace of mind which shone in every feature of the dying young girl, Aser felt his soul profoundly moved; he was unable to abandon that lifeless burden, and leave it unburied, or to the rude hands of the grave-diggers; he instantly raised the body in his arms, and bore it to a place of safety beyond the rage of the battle. Finding there a few chasseurs, he inquired for the brother, and was informed that while fighting bravely in the front ranks, a grape-shot had stricken his forehead and scattered his brains over the ground. Then with two muskets and branches of trees laid across them they formed a kind of handbarrow, upon which they bore the unfortunate Alessandrina to a little village about two hundred yards distant, and having caused a grave to be dug in the cemetery, they placed her in it, and wept many tears; having filled up the grave, they planted upon it a small cross, upon which they carved, with a knife, her name and the day of her death.

Aser felt his heart swell with uncontrollable emotion. That unfortunate young girl brought back to his mind the image of Alisa, which for some time occupied the whole of his thoughts; his bosom was

violently agitated; his affections, being dormant, or at least restrained by the hardships and incessant hurry of war, were now aroused into fresh activity. The noble youth walked from the cemetery with his eyes cast upon the ground, in profound reflection upon his last end. He recalled to mind the medal of Our Lady, which he had promised Alisa to wear perpetually round his neck, and, drawing it from his bosom, he kissed it with fervour; he then drew out the little crucifix of Alessandrina, and joined it to the medal as a memorial of the dead.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE AZURE GROTTO.

ALISA and Luisella, like two lovely angels, moved among the natural and artificial beauties of Sorrentum. Every day they took the most agreeable walks through the delightful groves and gardens of sweet-scented flowers.

One day they went in company up to the esplanade of the "Diserto," an ancient hermitage of the Carmelites, taking with them refreshments for their collation. From the summit of that hill, which commands a view of the sea on both sides, they enjoyed an interesting and picturesque view of the Bay of Sorrentum. The points or promontories of this delightful bay are ornamented with palaces, which are beautifully reflected in the sea; from these, winding stairways, cut in the solid rock, descend to the water, while numerous deep caverns or grottoes are found upon the smooth, sandy beach, which is washed by the splashing waves.

Towards the south, the view beyond the gulf extends as far as the plains of Pestum, which is famous for its immense columns and its majestic temples. Alisa, in silent admiration, contemplated these columns and temples through her telescope, together with the beautiful sites of Magna Grecia, the mother of the arts and sciences, which constituted the glory of Italy. Still farther to the south the blue Sirenas, or the isles of the Sirens, arise from the midst of the sea, the abodes of those treacherous beings, whose sweet voices and enchanting attractions draw into their snares the incautious mariners, who had not, like Ulysses, a prophetic Circe, to warn them against those perfidious chants, and to counsel them to pass by without touching at those deceitful shores. One delightful morning, in the beginning of June, accompanied by Bartolo, Don Carlo, and Tancredi, they crossed over in a pleasure-boat to the Island of Capri, to see the *Azure Grotto*, and the ruins of the wonderful palaces, villas, and baths, which Tiberius built, to conceal from the public his cruelty, his perpetual fears, and his debauchery. They sailed along the shore, until opposite the Capo

d'Ercole, where they found a number of fishermen, from whom they procured some red mullets, and turning towards the open sea, they coasted along the promontory to the most rocky part of the island; there, beneath a towering rock, is the entrance to the Azure Grotto. When they reached it, they entered two small skiffs, and bounded over the waves, which rise there even in the calmest weather; then bending down their heads, they passed under the low rocky vaults of the entrance of the cavern. The boatmen propelled their little skiffs at first with their oars, and afterwards through the narrow passage by pressing against the points of the rocks, until they had reached the interior of the grotto.

The grotto is formed like a round temple, and the sea fills it so entirely, that not the slightest border is left uncovered; no jutting stone nor mossy rock is anywhere to be seen projecting above the surface. If the curious visitor turns towards the mouth of the cave, through which it is lighted, he beholds the most wonderful and brilliant tints of the sapphire sparkling in the water, like azure gems flashing and dazzling his astonished eyes. The cerulean waves advance and recede, rise and fall, shining as with innumerable beryls and turquoises of the clearest diamonds. Reflections of a silvery azure are thrown back from the vaults above, refracting, crossing, uniting, and again decomposing, and pervading the whole of the crystalline air within the cave. The beholder looks round and remains motionless, as if in an ecstasy, at the glory of this celestial paradise; there is something that impresses him with an idea of the presence of divinity, and transports him with the heavenly radiance of its splendour, which is mingled with the shades of a mysterious gloom which reigns in the light of that sapphirine brightness. But his astonishment is immeasurably heightened when he sees a young man leap from the prow of one of the skiffs, and plunge into the azure waters; foam of a brilliant indigo tint rises over him, its brightness surrounds and invests his whole body as he swims, a halo of crystal purity, like liquid emeralds of a sparkling azure, expands round him, like a sun beneath the water. At every motion of his hands and feet, long jets of light dart and shoot forth glittering beams, with an effect that is beautiful beyond description, and every plunge of his head draws round it a beautiful and transparent crown of glory, like the celestial rainbow.

This phenomenon is supposed to be caused by the refraction of light, which, having no other entrance except the low mouth of the grotto, becomes decomposed and refracted, and all the colours, except that of indigo, are lost in their passage through the mass of waters.

Filled with wonder, they returned to the swift bark which had brought them, and was now to take them to the beach of the beautiful valley of Capri. On reaching it, a number of little girls brought boards, which they extended from the shore to the boat; thus forming a temporary bridge, by which they might land without wetting their feet in the water that broke in white foam against the land.

Capri stands between two rocky peaks, upon the spur of a high hill, which is covered on the sides with vineyards and most luxuriant

gardens, filled with every species of orange and fruit trees, stretching round the city in the form of an amphitheatre, as far as the Cyclopean walls ;—these walls still show, here and there, the enormous blocks of stone which composed the ancient fortifications subsequently restored by the Romans, and lastly by the Arragonese. On the other side, the ridge of the mountain, beyond the space occupied by the buildings, gardens, and a little valley, divided into olive plantations and a few fields of grain, descends abruptly into the sea, opposite Magna Grecia. Capri has the appearance of an Oriental citadel, with its white houses, flat roofs, and terraces, all covered with a white stucco, which resists the effects of the rain and sun. It has a small castle, with towers and ramparts, and a cathedral, in the treasury of which are preserved the silver statues of its patron saints, and a very ancient cross, inlaid with crystal and precious stones, miraculously preserved in the midst of the flames, by which the old Moorish corsairs destroyed the church in which it was deposited.

The party were received in the house of a Don Giovanni, a relation of the Auriemma. He took them to see the most remarkable places which abound in the neighbourhood. Bartolo, with his antiquarian knowledge, found numerous ruins, which he roamed through with infinite delight ; but Alisa was moved at the sight of the Certosa, in former times the glory and the wealth of Capri, which is now poor and prostrate. That monastery occupies a beautiful little valley of meadows and pastures, and gardens of almond, lemon, and olive-trees : it is small, but of beautiful architecture ; numerous offices are built round it, for such was the custom in ancient abbeys. On entering the cloisters, it is lamentable to behold the ceilings crumbling with dampness, the broken arches, the jambs of the doors, which are enriched with exquisite carving, torn from their places ; capitals fallen from the columns, and through every corridor the walls were disfigured by scribbling with charcoal, done by the military stationed there in the time of Napoleon. But when Alisa entered the great hall of the Chapter, and saw the magnificent frescoes, broken and almost entirely effaced with black marks and mud by a barbarian soldiery, her heart was filled with sadness ; her thoughts reverted to the beautiful monuments of Rome, which were endangered by the license of those brutal men, who with the shouts of liberty on their lips, respected nothing human or divine.

At the end of the hall are two oratories, with gilded carvings and paintings, torn and broken ; the altars are overturned, the tombs desecrated, together with the statues of the pious warriors who founded and endowed that Certosa, in which the holy monks prayed for the repose of their souls. Leaving these places, they went out to visit the cells ; and they saw those solitary recesses of contemplation and peace, squalid, and with broken pavements ; the little gardens fronting every cell, instead of flowers and sweet-scented herbs, were overrun with thistles, and brambles, and poisonous plants. These cells, and little terraces and gardens, for the most part stand upon high rocks, which overhang the sea, and are piled up against other bare, bleak rocks,

against which the tide roars and murmurs, rendering the solitude still more imposing and austere. Alisa leaned in silence over the parapets, admiring the rugged rocks crowned with cells; she pictured to herself those holy hermits contemplating, in the evenings, the setting sun as it tinged those profound waters with the colour of flames, which, reflected upon the rocks, reddened them like the mouth of volcanoes. She saw the gray wild dove nestling in the holes of the rocks, or resting upon the high ledges, cooing anxiously, or whirling with rapid flight over the sea, the varying tints of their plumage changing beneath the sun—true emblem of those elevated souls, who sighed to God in their solitude, then took their rapid flight to the celestial spheres, where they glitter and shine in inexpressible splendour.

Alisa turned to Luisella, and comparing those cells which hang over the abyss and the nests of the solitary halcyons, she said sweetly to her, "Oh, my friend, how truly replete with holy enjoyment is this hermitage! how supremely tranquil is this silence, prompting to pure and exalted thoughts of eternal life! The world, indeed, torn by agitations and noise, by the storms and whirlwinds of the passions, was envious of the peace and divine conversation of those solitaires, and drove them with violence from those rocks, among which, like diamonds and emeralds in the midst of the mountain crags, they shone preciously in the eyes of God."

They observed, near one of the cells, at some distance, a young man looking down upon the waves with a dejected air, and sighing as if oppressed by some great sorrow. Alisa, ever kind-hearted, made a sign to her father:—"My dear father, look at that young man, how sorrowful his looks; see his fixed eyes, and his pale, emaciated face. He really excites one's compassion! Perhaps he is in want, and suffering from hunger!" Bartolo was affected with pity; and turning to the rest of the company, he passed with them through the cells to the little terrace upon which the young man was standing. Don Carlo was talking with Don Giovanni about his manner of catching quails, which, in May and September, flock in crowds to this island, where they alight to rest from the fatigue of their long flight across the sea. The two young ladies, arm-in-arm, followed Bartolo, who addressed the young man, and asked him if he were a native of Capri, or a stranger.

"I am from Calabria, and my ill-luck would have it that I should go to the war of Lombardy, as a volunteer, under the princess of Belgioso, with several other of my mad companions, who broke off their legal studies."

"And in what actions were you engaged?" inquired Bartolo.

"In many. With the other Italian volunteers I overran the highest mountains of Lombardy, where they border on the Tyrol; I camped among the snows and glaciers, clothed in a light tunic, and I leave you to imagine the suffering I endured on guard upon the borders of the terrific precipices, where we were frequently attacked, or where tempests and whirlwinds tore up the ancient beech-trees and the strongest oaks. Many of my comrades were swallowed beneath the raging avalanche,

or swept away by the torrents, which after the heavy storms of rain suddenly rush down like cataracts from the mountains, tearing away in their irresistible course the trunks of trees and fragments of rocks, with a noise that strikes terror into the most fearless!"

"Poor young man!" murmured Alisa; "how much you must have endured!"

"When we had descended from the mountains, we encountered new disasters at their foot and upon the plains. We were unprovided with the necessities for war, through the carelessness and want of forethought of our leaders, army contractors, and commissaries. If after ten or fifteen hours of marching, we entered a country-seat, a farm, or a village, we found that the foragers had preceded us and left neither bread, nor wine, nor any means of support; and sometimes our foragers came back, shouting: 'Hurrah for the independence of Italy,' imagining, I suppose, that that would stay our hunger."

"Poor fellows! how did you do then?"

"How did we do? Why, very often the Austrians used to come and give us our breakfasts and dinners, showering down upon us manna, in the shape of bomb-shells; I need not tell you how crisp and delicious it was! In fine, exhausted as we were with our long march, and with empty stomachs, we had to fight for many hours and then retreat at the top of our speed; but in our retreat we were fortunate if we found a mouthful of bread, or a little flour to make our porridge. All that, however, was a more endurable evil than the jabbering about liberty, equality, and triumphs, which perpetually stunned our ears, with a rhetoric and words and phrases never invented by any but possessed madmen. We never heard them say, however, that "The soldier derives strength from discipline and submission to his commanders;" no, it was all such a string of boasting, that we might have been the paladins of France. Ridiculous stuff! which would have excited our mockery had it not been accompanied, among the summits of Caffaro, and Lodrone, and in the terrific forest of Rocca d'Aufo, by awful tempests and whirlwinds, which tore up the tents and hurled them into the torrents, extinguishing the fires and whirling the blazing logs and branches into the air, leaving the orators dumb and the audience shivering with cold. How often with the dear and brave young Emilio Dandolo did we lament over the proud blindness of so many volunteers, over their stiff-necked disobedience to orders, their envy of their officers, whom they wished to supersede in the command, introducing licentiousness, hatred, suspicion, and ill-will among the troops, who finally broke into open mutiny, like scholars against their master."

"And they who were sincerely good and brave, what did they do?"

"They thought it better to preserve silence, and persevered staunchly in the enterprise. As for myself, after the battle of the Sarche, at the end of Lake Garda, near the beautiful city of Riva, I withdrew with the other troops to the right bank of the Mincio, and took up a

position between Valeggio and Goito, marching and countermarching among those hills until after the rout of Curtatone, when we had another skirmish with the Austrians, in which I was wounded."

"Ah, poor young man!" exclaimed Alisa; "was your wound severe?"

"Indeed, had it not been for a hero from a foreign country, who had joined the Roman legion and saved me by performing prodigies of valour, I should have been numbered with the dead."

"Oh, pray tell us how!"

"I will do so with pleasure. In the heat of an engagement with a body of Austrians, among some willow-trees, on the bank of a creek which falls into the Mincio, our party was on the point of being surrounded, when a brave officer, with a handful of Italian light-armed troops, came to our rescue. He is a young Swedish prince, of the name of Aser, the most valiant and generous young soldier in the legions; as commissary of war, he renders the greatest service to the Italian cause, and he exposes himself in battle like a common soldier. Falling upon a body of Austrians, he routed them; but another column charging us in flank, our ranks were again broken; a little knot of our men, however, rallied behind a rising ground, and renewed our fire. In a moment we were charged in the rear, and a Tyrolese foot soldier was on the point of driving his bayonet through my body, when Aser, leaping over a bank, struck the arm of the Tyrolese with his sword and broke the force of the blow, which still, however, pierced my shoulder. Our assailants then turned against my preserver, who defended himself with such activity against three bayonets, that he had wounded one man in the wrist, and the other in the knee, when losing his footing, the third [Alisa here gave a sudden start, and leaned gasping upon Luisella] raised his long stutzen blade to nail him to the ground, but I had drawn my sword and dealt him a back-handed blow, which fractured his skull, and brought him prostrate to the ground [Alisa drew a long breath, like one whose animation has been for some suspended]. Aser bounded to his feet, and, contesting every inch of ground, we retired safely with the others. He caused the wound which I had received to be bandaged, and I accompanied him afterwards in many other skirmishes, through which he had to fight his way, in order to join General Durando, before Vicenza. Having, however, lost two of my fingers, which were cut off by a sabre-stroke in an attack of cavalry, I was obliged to retire from one station to another, to save the remains of this mutilated hand. I re-entered the kingdom by the Arcole road, and by order of the council of war, I was removed to this little island, where I landed three days ago."

He was not the only one; for in process of time, after the defeat of Charles Albert at the Castoza, and the fall of Milan, all the Neapolitan volunteers that returned were sent to the islands of Ischia, Procida, and Capri, with a pension of a carlino a day. In the other states of Italy, on the contrary, they were disbanded, and remained in extreme poverty; and those who were not prevented by their wounds and the exhaustion produced by the hardships of war, flocked into Rome, when

it was besieged by the French, to die miserably under the batteries of the gate of San Pancrazio.

Alisa, at the end of the lamentable account of the young Calabrian, still agitated with fears, said to him, "Brave young man, did your deliverer afterwards escape from the hands of the Austrians?"

"Certainly; he made his way through innumerable obstacles into the lower Polesine, and reached in safety the Italian camp of General Durando; I have since heard from many volunteers that he was at Bologna, after having distinguished himself at the fortifications of Monte Berico."

Alisa drew her father a little aside, and gently asked him to give the young man twenty ducats to equip himself afresh, after which she withdrew from the place with a mental disquietude which accompanied her during her return to Sorrentum.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

DESPAIR.

BABETTE was in the mean time devoured with profound melancholy, displaying her malicious temper, and agitated by the terrible gnawings of remorse and the frightful and cruel spectres of those who had fallen victims to her dagger; overcome at length in mind, and wasted in body, she fell into a fever and an uncontrollable madness, and was borne to the hospital of the prison, outside of the Capuana Gate, where her wild delirium at length moderated; she again became sensible, and her health gradually improved. While there, she was often visited by some holy priest, who wished to cheer her with words of consolation and peace; but the criminal eyed him with a ferocious frown, and returned his charitable endeavours with looks of rage and scorn; with stubborn rudeness she turned away her head, muttering curses between her teeth, and biting the bedclothes with furious passion; so that for the greater part of her time she was left to herself; no one durst approach her, even the nurses shuddered when they attended her. Her lips moved with incessant mutterings, and at times she broke into wild yells and howls, like a ferocious beast; when her food displeased her, she dashed it in the face of the nurse that waited upon her, and in the same manner she disposed of her medicine when she found it distasteful. She treated the other patients in the most surly manner; and when she saw any of them sit up in her bed to pray, she expressed her loathing by shocking imprecations and the most frightful contortions that her face was capable of assuming, so that the other sick prisoners gave her the name of the Turk or the Demoniac. When

she became convalescent, she was removed to the prison of Santa Maria d'Agnone, and consigned to the pious care of the Sisters of Charity. King Ferdinand had early turned his attention to the improvement of the prisons; every step was taken to ameliorate the condition of the inmates, and their spiritual welfare was patiently watched over by pious priests, appointed to instruct them and bring them back to those religious practices, the neglect of which had been the origin of their crimes. To perform the same offices for the female prisoners, the Sisters of Charity, called from the colour of their habit, the "Gray Sisters," were selected, and the Queen herself became the chief patroness of this work of charity. Words cannot describe the devotedness which those pious ladies exhibited in the regeneration of the wretched criminals, and their success was commensurate to their patience and perseverance. A disgusting neglect of cleanliness was succeeded by a beautiful neatness and order, idleness by industry, and by degrees the most unbridled wickedness by repentance and piety. The good old priest who attended to their spiritual wants was accustomed, every year, to hold among his prisoners a retreat of a few days, spent entirely in spiritual exercises, at the conclusion of which the Cardinal Archbishop said mass for them, and gave them the most Holy Communion, and afterwards confirmation to those who had not already received it. After the ceremonies were terminated, the prisoners were called to partake of a repast, during which they were waited upon by the noblest young ladies of Naples, who had formed themselves into a society called "The Congregations of the Ladies of the Prisons." Babette, who was placed in a separate cell, and who had for some time been served with the most patient and tender care by the Sisters, was invited on this occasion to partake of the banquet with the other prisoners, but she refused; she remained alone, watching their proceedings from the window of a small room which looked into the cloisters; she stood there with her elbow resting upon the window-sill, and her chin leaned upon her hand, her fingers between her lips, gnawing her nails, and her head covered with a brown silk handkerchief, which she had drawn down almost over her eyes. When the cardinal blessed the table, her face assumed a fierce, malicious grin; she glared spitefully upon the purple, and spat upon the ground with a gross gesture, as if in some tavern of radicals. She wondered at those highbred young ladies who thus took the place of servants to wait upon the prisoners; such an act of charity appeared gross folly to that proud and bloodthirsty spirit. All the ravings of the Phalangerians, the Fourierists, the Communists, and the Pantheists of Switzerland, Germany, and Italy, rushed to her thoughts, with their vile and ferocious developments, by which they at this day fill the world with horror. Finding herself and the other criminals in prison, she cursed the justice of God and man, repeating to herself those infernal words of Desmoulins, "*Suppress virtue, and bring to the altar of liberty no other incense than that of crimes. It is precisely that which fools call crime, that must reign supreme. We will expiate it in the blood of popes, kings, bishops, priests, and all those who love virtue in Europe. If at*

least two millions of retrograders are not slaughtered, a new, happy world cannot be reconstructed."

It may be imagined what was the rage of Babette at the sight of a cardinal actually before her eyes; at the sight of those ladies, of their pious young daughters, so humane, so kind, so gentle, and so modest, when she had stored in her heart the declaration of William Marr: "Man must return to the savage state, in company with the lion of the desert, in order that he may reign in happiness;" she who considered crime to be nobility, wealth, and all property! Those repentant, criminal women were loathsome to her, who viewed crime as a glory, repentance as vileness: to her who viewed as heroes the murderers of the Count of Lemberg, Count de la Tour, of Leu, Lessing, Valenstein, Lazzareschi, and the innumerable other victims of the societies, in Ravenna, Bologna, Ancona, and Leghorn. That basilisk spirit, beholding those poor penitents thus subdued and tranquil under the divine influence, cursed the priests who had so mildly, yet so powerfully, instilled it into their hearts; she would have triumphed could she have seen them, like serpents, piled up and coiled about each other within an iron net, biting and tearing each other to pieces. She cursed the secret societies because they had not burnt up, overthrown, and utterly demolished the whole world, to reign alone upon its ruins.

At length, in a fit of insupportable rage, she rushed from the window, with a mind lacerated with envy, remorse, and desperate and cruel passions. That sublime spectacle of humility, of Christian meekness, which would have tamed a dragon, only increased the fury and the torment of her guilty and stubborn soul. The enraged woman, raving, exhausted, and fainting, tore her hair in a sudden revulsion of rage against herself, she sent forth shrill screams, the inflamed and boiling humours of her blood rushed to her heart, and she relapsed into a malignant fever. She was again borne to the hospital of the prison; but no remedy was sufficiently potent to calm the raging delirium, which, instead of yielding to loss of blood, seemed to gain strength from her exhaustion, for her heart was on fire, and sent its flames through her veins; her torment was inconceivable. In her frenzy she struggled in her bed like a bear caught in inextricable toils, she gasped with open mouth to inhale the fresh air more rapidly, and to cool her burning lungs. She broke into wild cries, threw up her arms to relieve her oppressed bosom, and scattered the bedclothes on all sides with desperate rage. Frequently she shook her fist, clenched as if grasping a dagger, and shouted, "I have no pity for thee: die, villain," and struck upon the bed as if piercing the heart of some doomed victim. At times she gnashed her teeth, saying: "Giacomo Muller, give me that weapon; I will kill that infamous Leu." Her eyes rolled, and foam and blood flowed from her mouth as she cried: "Ah, Siegvard has escaped from prison! Good, bravo! ah! Catholic dog, he has broken from your hands. I am coming also. Oohsenbein, give me thy arm, and thou, Ineichen, and thou, Schmidli, aid me. Reach me a file; I had one in my closet; but they took it away; ah scoundrels, vile scum, give me back my corset." Thus raving, while the nurses were at a

little distance, she threw herself from her bed and rushed into the middle passage. The other poor infirm prisoners fearing that she would strangle them, screamed for help; the two assistants ran to her, but not daring to lay hold of her, one of them called to the guard who stood outside. He entered, and seeing her raving madness, rushed upon her, and seizing her round the waist, dragged her to the room, where she screamed and struggled with such demon-like fury, that she ruptured a blood-vessel; the blood rushed impetuously from her mouth; she choked, convulsed, and expired. Thus died the unhappy Babetta, suffocated by her own blood; stricken by divine justice, for the torrents of human blood which she had shed upon the earth.

Innocent blood ever cries to Heaven for vengeance; murderers in vain seek to evade it, but like Cain, they become restless vagabonds, perpetually pursued by the furies of conscience; they feign outward peace, but within, their remorse tears them incessantly with a madness which consumes their very souls. Trembling, dread, horror, and terror pursue them in the darkness of night, until at length the hand of justice overtakes them, or the dagger of a hidden enemy dispatches them, or the anger of God falls suddenly upon them and crushes them by a horrible death.

They who, in obedience to the 46th Article of the Secret Code of Young Italy, received commands from the society to slay with the pistol, by poison, or with the dagger, some unfortunate victim, what reward did they reap? The greater number of them received as their only recompense a murderous death at the hands of other murderers, set upon them to conceal the first crime, and bury it in their blood. I would cry aloud in trumpet tones, so that the whole of Italy might hear me: "Ye assassins, who in '48 and '49 destroyed so many hundreds of victims, how many of you still live? And ye who still survive the anger of God and man, what is the life that you lead? Thou, who in Bologna didst mercilessly murder that pitiable sick man, while he lay upon his death-bed, while the priest was standing by his pillow, with his stole laid upon the bed, while his wife, kneeling at thy feet, implored thee in mercy to grant him those few instants of life which remained, tell me hast thou satisfaction in thy crime? And thou, beneath whose dagger fell Angelo Stanzini, on the 29th of August, art thou happy? And thou, who on the 1st of September didst strike dead Pietro Brunoli, dost thou sleep upon thy remorse? Do not the bloody spectres of Luigi Giorgi, Valentino Calzoni, Gioachino Pasini, Pietro Campari, Vincenzo Orioli, Raffaele Cavazzoni, the two Ragazzini, Baraldi, and of the thirteen others who were assassinated in one single city, from the 1st of September to the 3rd, those bloody spectres, I ask, do they not without respite haunt the very souls of their murderers? Do they not continually present before them their gaping wounds? Do they not cast in their faces the blood which congeals upon the earth? Do they not press like a mountain upon their hearts? Do they not gnaw and bite and tear them night and day? Will Giuseppe Mazzini (who must also one day be himself judged by Christ), will he shield you from the omnipotent hand of divine justice? Will he corrupt with the

gold of the Society, the angels who accuse you, the eternal Judge who condemns you, Satan that hurls and plunges you into the eternal Gehenna? If you believe not these truths, why then do ye tremble? why do ye grow pale? why do ye seek to hide your crimes, even from yourselves? If you do believe them, why do ye not repent? God is there, and he awaits you.

CHAPTER XL.

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

GIUSEPPE MAZZINI is considered in our days, and, I know not whether more in wonder at his power, or in horror at his cruelty, and perhaps from both those sentiments, has received the appellation of the *Old Man of the Mountain*. They who have instituted this comparison overlook the discrepancies in its details, and the caprice of imagination which suggested it, and men have not been found wanting to point these out, and raise a controversy on the subject. The former say that the *Old Man Hassan* (hence our word "assassin"), from his inaccessible rock of Alamont, despatched his satellites to perpetrate his orders, with the promise that after death they would enjoy immeasurable riches, and the full satiety of every libidinous passion. Mazzini, on the contrary, reply the latter, spurs on his conspirators with the deadly certitude of falling again into the abyss of non-existence. The former add that the Old Man of the Mountain veiled himself in the obscurity of mystery; he remained invisible, shut up within the recesses of his double-walled towers, hidden even from his attendants. He took his solitary walks in his delightful gardens, among his shady groves, by the fountains and lakes of that place of delights, with guards at the gates, who, under forfeiture of their lives, were to keep the entrance closed against every one. At night he retired alone to the summit of a high tower, by means of a silken cord, which he drew up after him, and closed the entrance with a strong trap-door, fortified with huge iron bars, near which two monstrous watch-dogs lay during the night, while in the lowest chamber beneath, twelve assassins stood on guard, with spears in rest, and unsheathed daggers in their belts, ever on the alert to cut down every one that was so rash as to approach. Every story of the twelve chambers, one above the other, was provided with a silken ladder, which was the sole means of access, and was removed by the Old Man as he ascended successively to the various floors; the openings were closed with trap-doors secured with spring-bolts, and armed with spikes and pointed bronze hooks, and some of the doors had cunningly-devised engines and secret springs, which, on being touched from below to open them, suddenly

shot forth grappling-irons, which seized the hand of the assailant, or sword-blades and pikes, which, with mortal wounds, tore his breast to pieces.

The latter reply : Mazzini walks with head erect through the populous metropolises of England and France ; he frequents the assemblies and banquets of his friends ; he enjoys the amusements of the theatre ; he delights in social converse ; he enters the palaces of ministers and ambassadors ; and at night, with perhaps a glance or so under his bed and behind the curtains, after locking the door, he sleeps with no other guard but that of his good conscience, a sleep of calmness and tranquillity.

The former proceed : The Old Man of the Mountain struck terror by his name alone ; his sentence of death was irrevocably executed ; his victims might fly for concealment to the farthest retreats of the deserts of Arabia, to the most solitary rocks of the Caspian, into the profound caverns of the mountains, the inaccessible cavities of the highest rocks, or among the snows of Imacus, or the clefts of the glaciers of Taurus, they were struck down without the remotest chance of escape by the daggers of his assassins. The sultans, the caliphs, the despots of the East, in the midst of the delights of their harems, seated upon the luxurious cushions of their divans, stretched upon the precious carpets of their alcoves, immersed in the odoriferous baths of rose-water, in the sweetest moments of their voluptuous pleasures, felt the icy blade of the stiletto, or the strangling of the silken bowstring, or the mortal gnawing of some most subtle poison.

They are answered : The name of Mazzini is more baleful than that of the Old Man of the Mountain. He condemns, and his victims fall in the most frequented piazzas, at midday, on days of festivity, beneath the eyes of justice ; they fall in the tribunals from the very seats in which the magistrates sit in judgment over criminals ; they fall in the peaceful retreats of harmony ; they fall in the hospitals between the beds of the patients, in the act of presenting relief to human infirmities ; they fall even in the churches of God, in the midst of the suppliant crowds, at the foot of the altars, even at the moment of the most august mysteries of the religion of peace, mercy, and charity.*

Then the former contend : The Old Man of the Mountain limited his robberies and his terrors to Lebanon, Antilebanon, Mesopotamia, Persia, and Armenia ; but when Mazzini, in the gloom of the tremendous conventicles of his assassins, has said, " That man shall die," the poor wretch has no place of refuge left where he may find security. His "*barbieri*," or his legion of death, have ever before their eyes the fifth article of that code of blood ringing incessantly in their ears, " If an attempt to compass the death of any individual ordered by the committee be frustrated, the members of the committee are condemned

* The public were filled with horror when they read in the journals of last autumn, the assassination committed by a sacrilegious murderer of the societies, who stabbed a priest in his church, on a festival, with a full attendance of people, at the altar, during the celebration of mass, in the very act of consecration.

to death." They may fly, assume disguises and masks, or bury themselves in the most remote solitudes of the world,—all is in vain: the point of a stiletto, or a dose of morphia, of arsenic, or of hemlock, still overtakes them, some as they first set foot on land in the most distant ports; some as they mount their camels in Abyssinia; while others again, in their rapid flight over the railroads of America, meet their murderous pursuers, and are pierced through the heart. One was struck down in Guayaquil, another in California, others in Guiana, others in Travancor, and even in New Caledonia.

Not satisfied with these tragical developments, they go on:—The famous judgments of the Vehm in Westphalia, at the name of which Germany trembled, from the twelfth century to the fourteenth, and which had more than a hundred thousand men enrolled in that secret and terrific tribunal, in which each one was judge and executioner, certainly did not extend so widely, nor were they executed so infallibly as the judgments and sentences of the Holy Alliance of Giuseppe Mazzini. The nobles of Germany, between the years 1200 and 1370, entered into a league to exterminate that secret society of the Holy Vehm; the Emperors Sigismund, Albert, and Frederick III., succeeded at last in cutting it down, and eradicating its most profound roots; but the Holy Alliance of Mazzini, engrafted upon the tree of Illuminism, will long baffle the efforts of the great men of Italy, not to uproot it, but to only prune it, to lop off its branches and curtail its proportions with a view to render it less menacing and less fatal.

Those workshops of conspiracies and crimes among which Mazzini is reported to be the prime mover, have rendered him so terrible to the imaginations of many, that his very name is sufficient to strike them with secret dread, as that of an evil genius which breathes poison and death, or that of some monster differing from our ordinary human nature.

They are strangely deceived in this—he is like all others. Giuseppe Mazzini is a man of sprightly and lively temperament, of a keen and ardent disposition, of a bold and unyielding heart, stubborn and immutable in his resolves, aspiring in his sentiments, and of strong and ungovernable passions—natural qualities and defects, which, had they been directed to noble and virtuous undertakings, obedient to the dictates of virtue, governed by wisdom and confirmed by religion, might have made of Mazzini an apostolic man, a luminary of the Church, and a flaming sword to the impious. This man, who denies Jesus Christ, his redemption, his gospel, and his Church, was born of Christian parents; he was baptized in Genoa, his native place, professed the holy law of the gospel, humbly frequented the confessional, and partook of the divine body of Christ. He was born of an honourable family, the son of the celebrated Dr. Mazzini, a professor of the University and a man of eminent virtue and wisdom; beloved by his friends, affectionate to his pupils, kind to all, highly valued and esteemed as a man of the ancient faith, and of singular probity; a man whom I highly honoured, and whose name I shall hold in grateful

remembrance for the assiduous skill with which he restored me from a dangerous illness while in the University of Genoa, in 1828, and for having numbered me among his friends. Giuseppe had two sisters; one of them, moved by the celestial light of Christ, bade adieu to the world and took her flight, like a gentle dove, to the sweet retreat of his spouses in the holy convent of the Turchine, a sisterhood which has always diffused in Genoa the precious and sweet odours of every virtue. There this holy virgin grew in the fervour of penance and prayer to our Lord Jesus; frequently wrapped in divine contemplation, she incessantly besought her heavenly Spouse that he would no longer banish her from his most pure embrace, and that, moved with compassion for the holy ardour with which she was inwardly consumed, he would take her to the heavenly refreshment of the divine delights of his love. God granted her sublime request, and after a few years spent in the exercise of mortification, purified and worthy of the crown, her Lord called her to himself in paradise in the flower of youth. Oh, holy sister! thou who now seest in God the divine immensity of his mercy, pray for thy beloved brother, whom thou beholdest a lost wanderer from the path in which thou didst generously walk to the acquisition of eternal felicity.

Another of Mazzini's sisters also died; and only a few years ago, his inestimable father closed his mortal career. He has a third sister still living, and married; she forms, with her mother, the only bond of domestic affection for Giuseppe. This man, who has filled all Italy with amazement at his impiety, loves his mother most tenderly; and one of the most insupportable sorrows of his exile is, to be separated from her. I read a letter of his, in which he relates to a person who had been his friend from infancy, how lively and inexpressible a pleasure he had experienced in having been able to see and embrace his mother in Milan after so many years of separation.

How has it happened that this young man, brought up with such tender care in domestic retirement by his own parents, directed by a prudent and learned priest in the holy discipline of the Catholic Church, should have fallen into the abyss of impiety? How has he sunk into such hardness of heart, and into such a dismal labyrinth of crime and conspiracy? How has he become such a monster; to be looked on as an evil genius cast upon the earth—a terror to the good, a scourge to the Church, and a torch of rebellion, the destroyer of every social institution, and every right, human and divine? That man, who, had he turned his mind to virtue, might have become the benefactor, the support and glory of Italy!

From the example of Giuseppe Mazzini, let the incautious youth learn the power of seductive influence of evil companions. His first steps in wickedness were followed by repentance and remorse; and who can say how often he resolves, even now, to return to virtue? Who knows how much violence and struggling it costs him to stifle the cries of his conscience? Who knows if even at the present time some sentiment be not still lurking at the bottom of his heart, which says, "Return to thy Church?" Who can tell, notwithstanding that

he dared three years ago to write to the Pope, the vicar of a God crucified for our redemption and for his: "Holy Father, if you desire the felicity of the people, detach them from the Cross?" Who can tell, I say, if at the sight of a cross, a ray of hope does not penetrate his soul? Nevertheless what numbers of young men of good dispositions have fallen into the toils of the secret societies, and are dragged by them into the conspiracies, and all the crimes which involve the ruin of their country and the destruction of thousands of their fellow-citizens.

Such is Giuseppe Mazzini! Having been perverted in the university where he pursued his studies, he afterwards plunged headlong into the secret societies; and being a young man of brilliant intellect, of a warm heart and indomitable boldness, he set a high estimate on his abilities, and valued himself in proportion to the pertinacity with which he adhered to his designs, and the zeal with which he promoted them and rendered them formidable against all opposition.

As monarchy and the Church are to the societies a rock which stems their impetuous and raging waves, so in accordance with the articles of Weishaupt, they wage against monarchy and the Church a war more obstinate and more ferocious than it is in the heart of man to conceive. Mazzini may, as the head of a sect, be as atrocious as the terror which his name inspires; but we do not believe that he ever, with his own hand, took the life of a single unarmed victim, and perhaps of the many atrocious murders which contaminated the cities of Italy from the year '47 to '49, not one was ordered by his own lips. In confirmation of this, we read in the *Concordia* of December the 30th, that Mazzini wrote to Felici Orsini, in Ancona, the following words: Assassination is not a Republic. Ancona is now the prey of organized assassination; it must be put down and punished." But Mazzini, without entering into these personalities, gives his attention to the general conspiracies: he rouses them from their slumber; cheers them in despondency, directs and resolves their doubts; rekindles their dying embers; stirs their torpidity to raging heat; and where the flames have already broken forth, he breathes into them a tenfold violence, until, like a furious tempest, they consume everything within their reach. On this account Mazzini will certainly be called to account before God and mankind, for all the evils and horrors which his seditions and revolts have accumulated.

Weishaupt, the founder of Illuminism, veiled his design, of dragging down thrones and altars, beneath the profound secret of his mysteries; whereas Mazzini preaches and sounds it aloud to the world. With a sincerity infinitely above the cowardly operations of those who, under the cloak of order, the laws, and public good, bind with golden bracelets the hands of monarchs, and shackle the feet of the Church, while they reverently bend the knee, and say, with the smile of Iscariot: "Let Popes bless, and kings reign, but let them not govern," Mazzini, on the contrary, throws down the gauntlet of defiance, and menaces kings and popes. No more kings, no more popes; the people is God: to the people offer the crown and incense; it is for you to yield; with You I wage war." His words are

followed up by deeds. He is served, obeyed, and feared by his dependents, with a punctuality in the most arduous labours, which the tyrants of the middle ages never obtained from their satellites, who devoted themselves to their lords, for life or death.* Hence, when Mazzinians have been overtaken by justice, cast into irons, and finally condemned, others rush into the vacancy, and display even greater audacity than the first; and when they, in turn, are seized, others again boldly press forward to fill their places; and so it continues without intermission or truce. Their activity and perseverance reflect shame upon those simple individuals, who supinely await the event—content, like women, to cry out, arms-folded, that the state is in danger, while they suppose that at the first sign of revolt, the Italian people would rush to arms, and crush the conspirators. Such a supposition is only another proof of their folly. One would fly here, another there; one would shut himself up in his house to say his prayers; another, to save his head, would join in their shouts of “Hurrah . . . Death.” . . .

Mazzini, who knew all this, at the beginning of '48, despatched emissaries in every direction, more particularly into Tuscany with Torresini, and into Rome under Beltrami. In this latter place, after the disorders which took place at the beginning of May, they pushed their operations with vigour, and found themselves greatly aided by the ministers Galletti, Mamiani, and Campello. They founded their hopes on the success of the war in Lombardy and Venice, and looked forward to the accomplishment of their designs, with an appearance of Christian moderation. While secretly pursuing their designs, they would make an apparent reconciliation with the Pope, especially after the promulgation of the encyclical letter of the 29th of April. With treachery in their hearts, and a smile upon their countenances, they would address him as dutiful sons:—“Holy Father, will you deign (in your condescending affability, of course) to make room for us in the state government, and to retire to St. John Lateran's (but without putting yourself to inconvenience) to pray for us? We shall feel infinitely obliged. We will submit, with patience and resignation, to thy incalculable fatigues of government; we will toil and exhaust our energies for the good and the happiness of the dear people of the Church.” What models of excellence and devotedness to the Holy See! Such charity and benignity, such pious and fervent zeal, surpasses even that of St. Bernard!

These devices they concocted partly in secret, and partly in public; but (as Mazzini wrote to Marrast at Paris) to weaken the army of

* This comparison has roused the anger of the “*Moderates*,” they proclaim in the journals that we are Mazzinians; and that as it suits our purpose to speak of Mazzini, we give him the preference over them. We are sincere, and we advocate sincerity; we abhor the impiety of G. Mazzini, we detest the war which he waged against God, against the Church, against the legitimate governments, and every order in society, but we admit that he is open; whereas the “*Moderates*,” while tending to the same end as Mazzini, conduct their operations with the most subtle and disgusting hypocrisy. Once for all let this declaration suffice.

Radetzky, he had already set on foot, by means of his secret emissaries, fresh conspiracies; he had instigated and organized new and terrible outbreaks in Hungary, and among the Slavonians, to dispirit the old marshal, to discourage his army, and to throw confusion into all ranks of the empire. Then sending Beltrami to Rome, with masterly skill he said to him: "My friend, be collected; beware of venturing a step before you have tried your ground. Guard against the rash and furious boasting of Torresini; the mad fellow rushes headlong, and risks the destruction of our nets, the moment we have them fairly set. Now that Tuscany is ours, keep up the flames in Rome; the enterprise is grand; but our biting files have so far consumed the old barriers of the Vatican, that already they are tottering to their fall, and a few well-directed blows would crumble them to the ground. Lay the axe to the root of the tree by corrupting the masses, and if we can secure a few knaves among the people, let them take their own course. There are still not a few who persist in the idea, that reforms are good for something. The fools! Everything or nothing. Do they, by any chance, suppose that after we have been struggling with such desperate energy for twenty years, they will quench our thirst with a draught or two of reform? In the first place, away with the foreigner from the sacred soil of Italy; and in the second, down with all the existing governments."

Such were a portion of the instructions of Mazzini to Beltrami, and to the other emissaries whom he sent into all the Italian States, towards the close of '47, and afterwards, in the beginning and middle of '48. But far different were the decrees of Heaven: Mazzini failed not, however, to raise the cry: "It is the will of God!" He was the herald, into whose ears God had whispered his secrets, that he might trumpet them to the world. "God wills it!" was re-echoed from Palermo to Milan. Every journal under the control of these wicked men, in Piedmont, Tuscany, Rome, and Naples, proclaimed: "It is the will of God."

CHAPTER XLI.

THE TWO SISTERS-IN-LAW.

THERE were in Rome at this time two sisters, the wives of two brothers, who lived under the same roof. The parents and children of each family ate at the same table, occupying opposite sides, whilst the old father sat at the head; and the canon, the brother of the two married men, at the foot. It was a magnificent house, furnished with every convenience; and the old man was fond of luxury and lived like a lord, although he was not of patrician descent. His father, who had

been tenant on the large estates owned by some Roman princes, had profited much by his traffic in grain, cattle, and horses; with the latter he had often supplied the dragoons of the Pope. At his death, the son settled his business; and purchased on his account some large farms of the convents, which were sold very cheap during the troubles of '96. These he improved exceedingly; and drawing good profit from the improvements, he deposited his money in the banks, and drew from thence a profitable interest. His sons married ladies of remarkable beauty; one of whom was an heiress besides. It is hardly necessary to say that this made her haughty and proud, both at home and abroad. The wife of the second was somewhat handsomer, but more lovely than rich: she thought little of her beauty (a very rare thing in a lady), was pious and attentive to her religious duties, without neglecting her household. Her sister-in-law, on the contrary, was delighted with fashionable dress, setting off her beauty with every ornament that could draw on her the eyes of the frequenters of the balls and theatres, or the most fashionable assemblies in Rome.

These two ladies, who were somewhat courteous and affable by nature, seemed both in the family and among strangers to live in the greatest harmony and propriety, never gave any sign or spoke an unkind word in the presence of their husbands, nor transgressed in the least the strict measure of that external affection which was becoming in two sisters. However, the more discreet was a little sarcastic and somewhat sharp in her speech, when they were alone; and the other gave way to certain caprices and haughty humours, proceeding from a proud and stubborn soul. Hence on every light occasion when the former threw out a sharp word, as it were by chance, the countenance of the other coloured in a moment, and, tossing her head or starting up, she burst into a sudden and quick resentment; and immediately calling her Clarina, who was playing about with her little cousin, and arranging her hair, said, "Woe to you, if you ever go dirty or uncombed like a hypocrite!" The other, more mistress of herself, pretended not to hear, and was not at all discomposed, and sometimes even smiled.

During the stormy days of '48, the more worldly frequented the company of gay and comely young men, of little sense and less faith; was continually enthroned at the feasts and academies of music, among all those ghosts of unbridled disputants, who talked about the daily events of Rome. After a noisy symphony of Rossini, a light intrecchio of Verdi, or a sweet melody of Bellini, politics started in the field; and there were heard sentiments and discourses so foolish and malicious that he was happy, indeed, who came out with even a small remnant of reverence for the Pope. Ladies are usually kind and sweet in disposition; and as they know better than men how to appreciate the sovereign good of domestic peace and security, so in times of public disturbances and changes, they are usually on the side of peace and ancient order. But if, added to the uncertainty of human events, religion is endangered, the pious sex are on strict guard against the fallacies, snares, and treasons of the wicked. Woe to him that touches

a lady on so delicate a subject! Her wit is sharpened; and such is her daring, that most frequently the very words of the boldest are cut short by a severe glance.

Mazzini and the other agitators of the secret societies were well aware of this; and they knew too that faith and piety are deeply rooted in the souls of the fair daughters of Italy, and particularly of Rome. The Roman lady will be fashionable, exceedingly gay in conversation, vain, and even will occasionally act the coquette, but in her heart it is rare that she does not preserve a living spark of her ancestral piety. Therefore, the cunning revolutionists employed the most deceptive counsels to make the women believe that the present agitation was entirely for the exaltation and glory of religion: that the reforms required of the Pope favoured the worship of God as well as liberty; that even if the civil authority of the Pope was lessened, he remained always the father of the faithful, nay, more free from temporal impediments: no, they should not doubt it; Rome would always be the queen of the Catholic world: ay, if the bad humours of the subjects, who were oppressed by the great power and ignorance of the clergy, were removed, it would become the happiest metropolis in the world.

The two sisters-in-law frequently bandied words on these matters: and Lauretta, who was altogether of the *White* party, often scolded Matilda, whom she baptized with the odious name of a *Black*.

"I know neither black nor red," said Matilda, "and you are wrong in bringing into our house, where the colour of peace and harmony has always reigned unaltered, this foolishness of *Whites* and *Blacks*. If I were James, your husband——"

"And what would you do, if you were James?" interrupted Lauretta, sneeringly; "you would do better mumble your 'our Fathers,' at St. Augustine's, and leave other people's husbands in good humour with their wives."

"Ah, I do not say——"

"You say enough, and James is a fool to let himself be led by the nose by your very genteel husband, Philip, who is a servile Black, who, woe to you, if you touch the Pope when he is by! I am not so poor, that if they should come to a division——"

"There, you are at divisions again! One cannot speak her sentiments in holy peace, but you are all fire and flame; but to extinguish this it is only necessary to say something ill of the Pope, the cardinals, and prelates. Lauretta, it is time now to stop this. Who is there in your party, that holds the Pope and clerical government in so much contempt? None surely, except profligates. Oh! I am not afraid to say so—and scoundrels!"

"Ah! you uncharitable papalist! this is your sanctity! and I am sure, you do not confess one of these insulting words you utter against good Christians. But when the goods come to their shop, the priests have a moral for themselves. Whoever speaks ill of them, reveals their deceits, lays open their snares, makes known their ignorance, self-conceit, and weaknesses, is a rogue, a heretic, an unbeliever; and

instead of charging their penitents against calumny, they spur them on, and pour upon their heads a deluge of plenary indulgences. Well done——”

“There is no shop-keeping, my Lauretta. The sin is in blaspheming holy things, not in calling him who blasphemes, a scoundrel. Goodness! to hear them,—it is the Pope who sins, because he rules in his own house; and they cry out, that he should confess his sacrilege, and if the confessor were conscientious, he would not give him absolution, until he had made restitution. I have heard this proposition with my own ears, and from those men of yours, whose well-trimmed moustaches stick to their faces like so much paste. You know who they are, and better for you and your soul, if you did not know them. The Pope restores the state, ha! Therefore, the state of the Church belongs to Mamiani, Galetti, Sterbini, Ciceruacchio——”

“Hold your tongue, you babbler! You prate as that crooked neck Don Stefano teaches you in the school of the retrogradists,—mean liar as he is, and a fox in a cassock, with brass buckles on his shoes, and cloak thrown over his shoulder; a hypocrite, a Tartuffe of *La Moliere*.”

“As long as you string insults together, you are right, of course!”

“No, no! Now I come to an argument that will break the head of your Don Stefano. The state of the Church belongs not to Sterbini nor Ciceruacchio, but to the people; the Popes have no right over it, and Mamiani and others are representatives of the people, and chosen by the people to represent them.”

“Indeed!—’Tis a sin, Lauretta, you have not a suit of man’s apparel; you would be a most excellent tribune of the people; none could be better. But what would you say, if in our house we should all rise up in rebellion, and making a great noise before the chamber of our father-in-law, that we should say to him, ‘’Tis time to stop, father; come, give up the keys, the money, the books: we have a right to the money-box; the farms are ours; the furniture, the silver, the gold, the jewels are ours by right; the stewards, the farmers, the barns, the cellars, the stables are all common property;—you have nothing more to do with them. Keep in your room, and say your prayers, and don’t trouble yourself any more about such things! we impose the duty of attending to these matters upon James and Philip, and upon whom we please.’ What do you think of that, Lauretta? And take notice, that after all, James and Philip are the natural heirs; but who has given the people the government of the state? If they have authority over the Pope, and can take the government away from him, why should they not also have authority to say to the Roman princes, ‘Gentlemen, that farm is ours, and we will administer the income; those fine palaces are ours, and we want to live in them and enjoy the house-rents; those galleries of statues, pictures, cameos, antique vases, are the patrimony of the Roman people.’ What do you think of that, Lauretta? And if they should say, ‘Madame Lauretta, these fine rooms, these rich, elegant parlours, these soft carpets, this noble furniture, these silk curtains, these divans, this piano are ours;

go in peace.' And going down to the coach-house and stable, should choose the horses, bring out the carriage, and directing the coachman to harness up, as they wished to take a ride through Rome; would you be content with your gay doctrine of the rights of the people?"

"No, madam; you are out of the track, and change the question. We speak of priests, and you answer concerning the Roman princes. Let the priests say their masses, and recite their breviary, and leave the government to seculars. Christ has clearly said, 'My kingdom is not of this world.'"

"Certainly, and therefore Christ has said, that it belongs to Sterbini, Ciceruacchio, and the other Mazzinians! Just see how ignorant I have been! Till now, I thought Sterbini was a doctor from Vico, whose kingdom was in the apothecary's shop, and that Ciceruacchio was a dirty drayman, who presided over the stables and the taverns, on the Piazza del Oca! they are properly crowned kings! And all the other beggars, who aspire to the empire of Rome, are invested with the kingdom of the gospel! And the Pope must return to his nets! Enjoy your new kings, O Rome! boast of them; they who are so rich, will pour treasure into your bosom;—you will see what an overflow there will be in that treasury!"

"There's the malicious calumniator! And you speak so of the protectors of the people! of our benefactors! of the founders of Roman liberty! of those who are to redeem us from priestly tyranny!"

"From priestly tyranny! I would not like, Lauretta, that we and our children should feel the liberality of these new Scipios."

While the sisters-in-law were engaged in this wordy battle, and Lauretta's tongue was pained for a cutting reply to Matilda, James entered the room, almost out of breath, and said to his wife, "Do you know, Lauretta, I just met your brother Ally, going in all haste to the firemen's quarters, near the Minerva, to ask the soldiers to hurry to his beautiful villa out of the Porta del Popoli, which was on fire."

"My God! but how? Tell me quickly, James—fire! but how did it come?"

"On its feet, to be sure. The other day, Ally stumbled upon that good-for-nothing Frederic, who, with a party of crazy Mazzinians, was haranguing against the civil powers of the Pope, and magnifying the beatitudes which are flying around the seven hills from the lay ministry. Ally, at first, supped his coffee in silence, and the others vied with one another in the coarseness of their language; but when Frederic said, 'The brains in the nape of Mazzini's neck are worth more than all the heads of all the cardinals, and the Pope too,' Ally could not refrain from tossing his head, and showing his displeasure. At this, Frederic, turning on him like a dragon, said, 'And what can you say to the contrary, you low *Black!*' Ally answered quietly, 'I don't know why the priests should not have as much brains as lay persons, and be able to govern as well as other men.'

"No!—because the sacerdotal chrism changes their nature, and turns their heads; and that continual chanting of the *Gloria Patri*

ruins their mind. Let them lead the old women to mass, and in processions ; but let them not attempt to govern states."

"Yet there were Popes who taught the greatest kings and emperors to govern ; and cardinals who had as their scholars the first ambassadors and ministers of Christendom. Read history—"

"What history ? We wish no more of these imbeciles."

"Ally, seeing that they wished to pick a quarrel, thought it best to withdraw. In the evening, as he was returning from his usual visit to Aurelia, and just at the entrance of the lane Del Bollo, he saw a young man in a jacket, with his right hand in his bosom, ready to strike a dagger to his heart. But Ally, as brave as he is good, drew out of his pockets two pistols, and aiming them at the face of the assassin, caused him to retreat down the street, and turning the Del Pellegrino, he returned home. Yesterday, Thomas, the housekeeper of the villa, came and told him that two of the boldest of Ciceruacchio's band passed by, and asked for something to drink, and in the mean time carefully examined the windows of the ground-floor ; and while he went for wine, Mariana, his daughter, saw one of them look closely at the stable and the windows of the hayloft. When they had drunk, one of them asked, 'Is this really Signor Aloysini's villa?'

"Ally, however, did not pay much attention to this information, and this morning a boy came on horseback to tell him that the villa was on fire. It seems that during the night they leaped over the walls of the garden, and poured some turpentine on the stable-door, and having set it on fire, they escaped again through the garden."

"The scoundrels !" exclaimed Lauretta, forgetting the invectives she had just uttered against her sister-in-law. "The villains ! they treat the citizens thus ? This is the security of a gentleman's property—to burn their villas—to attempt their lives !"

"Wait awhile, Lauretta," said her husband : "if things go on in this way much longer, they will take these silver candlesticks from the table, together with the knives and forks, nay, even the crucifixes and holy water vases from the head of the bed, perhaps even our mattresses, and all our kitchen utensils. And God grant they may not plunder and burn the villas around Rome, in order to sell the tiles, and steal the leaden pipes of the fountains. Let them go on, and you will see."

James was but too true a prophet, and Lauretta saw, not many months after, all these tragedies ; for she was obliged to give her mattresses, with their purple satin covers, to protect the redoubts with which all the environs of Rome were hedged in during the siege ; her gold and silver plate was seized, silver plate for table and toilet, and her mansion was robbed of all its pictures, its jewels, and its most precious ornaments.

And so great were the public and private robberies, that had not the old man beat down a great deal of his plate, and concealed it in the wells and in the earth, Lauretta would now be eating with brass spoons and iron forks, adorned with bone. Yet, after such a lesson, there are in Rome women so far attached to the Mazzinian party, that they would permit even their pretty caps to be torn off their heads, provided they

might have the satisfaction of seeing Mazzini reigning in the Vatican instead of the Pope, the father of the faithful, and the glory and pride of Rome.

But the truth is, that these women, whether of the middle and easy class, or of the lower, who favour Mazzini, are those who prefer licentiousness to the holy and pure freedom of the law of Christ, and this they do to free their conscience from the remorse which, on account of their base conduct, continually goads them. If the Pope would change the Gospel, and, as Mahomet made his pleasure the law of his law, would allow them to live as they pleased, these unfortunates would not provoke in words and deeds so wicked a change of government; but Mazzini, who, by proclaiming man a god and woman a goddess, sang to them his Pantheistic hymn:

"Oh! golden, happy law,
When that is lawful which we please;"

so won for himself the good graces (which are now called *sympathies*) of these heroines, that they esteem him better than the Pope,—nay, as their God.

"There you are," said Lauretta immediately; "just like you *Blacks*, who go every morning to wear out the floors of the churches, to sigh before all the Madonnas, to dip your fingers in the little lamp of St. Augustine's, and every week to blow through the grates of the confessional, and then—and then don't scruple at all to call by ill names the ladies who prefer the government of Mazzini to that of the priests. Bad women! if you please; and do you not know that there are most virtuous and pious ladies who prefer Mazzini, Rosales, Beltrami, and De Boni, to all those *Kyrie eleisons* in big capes, who know nothing of government? Nor are pious and virtuous ladies only of this opinion, but very learned and holy priests also adopt it."

"Most excellent Lauretta, now that Matilda has gone to her chamber to look after her children, will you permit us to have a little private talk together? Nobody hears us."

"Well, what do you want to say?"

"Well, Lauretta, how long has it been since your last confession?"

"Get out, fool! What a question to put to a genteel woman! But I don't trust myself there, for fear of the *Blacks*. I have not been to confession since—let me see—oh!—since I have learned from some brave fellows that confession is no longer necessary for salvation."

"Pretty well, Lauretta. And that smooth-haired Mazzinian, who loves the fine arts, and goes very early to the sculptor in—you understand me;—while you pretend to James that you are going to mass, and pass by there to see how that fine statue is going on."

"You are impertinent, really."

"Excuse me, Lauretta, I was only joking. Oh! certainly, all the Mazzinian ladies are most pious and virtuous. But look awhile; all—you know it well—all look so seldom through the grates of the confessional, that if it depended on them, they would soon grow rusty, and

cobwebs would form festoons and curtains of the most beautiful kind around them."

"There it is! All the virtue of you *Blacks* is in confessing, in going to mass every day, in avoiding theatres, halls, and parties, and in being buried alive in the house with your children, as in the times of the fair Gundebert or the witty Burgandofora of Groningen. What blessed times!—Certainly those old beauties of yours would not have preferred Mazzini to the papal government: but the seasons are changed, my dear; now we want a Christianity that is *polished, humanitarian, fraternal*, that can get along without a father-confessor."

"Ah! then, those most learned and holy priests who hate the pontifical government (and they are so few that you can count them on your fingers), give as little trouble to the confessors as the Mazzinian ladies. However, we know what kind of sanctity and learning they have. You would not, I am sure, at the moment of death, wish to have one of them at your pillow, saying to you, in the name of Pope Mazzini, 'Lauretta, go in peace. You are a celestial goddess, and your home is in heaven;—for the Pantheists there is no hell,—hell is for the *Retrogrades* and the *Blacks*;—die, and fly to the reward of your virtues.'"

Lauretta looked down, and could not answer, because a little Roman faith yet ran in her veins; but in Rome there were women in the days of the republic, and are yet, so seduced by the cunning fallacies of the Mazzinians, that to hear them pour out their poison on the pontifical government would fill you with astonishment, and among them are some who were supported, and are so yet, by the Congregation of Pontifical favour, by pensions from the Apostolic Chambers, assigned to them by good prelates through love for their fathers, who had been in the service of the government; some, even, who cursed priests, even when a brother, who is a priest, supplies them with clothing, and an uncle, who is a canon, pays their house-rent, or a cousin, who is a prelate, educates their children, and either finds some way to bring their sons to fat offices, or places their daughters in honourable marriage; others, after having enrolled themselves in some band of Mazzinians to execrate the government of priests, came from them, and went to complain to some cardinals in order to obtain help, and, with that help in their hands, cursed their benefactors. .

CHAPTER XLII.

RESILIA.

ALTHOUGH Aser was still plunged in the detestable designs, and bound by the oaths of the German *Secret Alliance*, and a most active and watchful leader of the conspiracies, he had nevertheless acquired, in his intercourse with the noble character of the Germans, that

elevation of soul which scorns the baseness of treachery, detests perfidy, and holds assassination in utter abhorrence. He longed for the accomplishment of his long-cherished dreams, and devoted to it every faculty of his soul; but he would have attained his object by open means, by rousing the people to open war against monarchy. Throughout the war of Venice and Lombardy, he had everywhere borne himself as a valiant soldier; and as in his capacity of commissary of war and aide-de-camp, he was present at almost all the engagements upon the Sile, the Piave, the Bacchiglione, the Adige, and the Mincio, in all of which he displayed an undaunted courage and bravery.

His bold and daring nature prompted him to say to the Italian conspirators: "The greater part of you are deserving of contempt. How is it that you so loudly proclaim the independence of Italy, and in the meantime you are sunk in luxury? occupying the seats of the Assembly of Rome, of Naples, Florence, and Milan, while you drive the generous and brave to the war? reputing yourselves so many Cæsars, while you are no better than Sejanus? Why, worse than Sylla, do you bury yourselves in your gloomy conventicles, to sign the proscriptions of citizens who never dream of your plots, and impel the detestable assassin to plunge his dagger into the breasts of your unsuspecting victims? And while we contend breast to breast upon the field of battle against the foreigner (who honour us even by defeating us), you devise, in the dark, your deadly schemes, which burst in the most cowardly manner upon the head of the peaceable Italian, who falls bathed in his own blood, pierced, perhaps, by a fellow-citizen whom he has loaded with benefits; by a relation, or even by one to whom he had been a friend from infancy? Shame! In Leghorn, Bologna, Ancona, Sinigaglia, and other cities of Italy, more Italian citizens have fallen beneath the dagger of the assassin, than before the cannon, muskets, and sabres of the Austrians in many battles; and more have met with such a death in Italy than in France, Upper and Lower Germany, Bohemia, and Hungary, although in those countries party fury is not less violent. What confidence can other nations place in the holy cause of Italian independence, when they see that you are rather assassins than soldiers? That we whet the points of our daggers with infinitely more assiduity, than those of our bayonets? That we bear in our bosoms the hearts of tigers, when we meet a fellow-citizen in some dark passage, but that we have the hearts of hares in open combat, and in the assault of entrenchments? Disgrace and execration be the portion of the cowards!"

These reproaches were of frequent occurrence with Aser at Rome, in the "Circolo Popolare," and in the cities through which he passed, and in his letters he conveyed the same sentiments to other places. Every time that he heard of a fresh victim of Young Italy, he broke forth into those generous invectives; and it happened not unfrequently that he was thus the means of saving the intended victims of the Mazzinians, when they divulged their intentions to him as to one of their own party. His indignation, however, was destined to be infinitely augmented by

a circumstance of cruelty in which he was an eye-witness of the inhuman and infernal rage of the sectarians against those who excited their hatred by giving them cause to fear opposition to their designs.

One evening in June, Aser was engaged in an exploration of great importance to the success of a certain movement, and in beating the country with a body of riflemen, he came to a sumptuous palace seated upon a fine esplanade at the top of a hill; it was the villa of a count, who was accustomed to spend there the spring and autumn in the pleasures of the chase and other country amusements. That day the count had returned to the city; and Aser, having quartered his soldiers in several rooms on the ground floor, was conducted by the agent up into the palace, and introduced into a noble apartment, together with the lieutenant of his company. The soldiers were served with abundant refreshments; and when they had finished their supper and emptied their flasks, they went out on the lawn to enjoy a mild evening breeze, which, after the setting sun, played among the foliage of the neighbouring wood.

At the distance of a bow-shot from the palace, an ancient castle of the fourth century raised its majestic and frowning battlements, which, with many of the peculiar weapons of defence used in those ages, was still in good preservation. Aser was standing in the midst of his men, contemplating those ancient fortifications, when some peasants and a number of the nobleman's foresters said with a mysterious air: "Fortunate are they that find it."

"Find what?" asked the soldiers.

"Why, in that castle, gentlemen, a great treasure is hid, and all our old men maintain it most firmly."

"But how do your old men know it? And who put it there?"

"I'll tell you how it was, said a head-forester: "in the time of the Gallispani and the Austrasardi, a great battle was fought in the neighbourhood, in which the Gallispani were worsted; and when they saw that the army of the Austrasardi had forced the passes of the hills and were descending impetuously upon them on all sides, they resolved, at least, to save their treasure: with this view, therefore, they went down into the deep and dark vaults of this castle and buried there a number of coffers full of Spanish doubloons. Just fancy what a pretty little prize of gold! My great grandfather related this fact to my own father when he was a boy, and said that a relation of his had helped to dig the holes, after which the Spaniards would have killed him, but he fortunately managed to get out of their hands."

"Well, why did not he or your great-grandfather, and all of you, make a search for it afterwards? It would have been a pretty good day's work for you."

"Yes, it is very fine talking, but who do you suppose would be so mad as to go into that infernal hole? Don't you know, that's the very road down into the devil's dwelling? Down there the spirits, jealous of so much gold, have seized upon those caverns, and woe to any one that tempts them; flames and lightning rush out upon him, the earth quakes, the foundations tremble, the depths of the moat roar,

the buttresses of the bastions are rent asunder, and the hollow vaults crumble and fall upon the head of the rash madman that dares to set foot inside of those dungeons, or to strike his pick into the soil which covers those brazen coffers."

"Ah, ha!" shouted the soldiers, "they are afraid of spirits! afraid of ghosts and goblins!"

"Here we are, forty, and any ten of us would be enough to rout a whole army of devils, knock the horns off their heads, twist their tails off, and tear their nails from their paws. Up with you, make us a few bundles of reeds for torches, and come along!"

"But, gentlemen, do consider,—it's bad joking with the devil: if the lights go out we shall be left in the dark, and they'll string us up like sansages;—at least, you go before."

"Quick, you pack of lazy fools! bring us here the bundles, or else—"

The peasants ran to a pile of reeds and prepared the torches; in the mean time the head-keeper exhausted himself in eloquent appeals to Aser, to desist from so rash an attempt; the latter, however, had made up his mind to give this treat to his brave followers. When they arrived with the bundles of canes, and had lighted them at one end, "Forward," said Aser; "you, keeper, lead the way;" and crossing the bridge of the moat, they entered the castle gate; then passing the fortified gallery, they found themselves in the court, before the immense mass of the main curtain. These were the places of retreat of the defenders, and the massive walls and defences, behind which they could retire from the outer works; they were, however, for the most part, crumbling with age, encumbered with fallen masonry, and overgrown with creeping plants and thistles. They pushed forward, through the interior compartments, and descended, in file, the narrow stairways which led beneath the foundations of the towers of the fortress, leaving behind, on the right and on the left, openings in the casemates, at the foot of the trenches, used as sallyports in time of siege.

The riflemen passed on through those moss-grown and ruinous vaults, and already began to experience a sensation of shivering, caused by the cold and damp air, but perhaps, which might have in it also, something of fear. They advanced in close order, treading on each others heels, like people who feel secure, in proportion as they are more within the reach of help from others. At length, after many windings, they came to a very long and obscure passage, called by ancient Lombardiers, the "wolf's jaws." Within the massive masonry of the foundations were contrived prisons or dens, seven or eight palms square, scarcely capable of holding a man at full length, and so low that it was impossible to stand upright, rendering it necessary to stand in a bent attitude, or to maintain a recumbent posture. Each of these sepulchres of the living had a small opening near the top, cut through the exterior rock, to admit a little air and light, but when standing with the back turned to it, all seemed profound darkness. In those dens, prisoners of war, during

the middle ages, and some criminals, were shut up, never again to see the face of the sun, but were left there to rot, after a death of horror, starvation, and misery.

While the treasure-seekers were examining those profound vaults, in the darkness and silence, and by the lurid light of the torches, which served only to increase the horror of the place, they suddenly heard, or imagined they heard, a deep hollow groan. A mortal fear assailed them: the treasure, already, were beginning to draw back, but the rear guard of soldiers and the lieutenant stopped them, and Aser, drawing his sword, cried, "Let no one move, or he shall be a dead man."

HAVING LISTENED SOME, he again listened attentively, and heard, in effect, a human soul coming from below one of those ovens or prisons; he took a torch, a burning candle, and elevating it, he saw, in the middle of the pavement, a trap-door, set into the stone; he stepped towards it and cried, "What is there below?"

He heard a singular voice reply, "Help, Christians; come down the side steps; come and see me."

Aser said to two of the boldest of the riflemen, "Follow me;" and grasping the old keeper by the breast, "You lead the way," said he. The old keeper turned pale, his gray hair stood on end, but he was compelled to descend the steps in advance. At the foot of about ten steps was a space which formed the interior of the bastion; on one side was a low door, fastened with a huge bolt and a bar, which crossed the door and shot into the stone of the steps. Aser tore away the bar, drew back the rusty bolt, and threw open the door. What a sight!

He saw stretched upon a bundle of straw a human creature, wasted and crushed, and in such a state that it was impossible to say whether it were a human being or not. The long, dishevelled hair fell over the face, partly concealing its ghastly emaciation. The rest of the person was but imperfectly covered by a ragged garment, which, rotting with humidity, scarcely hung together. The fingers of the squalid hands were terminated by long, curved nails, the wasted limbs were bare, livid, and covered with sores. The unfortunate creature helplessly crouched upon the disgusting heap of straw, and nothing was visible around except a pitcher of water, a crust of bread, and a brass crucifix, which was green within the joints and cavities, but bright and even on the surface, from long handling and kissing.

"Who art thou?" asked Aser, trembling with indignation at this heart-rending spectacle.

"I am Ersilia, a girl of eighteen, and have been shut in here for ten months." While she said this she closed her sunken eyes, unable to bear the flaring of the torches after so long a seclusion in utter darkness; and, at the first appearance of light, she had raised herself in a sitting posture, and endeavoured to draw round her her tattered garment.

"Unfortunate creature!" said Aser; "what monster thus buried you in this sepulchre?"

The poor Ersilia covered her face with her hands, and said: "I

know not for what reason I was shut in here: I know that all comes from God, and that he, in his infinite goodness, accompanies and comforts us even in the grave, with the ineffable sweetness of his grace. I ardently desired to consecrate myself to him in solitude; it was the pleasure of Providence that I should fall into this place; I have suffered, yes, suffered inconceivably. If you, sir, deliver me from this place, you will be the saviour of an innocent creature!"

Aser did not understand this heavenly language, and stood as if stupified before that living skeleton; not satisfied, however, with this answer, he asked her again: "But who shut you up here?"

"Be assured, that he who sent me here is more unfortunate than guilty. I love him and forgive him. He had the misfortune to fall into the snares of the secret societies; a most wicked friend enrolled him in *Young Italy*, and from that moment he displayed the most unnatural cruelty. I affectionately besought him, my only and dear brother, to renounce his impious oaths, to detest and abhor them. I assure you that I should have conquered, that I should have convinced him, had not the conspirators menaced him, and jealously kept him in the grasp of their execrable conspiracy. One night in the beginning of the September of last year, a company of them came from the neighbouring city to this villa, and after supper dismissed all the servants. My brother had been in a delicate state of health for some time, and I was afraid that such late hours and fatigue would do him injury; I was solicitous for him, as our parents were dead, and I looked up to him as to a father and a guardian. I was unable to sleep, and remained in the next room. I heard the noise of disputing, and one cried out:

"'No, the infamous wretch must die, the committee condemns him.'

"I could hear the voice of my brother pleading: 'He is the father of so many children, and has a wife who loves him so tenderly.'

"'You're a fool,' said the others, 'let the traitor die.'

"At these words I gave a start, and in the shock struck against a porcelain vase, which fell and broke. On hearing the noise, my brother bounded into the room, and said, with a stifled voice: 'What are you doing here, traitress? go to your room.'

"I rose, trembling with terror, and retired to my room, where, unwilling to go to bed, I knelt and prayed through the night with this crucifix in my hand. At dawn my brother entered, pale, livid, and foaming with rage. He rushed upon me, seized me by the hair, and pointing a dagger at my heart, 'Did you,' he demanded, 'hear that name?'

"'No, Nanni, I heard no name whatever.' I fell on my knees at his feet, and embraced them, asseverating that I had heard only a few words, but without any proper name. Nanni became composed, he appeared to believe me, and caressed me; 'Let us take a walk; I need fresh air,' said he, and taking my arm, he led me down the great avenue of poplars, and brought me to this castle. When we reached the esplanade, he brought me into certain interior corridors, where I found

the head-lantern, who seized me by the arm and dragged me, weeping and trembling in vain, down to this dark cavern, and shut me up : and every twenty-four hours he passes through that hole in the arch a little water and food."

Aser looked sternly upon the villain, and gave a shout so fierce that the poor wretch was paralysed, and stood trembling like a leaf. " Ah, now the justice of God has overtaken thee ! " exclaimed Aser, seizing him by the breast, and shaking him furiously against the wall. Then he turned to the young lady, and taking off his military cloak, he covered her with it, and gently aiding her to rise, he placed her between two of his riflemen, who wept as they carried her out of that den. But Aser, aiming a terrible blow at the head of the villain, precipitated him to the bottom of the prison, and closed and bolted the door as he cried, " Test now yourself the horror of that sepulchre ! " and having secured the door, he directed one of the riflemen to light the way with his torch, and they reascended the steps.

Their comrades and the peasants, who were waiting in amazement, at a sign from Aser, moved towards the entrance of those vaults. When Ersilia was conveyed to the palace, he called the steward's wife, and ordered her to take her immediately to her bed. He then learned from this woman that her master had circulated a report among his acquaintances that he had taken his sister to the house of an aunt in a distant city, and gave his friends to understand that he had frequent communications from her. Aser inveighed against the unnatural cruelty of all the conspirators, and cursed the moment when he enrolled himself in the ranks of *Young Germany*. He instantly wrote a few lines, relating this horrible case to the bishop of the neighbouring city, commanded an orderly to mount his horse, and sent him with the letter. The following morning, before dawn, the bishop's carriage, with his lordship and an aged priest, drove up to the villa, and bestowing his grateful thanks and his blessing upon Aser, he took the young lady, and intrusted her to the superioress of a convent.*

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE ASSASSINS OF ITALY.

WHAT would have been the reflections of Aser (who nourished in his breast the courage of a lion in open battle for the cause of liberty, and abhorred the cowardice of assassination)—what would he have thought a few months after the war of Lombardy, had he heard of

* This is the third case of a similar nature which has come to our knowledge, and to one of those victims of human cruelty we personally offered conso-

the many cruel deaths of Italian citizens slain by assassins? The Mazzinian journals proclaim that, the *Jew of Verona* is a calumniator, and a vindictive insulter of the vanquished. If these men really considered themselves vanquished, and would leave Italy in peace, Italy is so noble and generous that it would weep in silence over its murdered sons, its widows, its distracted mothers, its orphan children, its desolate families; but far from admitting themselves conquered and repentant for the evils in which they have involved Italy, they threaten it with a still more dreadful fate, and if they repent of any, they repent and gnash their teeth with rage that it still has eyes wherewith to weep, and a voice wherewith to lament.

From the charge of revengefulness every noble and honest mind will readily absolve him; for it is evident that such atrocity is recorded only as a light and guide to our generous and beloved Italian youth; our young men, surrounded as they are by a thousand seductions which drag them into the mysteries of the secret societies, the scourge of nations in this age. Oh, that this exalted revenge could lead one young man, but a single one, from the danger which threatens him, into the post of safety! Would that all revenge were of this noble nature, that we might call it blessed, noble, and holy! The Mazzinian journals themselves, while they complain of it, confess their abhorrence and shame of assassination; this affords us some satisfaction, and while we refrain from publishing the names of the assassins, we unanimously agree in execrating assassination, and exclaim against foreigners who call the Italians "a race of assassins," loudly protesting that for one assassin a hundred thousand Italians rise to express their abhorrence of him; and we declare that political assassination descended into Italy from beyond the mountains, where Weishaupt dictated the bloody articles of his secret code of Illuminism.

Assassinations, however, have taken place in Italy, and we calumniate no person by recording them, and by lamenting over them as the effect of that party rage which was enkindled in our country by ultramontane factions, and burned with a flame more fierce and devastating in the glowing Italian bosom than elsewhere. How many mothers, how many wives and brothers and friends will receive comfort in their sorrow, from the sound of our voice raised in compassion for those victims, inviting Italy to mourn over them, and to show them that honour which is due to her loyal and virtuous citizens, who have fallen beneath the murderous steel of the betrayers of their country, who have polluted the bright face of liberty with the innocent blood of their brothers!

Shall it be said by the scornful and envious foreigner that in Italy there are journals written by Italian pens, with the avowed object of advocating the cause of the assassin, of wiping from his face the blood which stains it, and of washing the merciless hand that plunged the dagger into his brother's heart, whilst it was beating with the true love of its country; and yet, if one man is found who, for the honour of Italy, excites her youth to the detestation of these black excesses, he shall be proclaimed a calumniator? Would to God that the public

voice were mistaken, and that our own eyes were deceived; that there were no wives to put on mourning, no children rendered orphans, no mothers to weep over the blood-stained garment of her only son, the idol of her affection, the support of her gray hairs!

Those who escaped the ambush laid for them, who had the good fortune to survive their wounds; who, by a singular favour of God and their guardian angels, saw the blow aimed at them arrested in its fall, are living witnesses that, if the attempt at murder was less unsuccessful, it was not the less atrocious. The Marquis Francesco Bourbon del Monte, a young man of the most noble and generous blood of Italy, the only child of his distinguished parents, an excellent husband, dear to his friends, compassionate to the poor, animated with true patriotism, was a colonel of the department of the National Guard near Ancona. When he received intimation that he should give his vote for the Roman Constituent Assembly, while he was on horseback at the head of his regiment; he replied, "That he had taken an oath of fidelity to his legitimate prince and father, the great Pontiff Pius IX.; that he would not abandon his faith; that he ardently loved his country; that he consecrated to it his patrimony, his blood, and his life, but his faith he would never sacrifice."

A few days after this he was alone in his room, writing to his friends; he heard the door open, raised his eyes, and saw a certain abandoned young man advance towards him with his right hand concealed in his bosom. The marquis, without changing countenance, said to him, "What do you want with me at this hour, and unannounced?"

"I come," he replied, with a savage stare, "to receive your orders for to-morrow, which is the day of the review."

"Corporal," rejoined the marquis, "I give my orders to the captain; go to him for them to-morrow, and you will obtain them." He was again advancing, with an expression of gloomy ferocity, when the steward, who had seen him secretly entering the palace, suddenly laid his hand on him from behind, and placed himself by his side, saying, "Have you anything here for your master?" The fellow instantly smoothed his angry countenance, and withdrew his hand from his bosom. The marquis gazed steadily in his face, then bidding him good-night, he dismissed him, and, turning to his steward, gave him certain directions for the day following.

The murderer descended the stairs, boiling with internal fury, and after crossing the portico, he was passing by the door of the marquis's coachhouse, through which a groom was by chance coming out with a bucket in his hand, when the assassin, possessed by some raging fiend, "Since," said he, "I have been baffled in murdering your master, I will at least do for you, his vile slave!" And in a moment he plunged his dagger to his heart, and left the groom weltering in his own blood.

After the Marquis Bourbon del Monte had thus been signally protected by his good angel, who had shielded him from the knife of the murderer, he received another wonderful pledge of the pro-

tection of Mary. In grateful remembrance for the escape of their only son, the marchioness, a lady of the greatest piety, and the Marquis Carlo, her husband, caused a solemn thanksgiving to be celebrated in the cathedral of Ancona, before the miraculous Madonna of San Civiaco. The young marquis determined to go in person on the occasion; but when he entered the most crowded street in the city, one of the National Guards accosted him and conversed with him a few moments, as a sign which had been agreed upon by the conspirators. He then shook hands, and the marquis had advanced but a few steps further towards the cathedral, when an assassin pointed a pistol at his temples, but the pistol snapped, and missed fire. Almost before the marquis had time to make a mental act of thanks to the Madonna, another shot was fired at less than three yards' distance, and the ball carried off a lock of his hair as it whistled past his ear. The young marquis still advanced with a bold step towards the arch of San Agustino, under which the street passes, and a third pistol was fired at him, the ball this time passing the breadth of a hair above his head.

Thus this excellent young nobleman escaped unhurt from three pistol-shots, fired at the distance of a few steps, by three assassins, in the full light of day, in the most conspicuous place in Ancona, at the hour of the public promenade, and in the midst of a crowd of people who were paralyzed with amazement at such perfidy, but consoled at so signal a protection of the Blessed Virgin. They accompanied their distinguished fellow-citizen to the cathedral, to offer to his powerful protectress the gratitude due for so signal an interposition.

Other cities of Italy were contaminated by the murders instigated by the societies. Forlì yet weeps over the archdeacon of its cathedral, the pious Francesco Liverani, who was treacherously slain upon the piazza of that same church which he had so richly embellished at his own expense. The same city has also still before its eyes the lifeless remains of Luigi Finucci, firm and incorruptible magistrate, who met his death at the hands of an assassin in the middle of a public road, as he was returning tranquilly to the bosom of his family. It also saw on a public festival one of its piazzas flowing with the blood of the brave and loyal Halter, commandant of the second regiment of the Swiss, who fell beneath the stroke of an assassin, a victim to his fidelity and resolute maintenance of order and the laws. Another victim was Antonio Placucci, though himself one of the factions, and a member of the conspiracy, yet because he was not sufficiently cruel and ferocious, he was treacherously slain, and that at noonday, in the midst of a crowd of citizens, in front of the stores, and under the eyes of the people.

In Faenza, was not Annibale Rondinini, a man beloved by his fellow-citizens for his piety, kindness, and charity, also a victim of assassination? And was not the inspector, Angelo Bellardini, also slain by a gradual death, having received, at intervals, thirty stabs of a stiletto, before the eyes of his unfortunate wife, who clasped the knees of the murderer, and, wild with terror, conjured him to leave her husband sufficient life at least to confess his sins? The three brothers

Borghigiani were also murdered in the presence of their disconsolate wives and their trembling children, who endeavoured, with their tender hands, to ward off the furious blows of the assassins.

Young men of Italy! your noble bosoms shudder, when you read these inhuman horrors; but I ask you, do you believe that the unnatural murderers reached such a degree of cruelty and ferocity at one step? No; many of them are young men, who, a few years ago, were ingenuous, tender-hearted, and noble-minded—perhaps pious and affectionate, the joy of their parents, the delight of their friends, and the hope of their country. Who has rendered them thus inhuman, and cursed them with this thirst for blood? A perfidious seducer, who, with the words liberty, patriotism, and Italian independence on his lips, by degrees dragged them into the secret societies, in which, bound by indissoluble oaths, they became more enslaved than chained wolves, and more ferocious than hyenas.

Oh, Italy, my beloved country! open thine eyes to their misfortunes! have compassion on the choicest portion of thy children, thy cherished and generous youth!

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE BATTLE OF SANTA LUCIA.

Mimo and Lando had written to Bartolo, desiring to inform their mother of their approaching intention to return; but when they reached Padua, they were persuaded by the earnest entreaties of General Ferrari to continue the war under the Roman flag. They, in consequence, marched to Vicenza, where they remained in the garrison, until its capitulation, and returned to Rome about the middle of July, to throw themselves once more into the arms of their mother, and to share the caresses of Nanna. They inquired for their uncle and Alisa, and finding them absent from Rome, their impatience to see them, and to relate to them the interesting particulars of the death of Polissena, led them to Naples. They remained there a few days, admiring the splendour of that city, which is the most beautiful of Italy, and of the world; they then went by the railroad of Castellamare to Sorrentum, and immediately drove to the Syren, to join the company of their beloved relations, upon the attractive shores of that magnificent bay.

The day after their arrival was the festival of the Assumption of Our Lady; and they had learned from an advertisement in the papers, that the steamer, the *Duca di Calabria*, would make an excursion in the gulf, to take up, from the neighbouring villages and villas, those passengers who wished to assist at the most delightful festival of Positano,

and afterwards cross over as far as Amalfi, to give them an opportunity of contemplating that city. They gladly availed themselves of the opportunity of enjoying a trip which promised them so much pleasure, and in company with the two young ladies, Alisa and Luisella, and their fathers, they were among the first on board, when the beautiful steamer touched at the Syren. They admired, during the passage, those magnificent scenes, which present so many attractions to foreigners, and, on reaching the Positano, they were entertained by the inhabitants with a display of fireworks; after which, the passengers who wished to disembark were landed, amidst the sound of the most exquisite music, and the vessel continued its course to Amalfi. On arriving there, they landed and visited the ancient cathedral, which contains the relics of the holy Apostle St. Andrew. His altar is reached by a stairway, descending into the crypt, which corresponds with the great nave above. The altar is composed of the finest and richest marbles; and beneath it lies the brother of that great Peter, the rock upon which is erected the church of God, which can never fail. St. Andrew is represented upon the altar by a large and fine bronze statue, embracing that cross to which he aspired with such ardour, for the sake of Christ, and exclaimed, when he saw it, "*O bona Cruz, accipe me ab hominibus et redde me Magistro meo!*" "*O good Cross, receive me from the midst of men, and restore me to my Master!*"

When they had visited the rest of the cathedral, now almost the only remnant of the former magnificence of Amalfi, they descended to the shore, and sailed in an open boat to Maiori, where they passed the night. The following morning, before sunrise, they were again rapidly skimming over the smooth waters, and soon doubling Cape Maiori, the Gulf of Salernum spread its ample bosom before them. The vivid and golden splendour of dawn diffused its brilliancy over the low beach of Pestum, which glittered and seemed to dance upon the trembling waves. After a light breakfast, Bartolo, who was burning with impatience to hear his nephews relate their adventures during the war, but who, in the midst of the delightful scenes through which they had passed in the preceding days, had found no opportunity of satisfying his desire, now said to them: "Were you only in Venice, or did you take part in the proceedings of the Piedmontese army before Verona? Tell us something about it; for in the Roman journals we could glean only distorted accounts, florid fictions, and glaring falsehoods. We were told, at one time, that the Croats were routed and utterly annihilated; then again, those same Croats, who had been dead and buried, sprang up again like mushrooms, and were again ready for battle. To-day, every bridge over the Adige was broken down, and the Austrians cut off on the left bank; to-morrow you find them, as if by magic, on the right bank, battling fiercely, now with the Lombard legion, again, with the Piedmontese; but always, of course, swept away by storms of grape-shot, or cut to pieces by the Italian cavalry. In the evening, Verona was taken, King Albert entered in triumph, and the banner of the double eagle was torn down from the forts; but, in the morning, the double eagle had flown to the heights of Bussolengo, Pahsengo,

and Cà dei Cavri, and was pouncing, like a thunderbolt, upon the eagle of Piedmont. Tell me what sort of fables are these? What saying and un saying, what doing and undoing? It is a case precisely similar to that other monstrous falsehood, printed under our very noses, that *Father Perrone* advised the Pope to grant the Roman constitution and the day after shouted, 'Death to the Retrograders.' *Per Bacco!* these are morsels which take more than an ordinary throat to swallow."

"Uncle, listen a moment," said Mimo. "The Piedmontese are, beyond a doubt, brave soldiers; this is admitted even by the Austrians; and if you had read the *Gazette of Verona*, which frequently found its way into our camp, you would have seen, with your own eyes, that the Austrians lauded to the skies the valour of the troops from Piedmont and Savoy. This courtesy was not, however, extended by the Piedmontese generals to the Austrians, but they generally treated them as treacherous, barbarous, and cruel enemies, although, were it only to exalt their own valour, they could but concede that they met with great resistance from the army of Radetzky. However, my dear uncle, you need not wonder in the least at all the contradictions which you read in the journals about the insurgent Italians, nor even spend a thought about such fables as were in those days published at random, making the Mincio sometimes flow backwards, and the Adige through the valley of the Brenta."

"Oh," said Bartolo, "I heard something of geographies which change mountains into rivers, and rivers into snow-capped and inaccessible mountains, and laughed at them more than once in the *Circolo Popolare* in Rome. But of the barbarities of the Austrians, I believe that the dreadful accounts were but too true; their shooting the women, and running their bayonets through little infants, and their flaying alive poor, decrepit old men, are things which we can never sufficiently abhor; then, as relates to their burning unoffending people to death, and consuming entire villages, we need mention no other instance than the horrible tragedy enacted at Castel Nuovo, near Peschiera, until that time a populous, rich, and flourishing little town, but now wantonly reduced by the Austrians to a mound of stones and ashes, not a man or beast having escaped the fire."

"Gently, uncle, if you please. That even Piedmontese writers, who assume the tone of grave and solemn historians, should endeavour by such tales to frighten some old matrons, or some timid young girls, is not to be wondered at; but, to attempt to make us swallow them, who were eye-witnesses, is going a little too far, and becomes simply preposterous. If all those colonels, majors, and officers who write histories, had been wounded, and carried to the hospitals of Mantua and Verona, like the valiant and noble General d'Aviernoz, who, being disabled by a wound, was taken prisoner, like many other brave officers, they would testify loudly to the courtesy and extraordinary liberality with which they were received and treated by the Austrians."

"For my part!" exclaimed Lando, "I can never forget the

delicate and tender watchfulness of my dear Croatian heroine, Olga Ukassovich, whom I shall ever look upon as more than a sister."

"Why," continued Mimo, "many of our friends related to us the most wonderful cures effected by the assiduous care of the surgeons, and the patient and unabating charity of their priests, who spent whole nights by the bedsides of our comrades, performing every office of the most tender nurses."

"Shame upon those lying journals!" cried Bartolo, "which never ceased railing against the cruelty of the Austrians. But how happens it, Mimo, that you have become all at once so much of an Austrian? You positively are more Austrian than Radetzky."

"Don't let that disturb you, uncle, but be assured, that I only do them justice, and I am by no means the only one, you must know, that has thus changed opinions; there are also innumerable Italian volunteers who were made prisoners, and who received from the Austrians a similarly kind treatment."

"Well, but the ferocity displayed at Castel Nuovo: I cannot get over that; I can't help shuddering with horror whenever I think of those poor country people, burnt alive in their own houses. Mimo, who were the authors of such a dreadful outrage? The Austrians showed themselves greater monsters than barbarous banditti."

"My dear uncle, I can sympathize with you in your indignation, for I myself saw the ruins, and, unable to restrain my tears, I was compelled to turn away my eyes. You ask who is to blame for such destruction, and I will tell you, or at least leave you to judge. Augustino Noaro, a Piedmontese officer, with a strong body of Lombard and Neapolitan volunteers, fell suddenly upon Castel Nuovo, and took by surprise a hundred Austrian foragers of the regiment of Geppert, whom they made prisoners. Noaro entrenched himself within the place, and tore up the roads which lead to Verona, Mantua, and Peschiera; he broke down the bridges, fortified all the approaches with trunks of trees, digging trenches and deep pits at the entrance of every street, and throwing up high mounds within, which bristled with pointed stakes and chevaux-de-frise, so as to render all access with cavalry impossible. So far Noaro did all that a good and expert captain ought to do; but seeing that the peasants were attempting to withdraw from the place, with their wives, their children, and their cattle, he cruelly opposed their departure; he ought, at least, to have permitted the women, children, and old men to take refuge in Cola and at Laziza. But he refused, and with blows with the flat of their swords and the stocks of their guns, his soldiers forced them to carry soil, and turf, and beams to the entrenchments. He even forced them to fight behind the defences, providing them with powder and ammunition which he had seized in the magazine near Peschiera, and sent persons to ring the alarm-bell in the tower of the parish church.

"The Taxis brigade soon arrived to dislodge the Lombards, and, meeting with a most obstinate resistance, the Austrians resorted to

[illegible][illegible]

Don Carlo, turning to the brave Romans: "Were neither of you," he asked, "at the battle of Santa Lucia, nor at the taking of Vicenza?"

Lando, replied that he was in Vicenza during both assaults; the first on the 23rd of May, and afterwards when it was taken, and bore witness to the Roman valor.

Memo added: " I can give you all the details of the battle of Santa Lucia; for immediately after it, I was in the Piedmontese camp with Asar, and from the intrepid Roussay, the artillery officer who fought with such valour at the battle of Rivoli, at the foot of the obelisk erected by Napoleon, I heard all the most minute particulars—which are familiarized by my conversations with some of the prisoners

of Geppert who fell into the hands of the Piedmontese in subsequent combats."

"Good!" said Bartolo. "Come, Mimo, you who have become another Xenophon, a Polybius, and a Vegetius in strategy, give us a detailed account of the fierce exploits of that battle, which, I have been told, had the semblance of a tournament, so bravely and with such knightly valour was it conducted and maintained by the valiant armies of Charles Albert and Marshal Radetzky."

"It was certainly so; but if the Austrians, under great disadvantages from the insurrection of the whole of Upper Italy, fought with such distinguished courage and were crowned with victory, the Piedmontese proved themselves no less bold and valiant, although commanded with less skill during the battle. In the first place, the generals of the latter were unacquainted with the ground, and while marching along the highways, and the roads of communication, extended in eschelons, from Croce Bianca and Santa Lucia, they took no notice of the fields which, throughout the line, are of a stony nature, and the stones and flints and fragments of rock are piled up round the borders of the field in every direction, forming enclosures, diverging walls, and parapets, which prevented the extension of the columns, and baffled the operations of the artillery and the evolutions of the cavalry. From Cà de' Cavri to Sant' Agata, and thence to Lugagnano, as far as San Massimo, and on the left from the Filanda of the advocate Belviglieri to Bussolengo, those dead walls intersect and are piled upon one another, cutting up the country on all sides; while the vines, in festoons and rows, and the thickly planted mulberry trees, with their dense shade, increased the embarrassment: the line of battle ought therefore to have been formed in columns with narrow fronts, and in wedges, whereas it was extended in long files of little depth. The order of battle, besides these impediments, had also another defect, more serious than any other, namely, the neglect of the aides-de-camp in carrying with the requisite celerity the orders which they received to the generals, to whom they were to transmit the king's commands, to be drawn up in order of battle by six in the morning in the designated positions. These various movements were retarded by ignorance; and the rear-guard and reserve were brought up too late to sustain the battalions, which gave way first on the left wing and then in the centre. With these introductory remarks, I proceed to the battle, one of the most brilliant and best contested which has been fought upon the plains of Italy, from the days of Massena and Napoleon to the present time. At daybreak the legions descended with animation, and elated with joy, from the heights between Goito and Pastrengo; the right wing in the direction of Santa Lucia, under the command of General Ferrere, with the brigades of Acqui and Casale, covered by the cavalry of Olivieri and supported by two batteries of cannon. In the centre, towards San Massimo, was King Charles Albert, confident in his strength, with Bava, his commander-in-chief, and surrounded by the brigades of Aosta, under General Sommariva, the Guards, under General Biscaretti, with the battalion Realnavi, and the company Griffini; the head of the centre

was crowned by the vanguard, composed of the Sala cavalry, the brigades of Cuneo and Della Regina, commanded by the spirited Duke of Savoy, and aided by Generals D'Aviernoz and Trotti. The left wing was drawn out upon Croce Bianca, under General Broglia, with the third division, flanked by the cavalry of Count Robilant. The whole of the artillery was commanded by the valiant Duke of Genoa.

" Marshal Radetzky, sallying from Verona, led the invincible D'Aspre against the division of Broglia; opposite the right of Santa Lucia, the Austrian left was stationed. The valour of this division was animated to martial deeds by the eloquent exhortations of General Count Wratislaw, and the magnanimous young Archduke and future Emperor Francis Joseph, and the Archduke Albert; General Clam posted the extreme left at Tomba; Marshal Radetzky drew up his centre opposite the centre of King Charles Albert. It was a fine and grand spectacle to see the accomplished cavalier of Italy matched with the most venerable old hero of the empire, a combat worthy of its famous theatre, in which bravery contended against prudence, ardour against coolness, the soldier-king and the daring warrior against the circumspect captain, and the wary but vigorous old man. Thus the line of battle occupied the whole bend of the Adige, between Chievo and Tomba, covering the ground before Verona from the trenches of San Zenone as far as Porta Nuova, and winding under the eminences of Croce Bianca and San Massimo.

" On the 6th of May, at that season when the fields are the most brilliantly enamelled with flowers, and the herbage most green, when the vines are budding, when the almond, peach, and apple-trees are in the richest blossom, when the birds are warbling their sweetest songs, when the mild breezes are charged with perfumes, when the sky is serene; it was on this day and at this season, that men, whom neither sweetness of nature, nor the charms or place, nor season can soften, came forth with rage in their hearts to contend for the glory; the glory of slaughtering the greatest number of their fellow-men, to pollute with blood the smiling fields and the crystal streams. The battle commenced early in the morning, and the left wing cast itself impetuously upon Croce Bianca, to force the intrenchments of General D'Aspre. The brigade of Savoy, under General D'Ussilon pushed forward two battalions of the second regiment, and one of the first, commanded by Colonel Mollard; but becoming entangled in the exceedingly intricate groves of mulberry trees, and the old walls, which break up and confine the fields, the impetus of their attack was weakened. When they reached the last of those piles of stone, they were assailed by a terrific fire from the artillery posted to receive them; their ranks were decimated, but they did not bend; many of the officers, to animate their men, fearlessly threw themselves among the ranks of the enemy, and with such impetuosity, that Carlo de Forax, son of the general, leaping with a sudden bound towards an Austrian lieutenant, wrenched his sword from his hand.

" Inundated, however, by a deluge of grape-shot and musketry, and

harassed on all sides by clouds of skirmishers, who kept up an incessant fire upon their front and flanks, the columns of Broglia, after an hour of furious combat, were compelled to fall back. At this moment the intrepidity of Captain D'Ivoley was conspicuous: he had received a severe wound, but he still continued the contest; though his blood flowed freely, with one hand pressed upon the wound, he wielded his sword in the other until he received a second ball, which caused him to fall, still uttering words of encouragement to his soldiers. The Captains De Coucy and De Faverges were wounded at the same time, with many other brave men, who struggled fiercely to sustain the brigade of Savoy, which was by this time disordered, broken, and crushed by the onset of the Austrians; in the mean time, the left wing was totally routed under the fire of the columns, and the terrible charges of the Hungarian and Bohemian cavalry.

"While this bloody conflict was raging at Croce Bianca, the centre fell furiously upon the ranks of the Marshal; but fearless and immovable, the latter gave the vanguard so warm a reception, that to avoid the storm, they inclined in good order towards Santa Lucia. This movement partly uncovered the brigade of Aosta, which, like a parapet, opposed itself to the sweeping torrent of dragoons that, in a compact mass, threw themselves upon the squadrons of the royal cavalry as they strove to withstand the furious shock. Those powerful and resolute men engaged hand to hand, brandishing their long swords, parrying and dealing cuts and thrusts with a fury that no defensive armour could resist. The dragoons of Aosta wore steel helmets, bound round the borders with shining seal-skin, above which rose, in glittering steel, the cross of Savoy; those of the Austrian dragoons were of varnished leather, bound with yellow brass; but such armour was of little avail to either party, for their thrusts and backstrokes fell with such crushing ruin that cheeks, jaws, and heads were cleft and gashed, shoulders and arms cut off, and breasts transpierced. They mingled in a confused medley, waving to and fro: at one time closing in dense masses, again opening in detached bodies; they wheeled, charged, and broke the phalanx into groups and files, with a din and a clashing of swords, and a terrific rush of horses, which seemed to involve them in inevitable destruction.

"The brave general, Sommariva, furiously pushed forward his brigade; but the commander of the Austrian artillery, turning his guns against his ranks, mowed them down, ploughing through them and tearing the wretched infantry in a horrible manner. In vain they altered their front, formed in columns and rushed on obliquely; for the brigades of the Archduke Sigismund and of General Wohlgemuth pressed upon them in every direction, in spite of the support of the powerful body of the Guards.

"The king, immovable in the midst of their furious fire, heard whistling round him the dense storm of balls, which passed through the hair of the carabineers of his escort and wounded their horses, yet with his eyes unceasingly intent upon the movements, the halts, the advances, the evolutions, he watched the cavalry and infantry rapidly

mounting and descending those mounds of stone, as at the assault of parapets and trenches.

"He perceived, however, that the heat of battle had drawn the centre of the Marshal towards the left of Santa Lucia, where the Austrians, better acquainted with the ground than himself, had posted themselves partly in the Borgo and partly drawn up in ranks and in deep masses with the cavalry at both extremities, and the artillery in front and on either side of the village, behind the gabion and within the openings made in the walls. They had beforehand strengthened the houses with escarpments and barricades, with trunks and branches of trees, and in places with deep fosses, while the windows served as shelter, as openings for musketry, and as defences and retreats whence they could harass the enemy on every side. The Piedmontese, therefore, seeing the fierce assault, and desirous to force and conquer the position in order to fall upon the flank or the rear of the Austrians, there the rage and shock of battle became terrific, and there the valour of those two powerful armies was the most conspicuous.

"The troops of Generals Ferrere and Passalacqua had not yet taken up their positions, owing to the delay in communicating orders, wherefore a battalion of the guards, urged on by their officers with cries of 'Courage men, forward!' hurled itself impetuously against the defences of Santa Lucia, and regardless of the fire of artillery and musketry, directed its course under the walls. Other battalions of the guard having overcome the obstacles of the walls, trenches, and parapets, forced their way inside the defences and clambered up escarpments, copings of walls and palisades, with astonishing activity, clinging to every point of wood, every projecting brick, until they reached the window-sills, where they seized the barrels of the enemies' muskets, and wrenched them from their hands: a gallantry and audacity which elicited, even from the Austrian generals, a well-merited praise: 'How honourable and glorious,' they cried, 'to be opposed to such valiant adversaries!'

"But around the Cemetery of Santa Lucia, the shock and the onset of the royal troops were so fierce that the conflict seemed to have ceased in every other quarter except under those walls, the peaceful and sacred custodians of the dead, now made a fortification and citadel of defence between contending armies.

"The young Cavalier Torrazzi of Castelnuovo, was the first to rush intrepidly to the foot of the wall, and placing his feet and hands in the holes made by the cannon-balls, he in a moment mounted to the top. The brave guards, inflamed with ardour at this sight, rushed after him like leopards; the Ensign Lacosta sprang upon the wall and planted the cross of Savoy upon its summit, which was soon inundated by a crowd of men, who, ever ambitious of glory, escaladed it in every part, and within the cemetery, among the tombs and crosses of the dead, there ensued a bloody struggle at the point of the bayonet. The Austrians were driven out, but immediately reinforced by fresh troops, they returned to the assault, and again obtained possession of the

enclosure ; the division of Arvillars having joined that of Ferrere, they were a second time compelled to retire.

" In the mean time word was brought of the rout of the Piedmontese at Croce Bianca, whereupon the king, fearing that the columns of D'Aspre, in the ardour of victory, would throw themselves upon his flank and rear, gave orders to sound the retreat. The marshal, who, like a pilot, calm in the midst of the roaring tempest, observed every circumstance, the moment he saw the royalists abandon the fortifications of Santa Lucia, again sent forward his troops to take possession of them, to entrench themselves afresh, and to secure the defences. The compassionate and paternal heart of Charles Albert was torn with grief at the thought of the multitude of wounded who remained in the park of Fenilone, and who would fall into the hands of the enemy ; he turned a severe look upon his generals, as his horse pranced furiously under him, and said : ' Shall we then abandon so many brave men, who have shed their blood for me, to the mercy of the enemy ? Who will cure those injuries ? who will heal those wounds, generals—soldiers ? '

" It was three o'clock in the afternoon when the Regina and the Cuneo brigades were seen coming up at full speed, with the Duke of Savoy at their head ; ' Sire,' cried he to his father, ' the brave men of Charles Albert shall never be left a prey to the enemy.' On saying this they threw themselves again, with a desperate onset, against Santa Lucia, breaking up and levelling the palisades and trenches. The cavalry of the enemy drove fiercely against the royal battalions, and forced their horses upon their ranks, cutting them down with their swords and trampling them to the ground. Still the Piedmontese, undismayed by the terrible shock of the imperialists, rallied, closed their ranks, and rushing like lions to the assault, for the third time charged with such fury that the enemy was again driven back.

" Then the marshal, who from the rout of the Broglia division had judged correctly of the issue of the battle, despatched his aide-de-camp Pimodan with orders to General Wratislaw to hasten with his entire reserve in order to retake Santa Lucia. The ground trembled beneath the tread of the cavalry, the roar of the musketry, the thunder of the cannon, the shock, the din, and the onset of that terrible struggle. The Archduke Francis Joseph animated his soldiers by his voice and sword, standing calmly in the midst of the balls, which flew around him on all sides, crashing against the trunks of trees, and scattering a shower of branches and leaves upon the combatants. While the Archduke Albert was debouching with his columns from a narrow pass, suddenly a Piedmontese battery, masked behind the mulberry trees, burst upon them with a heavy discharge of grape, which bore down everything before it ; a cloud of dust, boughs, and brushwood covered the archduke ; a ball killed the horse under Count Wratislaw, another pierced the clothes of the marshal's aide-de-camp, and shattered the scabbard of his sword.

" The Austrians, however, swept onward and gained the entrenchments of Santa Lucia ; while Lieutenant-Colonel Lutzendorf, with

people were up early, and in the streets and piazzas, to learn what had happened, and to hear the news of this victory. Victory! yes, a defeat, a rout, an extermination, a flight, in utter and irretrievable confusion, leaving on the field, artillery, provisions, forage, and baggage; the soldiers flying with headlong speed, trembling with terror, parched with heat, and fainting with hunger, marched, in small numbers, towards Milan, disheartened and almost lifeless, after sixteen hours of flight."*

While Lando was still relating this, the boat, which was taking them to Salerno, reached the beautiful cliffs of Citara, which are covered with trees of the most brilliant verdure. They spread their green mantle over the declivities with graceful beauty, and the snow-white little cottages, peeping from among the branches, give to that shore an admirable gaiety, and the most smiling variety. Citara, Raiti, and Vietri stretch along the coast, curving and retreating down to the edge of the water, where the fishermen are seen gliding in their little barks, upon the tranquil mirror of the gulf.

As soon as the boat reached Salerno, they landed; and after paying an admiring visit to the vast manufactories for which that industrious city is noted, they went up to the ancient cathedral, which is honoured by the sacred deposit of the body of St. Matthew, the Apostle, and illustrious for the sepulchre of the great and renowned St. Gregory VII., who died here an exile, a victim to his zeal for the honour of God; it was here, that his exhausted frame and his firm and invincible heart sunk to repose.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE TAKING OF VICENZA.

AFTER visiting the other curiosities of Salerno, they proceeded to Cava, to see the ancient and famous monastery, which gave its name to the city, and all the surrounding country. When they were in the midst of a solitary and wild forest, they saw, towering high above the trees, the radiant crosses of the monastery, which hides itself within the embrace of a huge projecting mass of rock, that overhangs it with

* Some supposed that they have discovered an anachronism in this narrative, given by Mimo and Lando to Bartolo, of the bell-ringing of Rome; but these courteous monitors did not, perhaps, observe that Mimo was at the battle of Santa Lucia, and Lando at the taking of Vicenza; the former was in May, the latter in June, while the defeat of Custoza was in the latter end of July. The two brothers were in Rome from the middle of July, and the bell-ringing of Mamiani was during the night of the feast of St. Ignatius, the 31st of July.

part as its roof. The rock near the oak-shaped point, which descends forming a rugged mass, that seems a part of the church, so well has the the arched wall around it, and in the new and singular spectacle of

rest of this admirable retreat, taking who had shown them through the to Nocera, and turning a little to the *Alfonso Liguori*. That amiable saint, joined a burning charity and an appreciation of the mild precepts of Christ. Alisa her strength to subdue the affections of them from breaking into extravagant, foolish, which disturb the mind and distract the heart. of a blessing in her approaching marriage comes necessary for the responsible state into enter.

from Pagani they reached the railroad, and the station at Pompeii, where they intended to the wonderful city, which has been buried during has once more almost entirely emerged to the they advanced along the hill and entered the anciently led to the walls; they admired its pavement composed of large blocks of stone, the elevated side-arches which received the water in sudden falls afforded a dry path to the citizens. At the end of at they suddenly entered a large open space, and at selves in the centre of the forum of Pompeii.

travels in amazement over the long vista of columns, temples of the tutelary deities, the imposing solemnity of sublimity of the tribunals, the thrones of the senators, the assembly, the rostrums of the pleaders, the bases of statues, the rich busts of warriors, magistrates, poets, and distinguished citizens. A little farther is the palæstra, for the gladiators, pugilists, quoit players, and of racing; there are the seats of the censors and the masters of gymnastics, who the youth, eager to acquire glory and to signalize themselves contests of the gymnasium. Lower down are the double theatre, phitheatre, the hippodrome, the swimming-baths, the porticoes public walks and markets, the military quarters, and the circus chariot-races.

The whole city presents to the view of the observer a mournful spectacle of solitude, silence, and desolation; houses without roofs, the streets unenlivened by inhabitants, untenanted stores, workshops without workmen, fountains dry and joyless, ponds parched and cracking with cracks; everywhere are signs, inscriptions in Greek and Latin upon the shops and stores, while within, the niches are

up with rubbish, the repositories broken in, the shelves broken down, the oil and wine vessels filled with mud, sand and pebbles, the ovens blocked up, the millstones split, the cisterns broken and thrown upon the ground.

Nor does the exterior of the houses offer any consolation, although the majority of them are replete with every beauty and elegance which the exquisite and delicate Grecian could devise. Everywhere are most beautiful paintings and grotesque ornaments, prospective views, hunting scenes, fountains, valleys, novel and fanciful inventions boldly executed in tints and colours as lively and brilliant as if laid on only yesterday, and glazed with the most transparent varnish. All these rare beauties abound in the triclinia, the bedchambers, the galleries, the rooms, beneath the porticoes and in the corbels of those ceilings which have withstood the enormous mass of ashes that covered, overwhelmed, and buried that unfortunate city.

The traveller who contemplates it, beholds all the luxury, pleasures, delights, ease, and voluptuousness, in which the wicked inhabitants of that city were formerly buried; unmindful of their own dignity, they abandoned themselves to vice and immorality, and God, in his eternal justice, blotted out this city from the earth, and entombed it with its walls, its piazzas, and its public and private monuments.

To-day she is prosperous; beautiful as a bride decked out for the feast; her citizens are in the midst of joy; her commerce is flourishing; her piazzas are overflowing with people; her courts are crowded; the games of her palaestra full of animation; her theatres crowded; her pleasures, joys, and merry dances unceasing and ever varying; her abandoned dissoluteness, unbounded and most abominable: to-morrow, this city, famed through all Campania and Samnium, supremely happy,—to-morrow she will be engulfed and suddenly buried, there shall not remain a vestige of her existence upon earth, until after the revolution of seventeen hundred years, when the genius of Charles III. shall raise her from her tomb as a testimony and a terror to nations that abandon their God, and cast him aside to wallow in carnal pleasures. To lead them to a similar state is the precise aim of the legislators of modern constitutions, quickened by the breath of Protestantism, which has in view a happiness purely terrestrial.

Bartolo and his company were all admiration in the midst of these novel and singular streets, crossways, and narrow alleys, all long and straight, and ornamented at the intersections with fountains containing grotesque statues and tritons, through the mouths of which the water was conducted by pipes: and in the houses they gazed upon those beautiful square courts with jets of water, and cascades, and little ponds in the middle, for the purpose of enlivening and cooling the portico which surrounds them. The floors are inlaid as if with cornelians, onyxes, sardonyxes, jasper, amethysts, agates, and amber, presenting to the eyes garlands of roses and fanciful delineations interwoven in the most graceful and varied forms, which on being moistened with pure water display themselves in the most lively and brilliant colours. Here and there are squares of Mosaic minutely and most

skilfully inlaid with pebbles and gems, representing, in the most beautiful manner, imaginative figures, animals, shells, fishes, birds, and foliage, drawn and executed with the most exquisite art: everything upon those walls,—those marble pavements, within those porticoes, breathes the elegance and richness of Grecian genius, and of the Attic school.

Gradually proceeding, they passed beyond the walls, where, bordering the road, stand the marble sepulchres of the Pompeiians, erected to the memory of the departed, by those citizens for whom the whole city was shortly to become a sepulchre, in which they were retained until smothered and crushed beneath the consuming ashes of Vesuvius. There are seen most beautiful urns of white marble, with inscriptions, sculptured foliage, and bas-reliefs: others are in the form of temples, cells, mounds, and obelisks; here are funereal urns, covered by the sindon of amiantus that enwrapped the corpse as it burned upon the pyre, and contained the ashes and bones; there rises a little edifice sacred to the Manes; further on, an Acherontic column, and next a sarcophagus, sculptured with gorgons and furies at the angles of the lid.

While they were examining these curious remains, Don Carlo, perceiving that all the company, as well as himself, were fatigued and overcome with the heat, proposed that they should sit down and rest awhile beneath the shade of one of the monuments. All readily acquiesced, and when they were a little refreshed by the breeze which descended from the summit of Vesuvius, and, after cooling itself in the Sarno, played among the tombs, Bartolo, turning to Lando,—

“Oh you,” said he; “I remember that you contracted a certain debt which remains unpaid; acquit yourself of it now, my fine boy!”

“My debts are every day so rapidly increasing, that I believe, dear uncle, I shall never have it in my power to acquit myself of them.”

“Pay off at least the last one; that, you remember, you contracted upon the Gulf of Salernum, when you promised, you know, to relate the taking of Vicenza. Beneath the shade of these tombs, under the walls and near the gates of this disinterred city, amidst the sad memories of its ruins, in the silence which reigns and broods over it, you can relate the heart-rending disasters of that beautiful and elegant city, the most graceful of the Venetian territory, which sustained so ruinous a shock of war, lamented so many palaces consumed and ruined, mourned for so many evils and so many deaths, such destruction and devastation in its beautiful streets.”

“Yes, dear uncle, it is a subject that wrings the heart even to recall it to mind, and while I admired the bravery of the Roman volunteers, I could not restrain my tears at the horrible spectacle before my eyes;” so saying, he took his seat opposite them, upon a portion of a broken column, and began his narrative.

“The assault of Vicenza cost us much blood; nothing in the war of Venice equals or even approaches it, although we know not yet to

what straits the city of Venice may be reduced, should it persevere in the bold resolution to sustain a siege. Vicenza owed the obstinacy of its defence in a great measure to the Swiss, who occupied the batteries of Monte Berico, and who kept the Austrians so much in awe, that it was considered impossible to reduce those formidable and inaccessible fortifications.

"Monte Berico rises above Vicenza, and while it commands the whole city, it also constitutes its chief ornament. Upon its summit rises majestically a temple of unequalled magnificence, and shoots upwards from its elevated site a bold, elegant, circular cupola, terminating in a cross pointing to heaven. The temple is sacred to the Mother of God; has scattered in every part of it the richest productions of the most distinguished geniuses of Italy,—carving, stucco, sculpture, marble, mosaic, and choice painting of the most consummate taste, beauty, and skill.

"Both Monte Berico and the entire city had been fortified by the Italians and Swiss with every appliance of modern science. Upon the walls and at the gates of San Bartolo, Santa Lucia, Castello, and in force at the Paduan gate, were posted the Roman legions, who, on the 20th of May, repulsed the first attack of General Count Thurn, who was marching from Fontenine with Nugent's army towards Verona."

"How!" interrupted Bartolo; "on the 20th of May there was merely an incursion of Ulans,—a trifling skirmish."

"It was such, however, that Count Thurn was compelled to retire in discomfiture. Being desirous on his passage, by way of a little diversion, to make himself master of Vicenza, the vanguard of the Banati of Temeswar, with a squadron of Ulans, commanded by the young officer, Count Zichy, made an assault upon the first houses of the suburbs, but our sharpshooters receiving them with a warm salute from the windows, the Banati drew off. Then Zichy, leaping from his horse, seized a musket, and, animating his soldiers, led them back to the assault; he bounded up the first parapet of a barricade, but a ball struck him above the left eye, and, with his skull pierced, he fell back into the fosse.

"Hereupon Count Thurn himself brought up fresh troops, and, renewing the assault, rushed into the houses which he took, and again advanced: General Prince Edmund Schwarzenberg joined him, and placing himself at the head of the column, encouraged his men under a storm of musketry, grape, and balls. Such was the fearlessness of these two brave generals, that their aids were slain at their sides. As they dashed forward towards the walls, they were met by our legions, posted in the gardens above, with a terrific fire; and Thurn was compelled to beat a retreat, and retire, hard pressed by General Durando, who pursued him with the legions. This lasted until the grenadiers of Piret Kisky, with the heavy artillery, turned upon them, and compelled them to retire into Vicenza. On the 23rd, hearing of our negligent supineness, they faced about, by order of Radetzky, and with their whole force fell upon us with the greatest impetuosity; but again meeting with a warm reception from Monte Berico in front and flank,

and seeing the Swiss and the legions prepared to meet them, they considered it wise not to expose themselves further, and pursued their way to Verona.

"When Marshal Radetzky found himself reinforced by the army of the Tagliamento, he began to prepare his plans, and with his usual foresight, before coming to blows with Charles Albert, he resolved to rid himself of the garrison of Vicenza, which might assail him in the rear. With this view, after spending a short time in marches and counter-marches, and in reconnoitering the positions between Mantua and the Mincio, he, with a feint of encamping in the Mantuan territory, and of maintaining, at the same time, a strong guard over Verona, kept the king at bay. In the mean time, he ordered General Hess to make secret preparations for an organized attack upon Vicenza, and on the fifth of June he raised his camp, publishing a report that he was marching upon Padua, and detaching two brigades towards Verona, he caused them to defile within view of the advanced posts of the Piedmontese, to mislead the king into the belief that he had withdrawn his army into Verona. But lo! the two brigades had scarcely entered the city by the Porta Nuova, when General Culoz, with five thousand four hundred men of the garrison, issued by the Vicentina gate.

"Culoz made a forced march through San Bonifazio, and thence, what is almost incredible, he clambered up, with the whole of his artillery, across the mountains of Arcugnana, to fall from above upon Monte Berico. Such is the steepness of the ascent, the precipitous cliffs, clefts, rocks, and abysses, so rugged and impracticable, that even goats can scarcely find a footing. The soldiers crept up, clinging with their hands and feet; many were precipitated into the gulf, and were killed; the horses climbed along those narrow ledges, trembling and snorting with terror, as they found themselves with scarcely space enough for their four feet, hanging over the precipices. But the manner in which they dragged up the artillery and the heavy ammunition-waggon, we are not informed by the mountaineers. When the sappers were unable to level the rugged rocks to form a path of sufficient width, the carriages were upheld by main strength and with ropes, two wheels resting upon the narrow ledge, and the other two in the air over the abyss; if a horse fell, which rarely happened, the traces were cut, and it was at once let fall over the precipice. In short, after midnight on the morning of the 10th, the men and artillery of Culoz reached the crags which overhang Monte Berico.

"In the mean time Marshal Radetzky crossed the Adige, at Legnago, and arrived at Montagnana on the 8th, and on the 9th encamped before Vicenza. At dawn, on the following morning, our men, seeing from the walls of Monte Berico, the groups of Tyrolese riflemen, were struck dumb with amazement; but they soon recovered their surprise. 'We'll soon wing that handful of hawks, up yonder,' said they, 'and nail them up as scarecrows on the gates and walls of the city.' But when they saw companies and battalions concentrating upon the steeps, they began to prepare for their defence, by placing upon the advanced works the Swiss of Latour, the third Roman legion,

commanded by Gallieno, the riflemen under Ceccarini, and the company of Fusinato, commanded by Massimo d'Azeglio, a man distinguished for his valour, no less than for his pencil and his pen. The Austrians poured in dense rushing masses down the declivities, and over the rocks, impetuously, against the outer fortifications, drove our legions from the breastworks, and precipitated them from their defences, and, like raging lions, assailed our batteries.

"In the mean time, those batteries which had been directing their fire upon the masses as they descended from the heights of Arcugnana, saw with amazement, numerous pieces of cannon perched upon the summits of the rocks, as if they had fallen from the clouds, for they had thought it impossible that human presumption could go so far as to attempt to drag them up among those broken peaks. Hence terror and consternation ensued among our men.

"Colonel Del Grande saw from a high belfry that a large portion of the fortifications, occupied by Gallieno and D'Azeglio, were already in flames, and D'Azeglio was wounded, while the Austrians were masters of the outer defences, and were rushing against our positions, in the midst of the most terrific fire.

"The Swiss fell back, and were warmly pursued; they again rallied and renewed the attack. At this moment, Del Grande ordered up reinforcements to the Porta Padovana. General Culoz, with the main body of his troops, drove the Swiss back behind the trenches; and then halting, waited until the Marshal should attack the city from the plain below. His batteries were then drawn from the summits, half way down the hill, where they were worked upon the great esplanade, and from their elevated position overthrew and crushed everything before them. Colonel Reischac, with his soldiers, made a furious assault upon a formidable stockade formed of beams; the Colonel, with his usual daring, was among the first who leaped upon the summit; but scarcely had he touched the top when he fell pierced with balls. General Culoz brought forward his bravest men, and in a short time the whole fortification was in the hands of the enemy. Still no respite followed; the battle was renewed beneath the platform; the chasseurs of Koppal rushed forward to the assault, and precipitated themselves over the scarp, clinging to the twigs and tufts of grass, and the smallest object that afforded a hold. In this charge, Colonel Koppal and many other officers were mortally wounded; but Captain Jablonski having scaled the breastwork, the esplanade and platform fell into the hands of the enemy. A universal shout of joy arose on all sides; the Swiss abandoned (it must be confessed) by the legionary troops, retreated into the basilica and barricaded the doors; the chasseurs, with the Ogaliners, and other battalions pursued them; they battered in the doors, and a terrific struggle took place in the church. The Swiss met them in desperation at the doors, with levelled bayonets; they rallied behind the pillars, and entrenched themselves in the chapels and confessionals. The house of God was inundated with blood, which flowed over the marble pavement. The battle raged upon the altars themselves, the holy images were

pierced with balls, the columns were shivered, the stuccoes torn from the walls. The chapel of the Madonna, so rich, so precious, so much revered through the whole Venetian territory, was made a stronghold and bulwark against the assailants. Finally, the Swiss fled through the side-doors, leaving the basilica strewn with dead and wounded, and filled with blood and desolation."

"Oh, most holy Madonna," exclaimed Alisa, "what bloodshed under your own eyes! What horror! And you, Lando, where were you during that dreadful confusion?"

"First, I hastened with the legion to oppose the enemy, when they had forced the outer fortifications, and when these were lost we rallied again, behind the inner defences, which we maintained for two hours against the Croatian grenadiers, who crowded upon us with overwhelming fury. Our soldiers were exhausted with thirst, fasting, and heat; and Gallieno sent me to forage in the villas round Monte Berico, to collect bread and wine to refresh the combatants. Oh, what destruction, Alisa! What ruinous waste of everything! The beautiful cottages, the sumptuous palaces of the nobles, had been, I don't say robbed, but plundered and devastated by the depraved legions, who thus repaid the courtesy of the people of Vicenza. In consequence of the suddenness of the assault of the Austrians, the citizens who had retired to their suburban villas, to escape from the quarrels and tumults of the soldiery, now found themselves destitute of every necessary. I found the larders plundered, the wardrobes overturned, the wine-casks pierced, or with their stopples forced out, in the cellars, and the wine already wasted upon the floors. The presses, cupboards, chests, and safes burst open and the money stolen, with a rapacity surpassing that of Bedouins. The beautiful paintings of Titian, Tintoretto, Paolo, Giorgione, and Giambellino, which adorned the noble and rich apartments, were torn and pierced with the points of swords and bayonets, and hanging in shreds from the gilded frames; sofas and couches, covered with the finest velvet, had been ruthlessly cut and pulled to pieces, to see if money were concealed within. The splendid tapestry of Flanders was torn away; the frescoes of the walls were scratched; the large mirrors of Paris and Murano shivered; the splendid tables, inlaid with foreign wood and rare marbles, and ornamented with rich carving, reduced to fragments, and scattered over the bright mosaic pavements; the magnificent Vienna pianos, harps of ebony and ivory, the cut crystals of Morghen, Longhi, Bartolozzi, and Volpato, broken and crushed. When I saw that the fortune of Italy was desperate at Monte Berico, I ran down to the Porta Padovana, to join the legions and fight against the masses of the Hungarian, Bohemian, and Moravian battalions, who roared round our fortifications like lions. Notwithstanding the storm of balls which hailed upon us, not one of us moved from the post assigned him, more than if he had been rooted to the spot. Upon the countermure, within the gate, our colonel, Del Grande, was struck dead, and Major Morelli was wounded by the same missile. The battalion of Ancona, the carabinieri, and our own com-

pany, inspired by the captains, kept their ground like a wall of bronze upon the parapets, at the trenches and behind the palisades of the terreplain. None yielded, none grew weary, although fasting, under a burning heat, and in the midst of a deadly struggle. But while the Roman troops were thus gloriously repelling the attack during so many hours, General Culoz, already master of the heights, the esplanade, and the great terrace of Monte Berico, planted, in battery, against the wretched Vicenza, seventy guns, of every calibre. If that city had contained nothing but the Olympic theatre, an admirable production of Palladio, and the marble palace of the Signoria, it ought to have been considered a sacred city, and reverently exempt from every attack; but it is moreover full of palaces, built by the master hands of Serlio, Sansovins, Palladio himself, and Sammichaeli, admirable and unequalled edifices; it has temples of wonderful architecture, and monuments of every beautiful and elegant art. But, perhaps, the fault lies with the Austrians!"

"No," said Bartolo; "the Austrians had been in possession of the city for above thirty years, and had embellished it. Therefore, the fault of such disasters is theirs who drove the Austrians to reconquer it; yet you ask: 'Whose is the fault?'"

"Imagine those seventy brazen volcanoes vomiting forth upon us fire, flames, balls, and bombs! The sun was darkened, so dense and black was the whirling cloud of smoke which arose from them. From the gates could be heard the crashing of falling roofs, of ruined walls, and of rooftrees and beams blown into the air. Groans, screams, and weeping on every side; the shells bursting through the floors and ceilings, tore through the main walls and exploded in the places where the trembling families had taken refuge, the fragments carrying away their limbs and tearing their breasts: fathers or mothers were frequently killed before the eyes of their terrified or wounded children: and there were none to succour them. While the Roman legions fought desperately at the gates, and upon the walls, the Vicenzians, seeing their city made desolate and consumed by the batteries of Monte Berico, raised a white flag; and General Durando, disregarding the opposition of Galletti, who declared that not a foot of ground had been yielded, proposed a capitulation. Our comrades, Alberi and Ruspoli were sent to negotiate, and concluded, with Marshal D'Aspre:—

"1st. That the legions should evacuate the place with the honours of war.

"2nd. That the garrison should not serve against the Austrians for three months.

"3rd. That Vicenza should be recommended to the generosity and courtesy of the marshal."

"On the morning of the 11th of June, General Hess ratified and signed these conditions for Marshal Radetzky; and Colonel Casanova for General Durando.

"After mid-day, the legions marched out with flying colours. The Austrians admired the elegant uniforms of the legions, but when they saw the Swiss filing out before them, they could not refrain from

crying out: 'You are a phalanx of heroes!' And even the wounded marched proudly on, with their heads bandaged, or their arms in slings, while the Austrian officers accosted them, and shook hands with them, praising their valour in the highest terms. Some, however, of the aids of the marshal, at the sight of their departure, with drums beating and arms in their hands, murmured at so gentle a treatment: 'Has all this blood,' said they, 'been shed that these theatre heroes should thus pass before our faces, triumphing with this vaunting air?' On that same evening, the army was put in rapid motion, by the marshal, towards Verona; and on the following day, they met the king, who being as yet ignorant of the surrender of Vicenza, was hastening towards it with reinforcements; the marshal drew up his army beneath the esplanade of the walls, and compelled him to retire."

"Ah, ha! the old fox!" cried Bartolo; "he knows a trick or two! He wanted first to be secure of Vicenza, to protect his rear, and then to bestow his attentions upon the Piedmontese, which he did with such affability, that they fled to Milan, and thence across the Ticino. But tell me, Lando, is it true that you were received in Rome, on your return, like the old Roman Consuls, who after conquering Gaul, Germany, and Britain, marched in triumph to the Capitol?"

"Most true. They came out to meet us as far as Ponte Molle; the Roman Senate, with the princes and dukes and countless crowds of people, placing crowns of laurel upon our heads, and showering upon us clouds of flowers from the windows."

"And what would they have done, if instead of losing Vicenza, they had stormed and taken Vienna itself? I heard afterwards, that in order to render themselves worthy of their laurels, they refused the quarters assigned them, and taking by assault the professed house of the Gesu, ensconced themselves in that citadel, which they did not find contested by the Croatian cannon: and they permitted themselves to murder, at the door of their quarters, that unfortunate priest, Ximenes, who had come to embrace his two brothers on their return."

"Pray, unele, speak not of it, in pity for Rome! Neither Mimo nor I, nor any true young Roman, ever set foot upon that ensanguined threshold, or in that sacrilegious den of miscreants, who pollute the walls with every horror, and make them resound with unspeakable blasphemies. I saw, with my own eyes, the paintings of saints and other holy objects, which had been secretly removed, by a good young man, from among them, after they had been torn and disfigured in the most ignominious manner; and such was the rage with which everything holy seemed to inspire them, that even the emblems of Jesus were broken off the sculptured marbles, and from every place where they were visible. Ah, uncle!"

Lando rose from his seat, and observing that the sun was descending upon the horizon, invited the company to leave Pompeii and to return by the railroad to Castellamare. They arrived there about dusk, and taking a carriage, they passed over Capo di Soutari, and descended through the sweet-scented gardens of Meta to Sorrentum. There the two young men entertained themselves a few days with their uncle and

cousin, then returned to Naples, and after a few days spent at Pozzuoli, Baia, Capo di Miseno, Caserta, and on Vesuvius to see the crater, they returned to Rome.

Bartolo and Alisa remained during the greater part of September at Naples, to assist at the nuptials of Luisella and Tancredi, which were celebrated with joy and every sign of future felicity. Their friends and acquaintances declared that their marriage was the fruit of the most ardent and delicate filial love; and a controversy arose as to which of the two had the greater merit in saving their father: whether Tancredi, who had rescued him, after he was wounded, and carried him through that terrible shower of balls from the barricades; or Luisella, who received him in her arms and guarded him with such well-advised foresight, from the new dangers that might beset him in his own house.

CHAPTER XLVI.

COURTESY AND GRATITUDE OF YOUNG ITALY.

BARTOLO, on his return to Rome, spent a short time in his pleasant villa at Albano, where he was visited by many of his friends and acquaintances. He saw that the political horizon was more gloomy than ever; that the insolence of the factions was triumphing without restraint; that the Pope now possessed but a faint shadow of temporal power, and even his spiritual authority itself, if not openly disputed, was cramped in a thousand ways, by a thousand devices, and with a mute opposition, masked under a hypocritical modesty.

In the mean time, Sterbini, the Prince of Canino, and Mamiani were attending the general conference of the societies at Turin, under the presidency of Mazzini, and every effort was made to force King Charles Albert to plunge again into war with Austria. Their partisans in Tuscany and Rome were equally eager for a renewal of the contest, although they displayed their prudence by leaving its dangers to others; for they themselves had matters of greater importance to attend to, and appeared greatly to prefer domestic quiet and prosperity. As far as their own warlike ardour, therefore, was concerned, it evaporated innocently in demonstrations, dinners, and torchlight processions. Mamiani had been succeeded in the ministry by Count Rossi, who exerted all his influence, in defiance of the threats of the societies, in seeking to restore order and security. On the first of September, the first number of that infamous sheet of caricatures, called the *Don Pirlone*, was issued by the conspirators, and, in conjunction with the *Pallade* and its compeer the *Contemporaneo*, lent its aid in hurrying Rome into the abyss which the societies had dug beneath it. The chief writers of the *Contemporaneo* were Sterbini, Agostini, and Torre, who set actively to work to counteract the efforts of the minister.

Those three publications laboured in company; they placed before their eyes the example of Leghorn, which had overthrown the legitimate ministry, and elected a revolutionary government under Guerazzi, Montanelli, Pigli, and other chief supporters of the secret societies. They urged the *Barbieri* of Mazzini, who were thickly sown in every quarter of Rome, to redouble their machinations and threatening demonstrations. Sterbini would shortly return to Rome, and Ciceruacchio had his lansquenets in full operation. Atrocious calumnies and every treacherous artifice were resorted to; and where these failed, an unsparing use of assassination supplied every deficiency. When Bartolo, therefore, entered Rome, he was deeply concerned to find matters altered so much for the worse, during his five months' absence—from May to October. He was amazed at the discovery that many even of his own friends, who had been most eloquent in their praises of the Pope, and most ostentatious in their demonstrations of love and respect, instead of having their eyes opened to their danger, had now ranged themselves among his avowed enemies. He went to see his sister-in-law, to relieve the indignation which was suffocating him. As she saw him entering with a wild look and in a chafed mood; "Where," said she, "have you left Alisa?"

"Ask me rather where I have left myself; I am lost, and I am in vain feeling my way to discover where I am."

While Bartolo was conversing with Adele, Mimo entered.

"Ah! I have just been seeking you, dear uncle," he said: "and not finding you at home, I took a turn through the Piazza Colonna, through the Via de Condotti, and even into the Piazza di Spagna, to see you, as I wished to have a little conversation with you upon an affair of moment."

So saying, they retired to Mimo's room, and he continued,—

"This morning I received a letter from Aser, from the hands of a young Prussian, who informed me that it was given to him with strict injunctions to deliver it to me without fail; it is of such a tenor that I think it requisite to communicate it to you. Here it is:—

"MY FRIEND—You know that at the taking of Vicenza I was in Venice, making an effort to restrain General Pepe from entering upon a desperate course there; and to cool the intemperate rashness of Manin, who is urged by the old Neapolitan to bring down nothing less than final ruin upon that noble and queenly metropolis of the Adriatic. But finding that they prefer their own blind stubbornness (always, however, watchful over their own safety) to the lives, anguish, and extreme desolation of so many fellow-countrymen, who are the most courteous, the most accomplished, and the most Attic people of Italy, mourning over the fate of Venice and of its precious monuments, I withdrew into Banato. There, among those unpolished but brave and hospitable Magyars, I remained some time, meditating at leisure upon the hopes, fears, deliberations, rebellions, and the war in Italy, from the year '47 until now. You know, Mimo, how ardently I longed for the independence of our country; fatigues undergone,

money spent, property and person devoted to it with a resolute and constant heart, are proofs of this; but it is hard to confess it, I have been driven to the clear conviction that the Italian people neither know nor appreciate that true and divine liberty which renders states happy and glorious. You yourself have witnessed the drunken follies which have been committed in Rome, Naples, Tuscany, Piedmont, and Lombardy; and to all these insipid puerilities is attached the name of liberty. To me it resembled a swarm of released schoolboys, who rush forth jumping and shouting from school, exulting in a vacation which they have wrested from the master by dint of shouts, hisses, and childish rebellion. Then in war—heaven preserve us! Let us not contaminate ourselves, my friend, by the recollection of it. With the exception of the brave and well-disciplined Piedmontese army, and that handful of valiant Neapolitans of the tenth regiment, the rest of the Italian volunteers—I speak in general terms—were a herd of licentious madmen, many of whom rushed to the cannon's mouth with the fury of the bear, which bounds against the pikes and spears of its hunters; and then they boast of their courage, as if courage were a mad rage, and not rather the greatness and nobleness of an elevated and resolute spirit, guided by wisdom and coolness of mind and heart.

“Now all this, if you will, was but the first ebullition of the moat in the vat, which bubbles, boils, and finally runs over foaming, and sparkling, forcing lees, refuse, and crudities of the grapes to the top, which intoxicates you if you approach it, merely by its spirit and vaporation. But this ferment and this frenzy spend their fury upon the people, who sink with exhaustion; so much the more, believe me, in Italy, where the people are either indifferent to all these novelties, or impatient of them; novelties which have been introduced, in the name of the Italian nation, by the very dregs and refuse of the populace of Italy. Notwithstanding this, however, the conspirators never rest; they never cease to concoct new troubles and new disasters; and learn now, that the darkest cloud is gathering over Rome. The Mazzinians are labouring audaciously to attain their object, by cunning, or by force and sudden violence.

“I beg of you to inform Bartolo of this in secret; let him, without delay, look to himself, and that angelic daughter of his, Alisa——”

“Oh, what would the man be at?” interrupted Bartolo. “Is this anything more than the chitchat of those old bearded friends of ours?”

“Listen, uncle,” rejoined Mimo.

“At Rome you are on the eve of a great *coup-de-main*. The Mazzinian faction is tired of *Statutes* and *Constitutions*, and has resolved to cut them short. It will gild with fine words its resolutions, but it has already resolved upon the destruction of everything in Italy. Proudhon, Ledru Rollin, and Blanc precipitated matters with headlong speed in France; Mazzini is desirous to show them that he can bring to perfection in Italy, that which ends in smoke in France, Austria, and in Prussia. Already Leghorn is in readiness; Genoa

stands prepared; Rome, which is less well-informed, will see the deadly plot burst upon it on a sudden. Tell Bartolo to leave Rome and to withdraw to some more tranquil country, for example to Vevey, or Roll, upon Lake Leman, but the best place would be Geneva.' "

"Why really, Aser threatens us with utter ruin!" exclaimed Bartolo, half in jest and half in terror.

"Uncle, I don't know what to make of it, but here Aser adds something which throws a little light upon it.

"It has been decided by the Mazzinians to dispose of the Pope, the cardinals, the prelates, and the entire clergy; they will either effect this, or they will resort to unheard of atrocities. You good people don't know these fiends; they are capable of blowing up St. Peter's, the Vatican, the Quirinal, and whatever else you have of beauty and excellence in Rome, and if they stop short of that it will not be through good will; learn that you have in Rome more barrels of powder than you have cupolas and belfries, and more boxes of stilettoes than of torches and candles. You also, Mimo, do not permit yourself to be taken unawares: place your money in safety, and let Bartolo do the same; let him remove his best effects from his suburban villas; let him sell even his horses, and withdraw in good time. To-morrow I start to the Hungarian war. Salute Lando. Adieu.

"Your friend,
"Aser."

"PANSOWA, October 2, 1848."

When Mimo had read this obscure letter, Bartolo was divided between two opinions, either that Aser had received some ill treatment at the hands of the leaders of the *Circolo Romano*, and therefore imputed to them such detestable intentions, or he had been misinformed on the affairs in Rome, and drawn these sinister conclusions.

"No doubt," said he to Mimo, "these men harbour the worst designs, but the Pope is at present more secure of his authority than under the ministry of Mamiani, who had really cast him aside like an old vestment; but the minister, Rossi, seems truly intent upon restoring order and a firm government of the state; upon clipping the wings of the press; encouraging the good; strengthening the police; disciplining the soldiery; and raising up the financial credit."

But Bartolo overlooked the fact, that if Pellegrino Rossi was well intentioned, his enemies were only the more resolutely bent upon his ruin. They had now returned from the grand conference at Turin, and Rome was immediately a scene of excitement and confusion never surpassed. The intentions of Rossi were falsified, the fears and credulity of the simple populace were as usual worked upon, to aid in their own ruin, in the downfall of the minister. Every species of calumny was busily disseminated among them against him; and the leaders of Young Italy soon devised a more expeditious means of accomplishing their aim.

At Turin it had been resolved to strike a final blow for a republic in

Rome, and to overthrow every obstacle that opposed it; at Leghorn, at a banquet given to the Roman envoys, of the most furious of the conspirators, it was resolved, "that if the minister, Rossi, persevered in thwarting the operations, now led almost to a successful issue, he should be removed at every risk;" at Frascati, at another banquet, the nail was driven home.

"Let Rossi die by the knife."

"When?"

"At the opening of the Chambers."

"Where?"

"Either in alighting from his carriage, or in ascending the stairs, or at the entrance of the hall of the Assembly."

"Who shall strike the blow?"

"One will not suffice, a thousand accidents might occur to baffle his attempt; the failure would destroy and banish every hope; let there be three."

"Who?"

"Let them cast lots, and let fate decide."

Above twenty assassins were held in readiness for every crime; each of them, already stained with blood, of flinty heart, deadened conscience, to whom life or death was equally welcome. On the following night they were brought together in a cave on the Esquiline; the leader of the conspiracy made his appearance, threw their names into a box, shook it, and before drawing cast his eyes around upon them with a firm gaze. Catiline on the night when he had gathered round him the murderers to whom he wished to commit the death of the senators and the conflagration of Rome, stood before his satellites, with a countenance not more livid, with eyes not more grimly lurid, than this monster.

The new Catiline, with eyes glaring upon them:

"Young men," said he, "Rome—Italy is in your hands! liberty must flow from the points of your daggers! Sprung from blood, it will be more glorious; purchased with steel, it will be more strong! Present your daggers; cross them, and say: 'He who draws the lot, and turns faint-hearted, for his cowardice shall have these points in his heart.' Swear!"

They joined their blades, crossed them, clashed them together and swore:—

"Death to Rossi!"

Then the man of death raised the box, drew out three names, dismissed the rest, and remained with the elected murderers. The ancient cave communicated through a fissure with another, like it, large and deep: the leader raised the torch, led them to the aperture, and they passed within. They saw at the further end, another man, also with a torch, standing upright awaiting them. Upon the ground they perceived a large sheet spread over an irregular heap; he who had the torch gave it to one of the three to hold, took a corner of the sheet and uncovered three human bodies piled upon each other; he said to the other two assassins,—

"Take up this body, and place it upon this slab."

The man was a surgeon of the sect; and he thus instructed the three murderers,—

"If you wish the victim to drop dead at your feet, you must let your blow fall direct upon the carotid; divide that artery, and you break the thread of life, and the man expires instantly."

So saying, he took the hand of one of the three, and pressed his finger upon the neck of the corpse, and added,—

"That is the carotid, strike and separate it."

The murderer raised his dagger, and with an overhand blow, pierced it exactly.

"Bravo! Wonderfully done!" cried the wretch. "You would make an accomplished phlebotomist. Here with the other corpse. Now you strike; there's the carotid; notice well that it's near the tendon; direct your aim under the ear; you can't miss it. So! Well done!"

The same experiment was made with the third corpse.

"Now, my bold fellows," continued the surgeon, "you have to look out sharply, in striking the blow, that the cravat and collar be not in the way; let one of you strike the minister unexpectedly on the back, to cause him to turn to see who struck him. In the act of turning the head, the carotid stands out; strike sharply, draw out your dagger, mingle with the crowd, and walk away." *

While in that dark vault they were holding that infernal school, the last and most unflinching argument in the reasoning of the secret societies, the other conspirators wore a certain remarkable cast of countenance, as they walked about Rome, haughty, arrogant, and insolent, as if they meant to say to the faithful and modest citizens, "Rome is ours."

Some informers secretly gave Rossi to understand that there was a plot laid against his life; they related what had been decreed at Turin, what had been resolved at Leghorn, and what had been concluded at Frascati. The count replied, half in scorn, and half in disgust:—

"From the vile we must expect villainy; the loyal soul overcomes them."

In the mean time the Pallade and Don Pirlone threw out certain obscure hints, with the view of sounding and preparing the people, distinctly enough, however, to point out to the conspirators the day and the hour, namely, the 15th of November, about noon. Don Pedro, on the 13th, was peculiarly facetious.

"The poet," said he, "if you remember, says that

" 'From the cradle to the tomb 'tis but a little step.' "

On this occasion he is wrong, and there is no redress; we must change

* In the Bilancia of Milan (13th March, 1851), it is stated that only one corpse was taken from the hospital of San Giacomo to the Capranica theatre, and that there the experiment was made at midnight. We heard the same account given in Rome; but as it is related above is thought to come from a better source.

the position of the words, invert the phrase, and write it in these precise terms,—

“ ‘ From the tomb unto the cradle is a little step.’ ”

And we have also the Scriptures, where we are told, *Beati mortui qui in Domino resurgunt*. In reference to which expressions, I speak, I say, I think; for from to-day until the day after to-morrow are two days, unless I mistake. Two days easily glide away; 'tis but a little step; no doubt of it,—'twill pass.

“ ‘ Give the signal; who goes there?
Deputies;—all's well and fair.’ ”

And a little further on, the traitor, shrugging his shoulders, says, as he casts a side look at the bystanders,—

“ I know nothing at all about it. Ask those that know it; look about; ask some one else, for I don't know a word about it.”

And thus he proceeds to talk of discordant music, of yells, screams, hisses, of carrying in triumph through Rome. Does the world present a similar example of preconcerted villany, deceitfulness, and serpent-like subtlety?

The 13th had passed: Count Rossi had taken every step, posted sentinels at every entrance, cleared every ambush, and stationed guards at every point of access. Rome was full of carabineers, who had the password given them, and a secret sign to protect them against every deception, and to detect every subterfuge of the conspirators, and turn it against them. But still the snare hung over the head of the count, who trusted to the carabineers, among whom there was more than one conspirator. On the day following the fourteenth, the opening of the Chambers was to take place; and the minister had already prepared an address to the Deputies; he recapitulated in it what had been so far done, laid down the steps which were to be taken for the future, pointed out the measures, occasions, and opportunities, for dissipating the ill-conceived suspicions of many, for restoring the order which had been shaken by past license, for encouraging the disheartened, and exciting the indolent to renewed activity. He had already read his speech to the Pope, who approved of it, and doubted not its good effect; but who did not dissemble to Rossi the difficulty of the undertaking, the treachery of his adversaries, and the uncertainty of the result. Rossi replied: “ Holy Father, God aids the cause of justice, and directs its counsels to a fortunate issue. Holy Father, grant me your blessing, and at the risk of my life, I will persevere unflinchingly to attack iniquity, and to defend your authority, and the glory of the Holy Roman See.”

The night preceding the 15th, was spent by the conspirators in secret arrangements, in delivering secret instructions, and in indicating their exact posts to the actors in the tragedy. A distinguished lady (however she might have obtained her knowledge), had written early in the morning to Rossi, revealing the plot:—“ Let him not go to the

Chambers, or he would not escape death." Rossi was unmoved. He presented himself to the Pope, to receive his blessing, and then to set out. The Pope was sad, and said: "Count, do not go; those faithless men are capable of everything." "They are more despicable than they are perfidious," replied Rossi; and he descended to enter his carriage. At this moment, Monsignor Morini suddenly accosted him, breathless and pale, and said: "Count, your obstinacy will cost you your life; death awaits you on the steps of the Chancery."

"Monsignor," he replied, "my duty calls me, and God protects me."

He left the palace, accompanied by Righetti, the representative of the financial department, and turned towards the Chancery, where he supposed that a number of the carabinieri were already posted in disguise. The piazza contained a crowd of agitated and furious people. "Here he comes, here he comes! The very man!" was whispered among them at his first appearance. The carriage passed beneath the portico of the palace; the minister descended the carriage steps with a tranquil and fearless air; he saw numerous groups gathered here and there, and passed through the midst of them; but when within a few steps of the stairs, he heard loud hisses and groans from the wretches; still he passed on without heeding them.

As he raised his foot to the first step, he felt a sudden blow in the side; he turned round to see who had struck him, and the point of a stiletto was driven into his jugular vein. He pronounced the words, "O God!" still went up three steps, and fell insensible. The crowd of conspirators pressed round him: from behind some one cried—

"What is the matter?" Many voices replied: "Silence, silence! 'tis nothing."

Righetti and a servant lifted up the victim, carried him into the first chamber at the head of the stairs, and placed him on a chair. He gave one sigh, and expired.

A voice announced to the Chamber the death of the first minister. No one turned his head, no one raised his eyes, no one changed countenance; as if some one had said, "At Constantinople the Grand Vizier is dead." Every one continued his conversation, or his writing at his desk. The ambassadors and ministers, indignant at such infamy and shamelessness on the part of the Deputies, went out of that den of assassins, followed by the deputies from Bologna, who were the associates of the murdered minister.

Rome was amazed and horror-stricken at this atrocious deed, which stained it with blood, in the sight of every civilized nation; but the conspirators, insulting the public sorrow, that same evening bore in triumph through the Corso, by the light of torches, a villain, who represented the assassin, raised upon the shoulders of a ferocious mob, that pointed to the raised hand of the murderer grasping a bloody dagger, and sang, accompanied by bands of the National Guard, carabinieri, and all sorts of soldiers arm-in-arm with the people:

"Blessed be th' heroic hand,
That Rossi slew with freedom's brand."

You shudder, compassionate reader! But not satisfied with this, with the wild gesticulations of cannibals they carried the murderer beneath the windows of the desolate widow and of the sons, singing the triumphs of assassinations.

In the mean time, the conspirators took advantage of the grief of the Pope, the confusion of the government, and the terror of the city; and meeting at the Circolo Popolare, Sterbini, Pinto, Spini, and the other chief conspirators, suddenly formed themselves into a *Committee of Public Safety*, and despatched orders and directions to all the offices, to the commandant of the castle, to the militia, and all meanly cringed before them. Well aware that theirs was but a theatrical authority, they resolved to compel the Pope to give them his sanction, and thus invest with legitimate power, in the eyes of the world, a ministry, composed of men of their own choice. They drew up a list of such as were in the interest of the conspiracy, to present to the Pope; but with that peaceable and obsequious manner, which a strong band of brigands uses towards the unarmed traveller, from whom they demand his purse. Mamiani, Galetti, Sterbini, Campello figured at the head of the list of worthies unanimously elected, and if the Pope refused his consent . . . Why . . . Hem! . . .

Galetti was sent at the head of a deputation to submit this document to the Pope. They were followed by an innumerable crowd of National Guards, dragoons, carabineers, custom-house officers, soldiers of every arm and grade, a paid drunken and ferocious mob. Galetti audaciously and hypocritically presented the demands of the conspirators. The Pope's reply was that he would not accept the law from his subjects; Galetti fawned and conjured; the Pope was immovable. Then the brigand, showing himself upon a balcony, excited the raging mob by his gesticulations, and signified to them that the Pope was their lord, and would receive no law from his subjects.

A tremendous shout was the reply of those furious men; Galetti returned to the presence of the Pope,—“Let him console the excited people.”—“To-morrow,” said the Pope, “they shall learn my decision.” Again the fellow presented himself to the mob, and cried, “To-morrow!”—“No, instantly!” To say this and rush to arms, while those who were already armed assaulted the palace, was the work of a moment, like the bursting of a mine. The Swiss shut and barred all the gates of the palace; the rebels set fire to the gate opposite the Quattro Fontane, and attempted to scale the windows. The Swiss fired to disperse them, and here commenced the conflict. A miscreant ran to the Pilotta and shouted, “Here with the cannon; up, to the palace! help! pull! forward!” A cannon was dragged up to the piazza of the Quirinal, pointed at the door, and the match lighted, ready to fire. As it was supposed by the most enraged that the Pope would come forth upon the balcony (from which he had so often blessed them), to allay that fury, and to pacify and calm them, an assassin was lurking behind the statue of Pollux, with his carbine pointed, ready to fire at the heart of the Pontiff the moment he should advance to the railing. And perhaps his magnanimity and paternal solicitude

would have led him to do so, had not the Archangel St. Michael, the shield of the Church of Christ, and of its head, inspired him with other resolves. The riflemen of the university ran to the convent of San Carlino, and from the top of the belfry fired down at random into the palace, and took aim at all that approached the windows. Monsignore Palma, Latin secretary of the Pope, exposed himself in endeavouring to see the fire which had been set to the gate below; that instant one of those murderers shot him in the forehead, and stretched him lifeless beneath the window.* Other dignitaries of the palace were wounded, and threats were heard in the streets, that unless the Pope yielded to the demands of the conspirators, he himself would be treated like his minister had been. I heard with my own ears, "If the Pope does not yield, he is a dead man, for we would slay him even in the arms of the Eternal Father." Impious madmen! God has him in his keeping, and will crush you to dust, and scatter your ashes to the winds.

Is it possible at this day to doubt, or can we have more conclusive or more clear and evident proofs of the guilty designs of the secret societies? From rejoicings for pardon, protestations of gratitude, tears of emotion, offerings of their blood and lives to supplications for a few reforms; from reforms to immunities; from immunities to liberty; from freedom to licentiousness and disorder; from disorder to every species of iniquity and villany down to the assassination of the first minister of their generous sovereign, even to menaces of death to their munificent benefactor and father.

Such are the steps by which you have gradually ascended in this story of the Jew of Verona, my gentle reader; so far have you followed me in this long and toilsome path; you have seen with what specious assurances, what gilded falsehood, what cloaked fraud and felony, the secret societies conducted their arts to the universal deception of Italy, which at first applauded those mild and good-tempered seditions, that subsequently broke out into commotions, mutinies, conspiracies, and furious assaults. It was the design of those conspirators to arrive by these subtleties at a republic; and, when they finally succeeded, when the supreme control in Rome was in their own hands, they erected in the Capitol, as the tutelary deities of this republic, *assassination, robbery, sacrilege*, which are, and always have been, the obscene *Trimurti* of the secret societies, to which they are all consecrated with an execrable religion of blood.

From Weishaupt to Mazzini the history of Europe is but the development of this worship, to which are dedicated all the ample ramifications of Illuminism, which buds, flowers, and sheds among every nation its fruits, desolation, and the extermination of all order, all law, civil, natural, and divine. France was the first to taste their poisonous effects, which afterwards diffused their venom through every part of

* The excellent and learned Monsignore Palma had been made secretary of the Latin letters recently. At the time of his death he had resided only fifteen days in the palace.

Europe. Next followed the violence and agitation in the republics of South America, in great part originating from the secret societies. Afterwards the troubles of Portugal and of Spain, which still endure; and, finally, in our own Italy, fortunate only in this, that so far the iniquitous plant has not taken profound root, and if it has sent forth flowers and produced some fruit, every one knows how bitter and acrid was the taste.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE APOSTOLIC PILGRIM.

DURING the atrocious assault upon the Apostolic palace of the Quirinal, the ambassadors and envoys of the Christian monarchs had hastened to offer their protection to the sacred person of the Pontiff. Among these were the Duke d'Harcourt, Ambassador of France; Martinez de la Rosa, Ambassador of Spain; Count Spaur, Minister of Bavaria; De Migueis Venda da Cruz, Minister of Portugal; Count Bontenef, Minister of Russia; Liedekerke, Minister of Holland; Figueiredo, Plenipotentiary of Brazil; De Maistre, Secretary of the Legation of Belgium; De Canitz, Secretary of the Legation of Prussia. At the sight of the cannon pointed against the door, and of those furious men breaking into the most cruel extremities, they advised the Pope, in order to put a stop to the excesses of the rebels, to concede what they were seeking, in so detestable a manner, to wrest violently from him. The Pope turned with a firm appearance to the envoys, who reverently stood round him, and said, "Gentlemen, you see the atrocious violence which is offered me by the rebels; I consent, through absolute necessity, to their iniquitous request, to avoid further shedding of blood. I protest in your presence, and before your sovereigns, that I am perfidiously forced to do it."

On the following day, not content with such an outrage, those felons, with renewed fury, sent a further intimation: "Let the Swiss retire from their guard over the palace; let the Civic Guard take their place; they who had fired upon the people were no longer worthy to watch over the prince! Rome could not suffer it." The faithful Swiss, deprived of their uniforms and arms, were restricted to the Vatican; the Civic Guards had the arrogance to post themselves, not only at every gate of the palace, but at the foot of the stairs, and even in the ante-chambers of the Pontiff, as spies, and as braggarts, who held the Vicar of Christ besieged in the inviolable retreat of his private apartments. The alternate guards were carefully picked from the dregs of the most ferocious and hardened conspirators, who spied with Argus eyes into every movement, and invariably reported to their leaders whatever occurred in the palace.

In the mean time, the Pope sent secret commands to the cardinals to leave no means untried to elude the grasp of their enemies, who were capable of any atrocity, in assailing the Holy Church, and in seeking its extermination. They therefore lost no time; one, who was already marked for the dagger by the societies, fled in the dress of a huntsman, another as a grazier of Sabina, who still preserve their ancient costume of goat-skins; and the other two in the dress of the Ernici, with sacks of bread upon their shoulders. It would be vain to attempt a description of the difficulties, dangers, deceitfulness, snares, and treachery of every sort, encountered by the princes and prelates of the Holy Church, under forms which have not, perhaps, been surpassed in atrocity, during any persecution, since the days of Constantine. Within a month after their almost miraculous escape, their palaces were plundered of every object in gold and silver, of their precious vestments, chalices, and jewelled mitres; the rich furniture was cast from the windows; their portraits dragged in the mud of the streets; their horses stolen from their stables; their carriages drawn from the coach-houses, and dragged into the piazza, where the ornaments were torn from them and sold in the Ghetto,* and the rest made into bonfires, round which the destroyers, with imprecations and howlings, danced like wild satyrs, or mad bacchantes.

The first intention of the Pope, after the assault upon the Quirinal, was to go quietly on foot to the Vatican; but when he reflected that not a small portion of the people had been gained over and corrupted by the rebels, he abstained from putting it in execution. His advisers, among whom were the ambassadors of all the foreign monarchs, proposed his secret retirement from the States; but he found himself placed in a dilemma. On the one hand, his departure would be an encouragement to the factions to perpetrate every enormity of rapine, horror, and bloodshed; on the other, he was informed that a rebellious mob designed, on the 27th of November, to wrest from him a solemn renunciation of all temporal power over the Roman States, that even his life was threatened, and that more than a hundred hired assassins were ready to effect the object of their execrable oaths.

Whilst the Pontiff was thus undecided, a letter arrived, on the 19th of November, from the bishop of Valence, in France, with a small parcel, and conceived in the following terms: "Inclosed will be found the small pyx in which the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius VI., carried, suspended round his neck, the Blessed Sacrament, which during his journey formed his consolation under suffering, until his arrival at Valence. May your holiness accept it as a memorial, and use it for your consolation, whenever God, in his exalted decrees, may dispose that you should need it." The Pope received a pleasing surprise from this incident, in appearance fortuitous, but which was ordained in the profound counsels of that Eternal Wisdom which appoints the number, weight, and measure of every event, even of the least important. He retired for a moment into the oratory, prostrated himself with a lively

* The Jews' quarter.

faith before the tabernacle, besought with tears the divine guidance, and arose with the full determination of taking his departure. On the 20th, Count Spaur, the Bavarian Ambassador, called on Cardinal Antonelli to inquire if the Pope had yet decided upon leaving Rome. Receiving a reply in the affirmative, the count offered to be his guide as far as Gaeta, where a Spanish vessel was waiting to convey him according to his own desire to the Balearic Islands. The count then held a long consultation with the Duke d'Harcourt, and determined upon the mode of proceeding in so delicate an undertaking as the secret escape of the Pope, and his safe conduct to Gaeta. They engaged Filippini, a gentleman-in-waiting of his holiness, of tried fidelity, sagacity, and devotedness, to collect the objects which were strictly required for the personal use of the Pontiff, and which would be necessary for the journey, and to carry them by degrees, under his cloak, to the residence of the count, who was to secrete them in a strong-box in his private apartment.

Already, on the 21st, the count had initiated his lady into the secret, and informed her that she would be required to concur with him in rescuing the Vicar of Jesus Christ from the fangs of the cruel rebels, who, unmindful of God, of their honour, and of all human probity, held him a prisoner in his own palace, and were revolving in their savage and furious minds, designs of death and of extermination to the Church. If God should grant them the favour of conducting in safety, beyond the confines of the Roman States, the august head of Christendom, he would be out of the reach of danger, free in his actions, and the Church would no longer groan under the mortal anguish with which it was constantly convulsed. The feelings of the countess on this occasion may be imagined. This lady, the daughter of Count Giraud, displayed throughout these transactions a mind of masculine energy and firmness. She was excited, by the choice made of her to participate in the rescue of the Pope, to the highest efforts of her devoted soul, and with the most discreet zeal made every preparation for the departure.

In the mean time the Spanish ambassador had sent messengers to the coast, between Nettuno and Terracina, to give the signals agreed upon, as soon as the vessel should be descried in the horizon. The Duke d'Harcourt was to blind the sentinels by entering the papal audience-chamber as usual; the Cardinal Minister of State was to set out many hours before in disguise, in the company of Signor d'Arnau, Secretary of the Spanish embassy, while Filippini was to prepare supper according to custom at the palace; everything was in readiness for the evening of the 24th. Count Spaur had already spread the report of his intended departure for the court of Naples, to attend to affairs of the Bavarian government. The Countess Theresa had also informed her friends and household of her journey on the following day, with her son and his tutor, and that she would wait at Albano for the count, whom business would detain in the city during the day. The count informed his lady that he would take the road along the banks of Lake Albano, and would give her notice of his arrival; he

gave her instructions to join him beyond Ariccia. When the hour of departure arrived, the countess experienced not a little difficulty in consequence of her brother, who was a member of the Noble Guard, insisting upon accompanying her on the journey, which he considered, during times of such confusion, exceedingly dangerous for a lady without protection. After some discussion, she quieted his fears and set out with four horses.

At five in the evening, according to agreement, the carriage of the Duke d'Harcourt drove up to the palace. Having entered the Pope's room and asked his blessing, he took a seat while his Holiness retired to lay aside the pontifical dress. Filippini, who was in waiting, had provided for him a black suit, such as is worn by priests. The Pope for a moment raised his tearful eyes towards heaven, then kneeling, with his face buried in his hands, he fervently prayed to God. What, at such a moment, must have been the prayer of the Vicar of Christ to the Eternal Father! O my God! thou beholdest me likened to thy Only Son, who, in return for benefits, favours, and graces shed with such a bountiful hand among his people, reaped but a harvest of ingratitude, barbarity, persecution, and the agony of the cross. My God! behold thy Vicar, the head, the guardian, and the father of thy Church, driven out as a wanderer from among his children, to take refuge on a foreign shore, through the midst of a thousand snares and perils of death. Deign to lend thy aid, guidance, and protection. Mary, Mother of Jesus, I throw myself under the protecting wings of thy love. He then arose, continued his prayers standing, and fixed his eyes, flowing with tears, upon the clothes which did not belong to him. "Courage, Holy Father," said Filippini, drawing his attention; "your Holiness will have leisure to pray after awhile; now time presses." The Pope took off his purple stole, kissed and placed it at the foot of the crucifix, then with the aid of Filippini, he also laid aside his white dress. None can better conceive his acute grief during this act than they who have been despoiled of the holy habit, however poor and despised, which they had worn in the asylums of their vocation.

Having put on the suit of black, he returned to the Duke d'Harcourt, who, having again cast himself at his feet and received his benediction, said, "Depart in safety, holy father; the Divine Wisdom inspires you with this step; may the Divine Power lead you to its happy accomplishment." The Pontiff then proceeded through certain obscure passages to a secret door, called the door of the Swiss, which opened on the stairs of the great hall; but having joined and given the signal to a faithful follower, who had been standing on the watch, it was found that in the confusion the door had been left locked. Although this omission caused a great risk of detection, the Pope was not discouraged; Filippini hastened back, and having procured the key, returned to the room, where he found the Pope on his knees in a corner, absorbed in prayer. There was now some difficulty in opening the door, but when it at last yielded, they descended the steps and entered a carriage. Here again we must admire the watchful care of

Providence; for an officer of the palace who accompanied them, having opened the carriage-door and lowered the steps, knelt according to custom; but the Pope called to him in an undertone as he entered: "What art thou doing? Stand up, lest the guards see you." The poor fellow jumped up instantly, filled with confusion at his absence of mind. In the palace, it was necessary to admit more than twenty-four persons into the secret, yet (what is not a little surprising) all displayed such fidelity and prudence that none of the conspirators had the least suspicion of what was going on.

The Pope wore a dark mantle, a low round hat, and a large brown cravat over his priest's collar. Filippini carried under his cloak a three-cornered hat, a package containing official papers of the highest importance, the seals, a breviary, slippers, some linen, and a casket of gold medals stamped with the head of the Pope. On leaving the palace, Filippini, as was his custom every evening, saluted the two officers of the Civic Guard: "Good-night, friends!" "A very good-night to you, Filippini." "Addio!" and he drove down the *Tre Cannelle*. But, as every place was full of spies—and he had some fears of being followed by the conspirators—he directed the coachman to drive through different streets, so that having turned towards the Forum of Trajan, he went up the *Via Alessandrina* to the Coliseum, and thence through the hay-barns to the church of SS. Peter and Marcellinus, where Count Spaur was waiting in great anxiety on account of their delay. Here the Pope turned towards the church, from which he derived his former title of cardinal, and after a lively aspiration to those two great martyrs, he entered the carriage of the count, shook hands with Filippini, and then proceeded in silence towards the Lateran.

What sorrow moved the heart of the Sovereign Pontiff when he passed that basilica, "*Caput et Mater omnium Ecclesiarum Urbis et Orbis*," of which, in November, 1846, he had taken triumphant possession amid the acclamations and joy of Rome, and with the happy omen of a people filled with enthusiastic love and gladness! Now, in the darkness of night, while silence reigned in the streets, during the solitude and terrors of a sudden flight, he saw the high obelisk erect and motionless, like a terrible shade, placed as a guard before the temple of the Redeemer, which seemed to say: "Depart, great Pius! may the Saviour protect thee; thy See is more immovable than the base upon which I stand; I shall pass away, but it shall remain." And the great Pius bowed to the cross, which rose aloft on the summit of the obelisk; he threw himself in spirit before the sanctuary, humbled himself in the presence of God, and after fervent supplications felt a divine strength and encouragement, which nerved him for the encounter of whatever misfortune might befall him. The carriage drew up at the gate of San Giovanni:—"Who goes there?"—"The Bavarian minister:"—"Where to?"—"To Albano."—"Pass!" and the Pope was beyond the walls of Rome. He turned, and looking upon it with a sigh, silently and sorrowfully continued his journey towards the Alban hills; but the Archangel who accompanied him, and who

read, in the decrees of the Almighty, the future destiny of the first Pastor, knew that after a year and a half he would re-enter by the same gate, which now beheld him a solitary fugitive, in triumph such as never before graced the return of any pontiff into Rome.

The countess arrived at Albano in the morning, where, although in the most feverish expectation, she took every precaution for the success of their plans, causing even the lanterns to be secretly removed from the travelling carriage. At Rome, the Ambassador d'Harcourt remained in the audience-chamber, until he concluded that the Pope must be at a considerable distance from the city. After the departure of the duke, a prelate entered the papal apartments with a quantity of papers relating to affairs of state, and afterwards one of the secret chamberlains came to recite the office with his Holiness: also, at the usual hour, the evening meal was served; but, upon the announcement that the Pontiff wished to be retired, the attendance in the ante-chamber and the guard of honour were dismissed.

Count Spaur having passed through Ariccia, stopped at the fountain which is on the high-road to Naples, near the sanctuary of Galloro, and alighted with the Pope to wait for his family. They had quitted the carriage only a few minutes, when five carabineers, who formed the patrol on the road, rode up, and immediately perceiving the two travellers, politely asked who they were. "I am Count Spaur," answered the ambassador, "Minister of Bavaria, on my road to Naples in the service of my sovereign, and I am waiting here for the arrival of my travelling coach, with my family." The carabineers answered that the roads were secure, yet made an offer to accompany them. The count thanked them, but still they did not depart. The Pope was leaning against a palisade on the side of the road, and stood waiting with an appearance of tranquillity. At length the countess arrived in a carriage drawn by four horses; but seeing the Pope and her husband surrounded by carabineers, she knew not, in her perplexity, what to think, and when she observed one of them standing near the Pope, with his elbows resting on the same rail, she almost fainted through fear. She nevertheless stopped the carriage; the count placed in it the small objects above mentioned, and the countess, turning to the Pope, said, in her natural tone: "Come, doctor, quick, step in." The Pope entered and took his seat beside the countess, while the count with his valet Frederigo mounted on the box, having each a pair of pistols within reach in case of need. The countess sat on the right, with her son Maximilian in front; on the left the Pope was seated with the tutor, the Rev. Sebastian Liebl, facing him. They thus remained for some time in profound silence, and with almost suppressed breathing, from the reverence inspired by the presence of the Vicar of Christ. The Pope was the first to break this silence. "Courage," said he, "I carry with me the most Holy Sacrament in the very same pyx in which it was carried by Pius VI., when he was dragged from the midst of his flock into France. Christ is with us; He will be our shield, and will guide us in safety." At these words, all were suddenly prompted to fall upon

their knees and remain there without uttering a word ; but the benign pontiff, again encouraging them, began to relate the incidents of his escape from the palace, and the special providence of God in overcoming every obstacle and baffling the vigilance of his enemies. In fact, while the Pope, at liberty, was rapidly approaching Gaeta, the wretches who were hatching plots against him even in his own ante-chambers were still playing the lion, with their muskets on their shoulders and their daggers drawn, imagining that he was still their prisoner and that they could offer him every affront that their villany might suggest. A prelate of the chamber seeing the secret door open, exclaimed, in amazement : "The Pope has made his escape ! The Pope has fled !" "Silence," whispered Count Gabriele, seizing him by the arm, "silence, monsignore, lest you bring instant destruction upon your own head." The terrified prelate said no more, and the sentinels, unaware of what had happened, continued their watch all night over the nest of the eagle, which had already taken its flight, and which mocked from on high, their infatuation.

At Genzano, the count sent a postilion in advance, in order to prevent any delay in procuring horses at the post-houses ; at Velletri the carriage lanterns were lighted, and the Pope, after paying the first compliments for the encouragement of the countess, turned to Don Sebastian and recited with him the *Itinerarium** and other prayers. At midnight, he took, by way of refreshment, part of an orange which had been presented to him. In crossing the Pontine Marshes the company yielded to a brief slumber. At five o'clock, they arrived at Terracina, and about half an hour after they crossed the frontier, without meeting a patrol or encountering any untoward accident. The Holy Father, on arriving at the boundary of his States, raised his eyes to heaven, and joyfully intoned the *Te Deum*, which was recited with united voices ; he then said the divine office with the priest. Thus he was far beyond the limits of the Roman territory before the perfidious conspirators, who besieged his palace with their guards, suspected his departure ; and in the mean time, the grovelling members of the Roman Assembly were conceiving their infamous designs against the Father of the Faithful, and consulting upon the means of depriving him absolutely of all temporal power, of expelling him from his palace, and confining him in the ancient cloister of the Lateran as Bishop of Rome.

That robber Pirlone even considered these matters as settled, and wrote jeeringly to his brethren of Naples : "We have had a 15th of May, the Gravina Palace, the Swiss, &c. ; as with you, therefore, the 15th saw the opening of our career, but, unlike you, we were not content that the beginning should also be the end ; 15 is a number of ill-omen, the 16th was needed to accomplish the work, and we have not failed to bring it to a successful termination." Further down was the caricature of St. Peter, dressed in rags and with a fisherman's cap, seated on a little boat patching his nets ; underneath were inscribed

* A form of prayer prescribed for clergymen during a journey.

the words, "Ancient Costumes." In the popular assembly were seen furious men stamping and brandishing their clenched hands, and exclaiming, with rage in their countenances, "The Papacy must be utterly abolished; the Bishop of Rome will still be the Pope; at present, it is an indelible superstition which must be rooted out, and the roots dried in the sun, lest it spring up again and bear leaves and fruit." Another, springing upon the table: "Thy opinion," said he, "is holy. Brethren, after to-morrow, let us again attack the hive; the head once crushed, the whole swarm will be dispersed, and, in spite of cymbals and frying-pans, the bees will never again reunite to build their cells and honeycombs."—"Hear, hear! Hurrah for the Sovereign Assembly! Death to the Pope!" Poor creatures! what will you do, when to-morrow, awakening from your intoxication, you hear the words, "The Pope has fled, and is in safety!"

The Pope had written a few lines to the Marquis Sacchetti, herald of the palace, directing him to send information of his departure by Galetti, to all the other ministers, to recommend to them the maintenance of peace in Rome, and intrusting to him the Apostolic palaces. At the announcement of his escape the demagogues seemed thunder-struck; they stood staring at each other as if deranged; they knew that their destruction was at hand, that they might now resolve upon some desperate course; that although, like one who has stumbled over a precipice into a raging torrent, they might possibly rise to the surface and float for a few moments, they would inevitably sink and be swallowed up in the abysses. Rome was in a state of perplexity; the people stopped each other in the streets: "What of the Pope?"—"Ha!"—"He has fled from Rome."—"Really?"—"It's a fact."—"But when? how?"—"Last night; no one knows how as yet."—"It is said that he let himself down from a window in the Panatteria."—"That's impossible! there was a sentinel in the yard."—"No, he went through the garden, and, in the gardener's dress, proceeded on through the gate, under the gallery of the Conclave."—"Pshaw! There were more Civic Guards there all the time than windows; and they were staring every one in the face as if inquiring for his passports!" Another straggler said that the Pope had fled, disguised as the coachman of the French ambassador. "You're a blockhead," said a sterling fellow; "the Pope puts on no one's livery; but those braggadocios with the red horse-hair, I'll bet a bottle of Orvietto, let him escape under their very noses; the simpletons! It were well if they would in the same way let off some of their pride and boasting, which blinds them and makes them strut backward and forward with their guns on their arms, keeping guard over nothing but the sweepers of the palace. Hurrah for Pius IX.! who knew how to escape from this Babylon of wretches, who had the impudence to walk about in his palace like chamberlains. What fools!" Hereupon, another man, more timid, pulled him by the sleeve to be quiet. "Where," asked others, "has he fled?" The general opinion was that he had gone to Civita-Vecchia, on his way to France. "Last night the Duke d'Harcourt went on board the *Tenare*." (This was true, though it was not bound

for Marseilles, but for Gaeta.) Then would follow a variety of conjectures and false accounts. "The postilions have already returned from Castel di Guido," said one, "and they received a great sum to drink his health." Another broke in: "I have just been speaking to Sandrone, who rode as postilion. The Pope set out with two horses, and four others were waiting for him at the hostelry of Peppetto, at the second hill outside the Cavalleggieri gate, and he got a 'gregorina' to treat himself with, and the Pope was dressed as a French general." "That's not true," cried a third; "will you tell me who know Menicuccio, the landlord outside the Portere gate, who saw him with his own eyes?"—"Is that a fact?"—"True, sir; we went about nine o'clock to Menicuccio's to drink a flask or so, and he told us for certain." Some said he had gone through the gate of San Paolo, some through the Pia gate, and others, again, through the Tiburtine gate on his way to Subiaco.

While such was the talk in the streets, stores, and cafés of Rome, the Pope pursued his journey without accident; at Fondi, however, one of the fore-wheels took fire from the rapidity of their course, and they were compelled to stop to throw on water and oil the axles. As the curtains had been drawn, and the Pope had taken off the brown neckcloth, one of the bystanders looking at him attentively, said to his neighbour: "That looks exactly like the Pope."—"Why, you're dreaming!"—"I tell you that is the Pope: I've seen him a hundred times." At this time, the horses being ready, they started. So certain were the people that the Pope had passed, that on the following day, when the prelates Pacifici and Fioramonti, foreign and Latin secretaries to his Holiness, passed through Fondi: "Monsignori," said some of the people, "you belong to the Pope's court: he passed through here yesterday; you are no doubt going to join him." When he arrived at Mola di Gaeta, there came to meet his Holiness two gentlemen, who proved to be Cardinal Antonelli and the Chevalier d'Arnaud, secretary of the Spanish embassy, who, with joy beaming in their countenances at the fortunate arrival of the Pope, followed him to the Villa di Cicerone, where he alighted. He immediately returned thanks to the Divine goodness which had been his guide and protection, and brought him safe from the midst of so many dangers, into a peaceful kingdom, governed by a king of such magnanimity and piety. About midday, a collation was served in a private room by Cardinal Antonelli, while the family of the count sat down to table in the hall of the albergo. Thence he despatched a letter to King Ferdinand, announcing his arrival in his states, and informing him that he was on his way to Gaeta! This letter was intrusted to Count Spaur for presentation to his majesty, and no delay took place before his departure.

He took the light carriage and the Spanish passport of the Chevalier d'Arnaud, giving the latter his own Bavarian passport in exchange, and charging him to be his substitute in attending upon his Holiness, and to conduct him and the count's family to Gaeta under the name of the minister Spaur. The count started at two in the afternoon, and

arrived at Naples about ten at night, where he drove to the residence of the nuncio Garibaldi, whom he requested to accompany him to the palace and present him to the king. The king, on receiving the Pope's letter, showed the greatest emotion, even shedding tears of mingled grief and joy; grief for the trials to which Christ's vicar had been subjected by his ungrateful and perfidious subjects; joy for the honour of receiving him as his guest in his kingdom. He lost no time, but hastening to the apartment of the queen, who had already retired to rest, and of his sons, who were already asleep: "Up quickly," he exclaimed, "the Pope is at Gaeta; this very night we must hasten to throw ourselves at his feet and prove to him our exultation." The king then sent the masters of the palace to the wardrobe, and others to the merchant's stores, to collect every kind of manufacture of rich silks, linens, and stuffs for the use of the Pope. He himself drew from the royal cases every kind of gold and silver plate, services of porcelain, chandeliers, and other rich ornaments. "Carry all on board," cried he, "and then we embark for Gaeta. We have the Pope! The Holy Father is with us!" His countenance beamed with gladness, devotion, and piety; he gave orders to a few hundred grenadiers of his guard also to embark instantly, and to follow in another vessel, that on the following morning they might do the honours, and serve as a guard to his Holiness. The passing and repassing of the officers of the palace, the lights flitting across the windows, through the passages and over terraces, and the commotion among the royal guards, brought crowds of curious people into the streets, which at that late hour had become almost deserted. "What's the matter?—What has happened?"—And the people crowded round the palace in such numbers that it was found necessary to double the guard. "Certainly," said they, "some sudden outbreak must have taken place in the Calabrias and in Basilicata: the king flies to Gaeta, the troops are commencing their march to suppress the rebellion." A thousand conjectures were formed at the same moment; but not a word of the real secret transpired in Naples.

In the mean time, at the Villa di Cicerone, the august pilgrim was on the point of setting out for Gaeta; but fearing lest the ample travelling coach would find some difficulty in passing through the narrow streets of the Borgo, two somewhat dilapidated carriages were hired, one of which was occupied by Cardinal Antonelli, the Chevalier d'Arnaud, and the count's son; the other by the Pope, the countess, and Don Liebl. Arrived at the gates of the fortress and having had their passports examined, they received intimation that they were expected to present themselves as soon as possible before the commandant; they entered and were conducted to a small albergo called the Giardinetto (there is no better in this out-of-the-way citadel), and made the best arrangements they could. The Pope had an apartment to himself; the cardinal and the chevalier two pallets in another small chamber, and the countess and her son and Don Sebastian occupied two small rooms belonging to the family of the landlord. These arrangements having been made, the cardinal and the chevalier called

on the commandant of the fortress. He was the Swiss Brigadier-general Gross, who during the rebellion in Sicily was commandant of the citadel of Palermo, a man of austere military discipline, of such iron disposition and unflinching fidelity to his master, that rather than surrender his fortress to the rebels he would have blown it up with himself and garrison, had he not received peremptory orders to abandon it and embark for Naples. When he arrived there, and the king said to him, "I am well pleased with you;" he answered, "And I, sire, am by no means pleased with your majesty, which has recalled me from the place committed to my trust." Such was the temper of the Commandant Gross, to whom the two travellers presented themselves. Reading in the passport "Conte Spaur, minister of Bavaria, his family and suite," he immediately addressed them in the German language. Their amazement may be imagined at this new turn of the discourse. They eyed each other for a moment; at length D'Arnaud answered, "Sir Commandant, I have been so long in Rome that speaking only the Italian and French, I can no longer express myself readily in the German tongue." The sagacious old general immediately began to suspect that he was not the minister of Bavaria, and that they who were in his company had no relation whatever with the Bavarian embassy. His first impression was to cast both into prison as spies. Considering, however, that his lady, his son and household accompanied him, he abandoned this idea for the present, and after their departure placed two sentinels in the yard before the hotel, and shortly after sent two police officers, under pretence of a visit, to their quarters. When they were announced, the Pope retired to his little apartment, while the countess and the others conversed with them on general topics. They asked many questions on the state of affairs in Rome, on the situation of the Pope and the movements of the rebels. They begged pardon for their intrusion, which they endeavoured to excuse by stating that several cardinals had entered the kingdom in disguise, and thus rendered it impossible to receive them with the honours due to their exalted rank, and that it was their duty to keep an eye on all arrivals in days so inauspicious to the Church. While saying this they carefully scrutinized the countenances of the whole party, but failing to discover anything suspicious, they at length retired in defeat, and received the taunts of the commandant for their want of acuteness.

In the evening (it being Saturday) a request was presented through the landlord, that mass should be celebrated at seven on the following morning, at the church of the Annunziata. The Pope, compelled to remain incognito, remained in the house with Don Sebastian. With reluctance did he absent himself from the holy sacrifice, and he was much inclined to celebrate mass on a large chest which stood in his apartment; an act which would have recalled to mind ages of the most cruel persecutions; that it should be necessary for the Vicar of Christ, by the supreme power which God has conferred upon him in the Church, to celebrate the most august sacrifice without vestments, without altar, without candles or missal, with a glass instead of chalice, and, like the Greeks, to consecrate with leavened bread! Such was the

extremity to which the Church was reduced, that a Pope, in the nineteenth century, in the midst of peace and freedom of Catholic worship, should be driven to do what the Linuses, the Clements, and the Cletuses had never found necessary in the catacombs during the persecutions of the most inhuman of the four Cæsars! In truth, the impious revolutionists of our times reduced the Catholic Church in Rome to a condition which was scarcely witnessed in the days of Nero, Decius, or Diocletian. In those days, at least in the depths of the catacombs of Ermete, of Callistus, Hippolitus, Pontianus, and other cemeteries of the martyrs, the venerable mysteries of our redemption were commemorated with as much splendour as circumstances would admit; whereas during the Easter and Pentecost of 1849, amid the terrors of the ungodly republic of Mazzini, the holy basilicas were not only bereft of the papal ceremonial, but the cardinals, and bishops, and even the canons (most of whom had fled or were concealed in the remotest hiding-places), dared not officiate. In the basilica of the Lateran, on Whit-Sunday, the Canon Pergoli alone had the courage to offer the divine sacrifice, and in St. Peter's some other canon celebrated the holy mysteries at an early hour, and as if by stealth. On the other hand, abandoned priests, bought over by this so-called republic, which denied the existence of God, went through the holy ceremonies in St. Peter's, adding mockery and sacrilege to the universal desolation. All the churches of Rome were deserted, and mass could be said with difficulty even on festivals; a small pyx, enclosing the Blessed Sacrament, was carried by priests in the garb of laymen; and woe to him who should divulge his sacred character; he was instantly dragged to the shambles of San Callisto, or the slaughter-house behind the Regola, or, as the least misfortune, thrown into the prison of the Sant' Uffizio.*

At Gaeta, the countess, with the cardinal and the chevalier, went about noon to visit the commandant; the Pope remained to recite the divine office as far as complin, with Don Sebastian. The countess was relating to the commandant the circumstances which had compelled her husband to depart suddenly to Naples, from Mola, with despatches to the king from the Pope, and that to save time he had taken the carriage and passport of D'Arnau, which had caused the misunderstanding of the preceding day, when a messenger entered in great haste,—

“Sir Commandant, the look-out at the citadel has signalled three steamers from Naples.”

The commandant was greatly astonished, for the larger class of ships seldom anchor at Gaeta; he turned again to his guests, and entreated them to inform him of the contents of those despatches, and what news

* The fugitives from Rome published, in the Mazzinian journals, in Genoa, that what I have here written is a sheer calumny. I appeal to the testimony of the Romans, and declare, that not only priests durst not be seen in the streets and in the churches, but ladies, and even good and honest citizens and gentlemen. Facing my own hiding-place, stands one of the most celebrated and most frequented churches of Rome, and on many mornings, not a single person was seen to enter it. There were more assistants at my own mass, celebrated in a room, upon a chest of drawers, and more communions, than in many churches in Rome.

had been received from Naples and from Rome. They answered that the despatches were sealed, and that they came not from Naples, but from Rome, where the Pope was surrounded with danger. Hereupon, another messenger announced that the royal standard was seen floating on one of the vessels. The commandant was stupified; he again plied his guests with repeated questions, without extracting any further information. He was pouring out chocolate for his visitors, when another panting messenger rushed in.

"Eccellenza, the king is entering the port."

"Gentlemen," said the commandant, "what mystery is this? Excuse me, but I must run to meet the king."

And dropping the vessel which he held in his hands, he left them without further ceremony. The cardinal and the chevalier followed him to the port, where the king was on the point of landing from his barge on the mole. The commandant hastened to do homage.

"Well," said the king, "where is the Pope?"

"The Pope!" echoed the commandant, confounded; "the Pope, sire, is not here."

"How,—not here? He must be here?"

"Sire, he is no doubt then on board that French steamer (there was, in fact, the *Tenare*) which arrived in the night, when the fool-hardy fellow, contrary to every custom at sea, discharged a triple salvo, before lowering his flag, which I was not a little inclined to return with a ball! Thank God, since the Pope is on board, that such a thing did not take place!"

Cardinal Antonelli, advancing, disclosed the secret to the king. His majesty turned, laughing, to the commandant:

"Bravo, my good Gross, you are wonderfully vigilant! You have the Pope in your fortress and you have not heard a word of it! Oh most watchful commandant!"

Poor Gross looked around like one in a dream. In the mean time the king directed the queen and the young princes to the palace, while he himself, in the midst of the crowd which every moment increased around him, advanced slowly to give time for the Pope to reach the palace. Already the cardinal and the Chevalier d'Arnaud had gone for him at the Giardinetto, and putting on his three-cornered hat and taking the cane of Don Liebl, he made his way to the palace, where he had entered only a few steps, when the king joined him.

"Who could find words to describe the noble and sublime spectacle of this meeting? The Sovereign Pontiff, a fugitive from the cruel persecutions of those whom he had loaded with benefits, flying to the refuge of that generous crown; the pious monarch prostrating himself before his illustrious guest, filled with emotion, his eyes suffused with tears, embracing the feet of God's holy vicar, giving and dedicating to him himself, his family, and his kingdom, was a spectacle that the most eloquent pen would fail to describe, and which none but the most gentle and devout heart is capable of conceiving. The queen, kneeling with her sons, presented her homage to the father of the faithful, and repeated the courtesies and cordial offers of the king. Having entered

the palace, King Ferdinand pressed the Pope with the warmest invitations, dictated by filial love and royal courtesy, that he would take up his residence in Gaeta, and avoid the risk of a long navigation to a country far from Italy : that it would be invidious to give the preference to one nation over another, and to choose one would awaken competition and jealousy between those which aspired to the blessing and glory of possessing the head of the Christian Church. At Gaeta he would enjoy a tranquil and secure asylum, near his own states, in a mild climate, amidst a faithful people, within the walls of an impregnable fortress, possessing a battery of three hundred guns, and with the king and his army devoted to the defence of his sacred person. Let him remain, and Italy, sanctified by his presence, would quickly be restored to peace ; it would deem itself happy in the possession of the Sovereign Pontiff, glorious in having preserved him to more prosperous times, and would finally behold him, after so many storms, elevated to a more exalted state on the throne of St. Peter in the Vatican. The expression of these noble sentiments determined the Pope to take up his residence at Gaeta ; he expressed to the pious and generous monarch the deep gratitude of his soul, pointing out the exultation of the Church of God, the crown of merit prepared by the Divine Saviour, and the blessings which he would shed from above upon the royal family and all his kingdom. Ferdinand received this condescension with a countenance beaming with gladness, and the queen and her royal sons, again casting themselves at his feet, could not return sufficient thanks, nor sufficiently attest their joy in the possession of the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

The king immediately made arrangements for the accommodation of the cardinals and prelates of the papal court, and abandoning his own palace to the Pope, he took up his residence with his queen and family in a royal pavilion not far distant, whence he paid a daily visit to his Holiness, dining with him, with the queen, and the princes, his sons. The Spanish steamer had delayed for a while its entrance into port, but upon the decision of the Pope to remain at Gaeta, it cast anchor in the roadstead, and took its station there for several months, together with the vessels which arrived from every Christian power ; the port was filled with ships, presenting the most beautiful view imaginable. I, myself, after the entrance of the French into Rome, went to Gaeta, arriving precisely at the time when a fine American ship entered the bay, the captain and officers of which had landed to pay their respectful congratulations to the Pope, entreating him to honour them with a visit to their vessel, which they declared would be thenceforward the most fortunate that sailed under the flag of the United States.* The Pope received their invitation with the greatest affability, and the royal barge was immediately prepared to take him on board. The mole was crowded with people ; it was near midday, under a burning sun, notwithstanding which, the king, with head uncovered, accompanied the pontiff from the palace to the port ; and,

* The frigate *Princeton*.

although the Pope entreated him to put on his hat, he would not be prevailed on, and with his brother, the Count di Trapani, similarly uncovered, followed the Pope at the distance of a few steps. Having arrived at the port, he assisted the Pope, in entering the barge, and declining the seat offered by him at his side in the stern, he stationed himself at the side facing his brother, both still remaining uncovered. Such reverential conduct filled the crowd of spectators with admiration, and many were unable to restrain their tears. The numerous vessels in the port now hoisted their ensigns ; their sails were trimmed, and the hands drawn up on deck, the mast and yards hung with banners of every colour waving in the breeze, the various devices of their respective governments. As the Pope's barge passed, the ships discharged their broadsides, the thunder of which resembled that of a great naval battle.

While the reverence and attention of the king became every day more conspicuous, ambassadors and ministers from every court crowded round the Pope, striving, on the part of their different sovereigns, to show honour to his august person. A great number of the cardinals, who had escaped from the hands of the conspirators in Rome, had gathered round the pontifical throne, and by their dignity, their virtue, and wisdom, contributed to invest it with brilliancy and majesty in the eyes of a wondering world, which rejoiced at the light shed around the head of the Church, even in the obscure retreat of this fortress, amid tribulation, poverty, and the supreme desolation of exile. The honours that surrounded the Sovereign Pontiff formed indeed a luminous contrast with the scorn and unbridled license, the perverseness of the rebels, who sought by every means to excite the popular contempt and malediction of the sacred person of their deliverer and father, and of the pontifical throne, which, in defiance of divine decrees, they flattered themselves they would drag into the dust, and exterminate from the earth.

At first the demagogues, confounded at the unexpected departure of the Pope, were stricken dumb ; then stung with the reproach of being destroyers, they used every exertion for the maintenance of order, a result at all times easily attainable in a city where the inhabitants, with the exception of those instigated by the rebels to disorder, have acquired the character of being too peaceable, having permitted themselves to be trampled upon by a handful of miscreants, whom, but for their slothful negligence, they might have crushed and scattered to the winds. During the first days of their indecision they sent messages to the Pope, which were rejected before they had crossed the frontiers : by a thousand artifices they sought hypocritically to allure him within the snares of their false promises ; but when they perceived the impossibility of obtaining a hearing, they began by exclaiming that the Head of the Church, the great Father of the Faithful, was held a prisoner by the tyrant ; that his acts, his protests, and the abrogations which he pronounced at Gaeta against every edict, form, law, and statute of the usurpers of the Roman State, were surreptitious, and therefore valueless, and of no authority ; and woe to those who should

dare to render them obedience, fidelity, or homage! The better to convince the people, Don Pirlone designed a coarse caricature, representing the Pope suspended in a cage from one of the bastions of Gaeta, and the king turning a barrel-organ, and looking up to him, with the words: "Now sing away!"

Step by step they plunged into a career of detestable treachery. A provisional government was formed, then the Roman Constitution, and finally the Republic, accompanied by a solemn decree from the consistorial advocate, Carlo Armellini, conceived thus: "The Pope is deposed from all authority, power, jurisdiction, and temporal headship in the Roman state, which is restored to the Roman people, its sole ruler, the source of all authority, the principle of all power, and the essence of all law. The republic will recognize the people as its god; to the people it consecrates itself in the plenitude of godly worship, as its servant and votary; in its defence the conscript fathers are ready to shed the last drop of their blood."

While Rome was disgraced by these impious and insipid fooleries, and the miserable demagogues were declaiming from their rostrums and from the Capitol, the whole Catholic world was sending to the Vicar of Christ, in his banishment at Gaeta, proofs of the deepest veneration and most profound homage of faithful hearts; it sent forth its protestations, acknowledging and reverencing him, not only as the head of the Church, but, also, as the supreme ruler of Rome. Letters were despatched to the glorious exile from the most remote corners of the earth; from the islands of Oceanica, but yesterday, as it were, converted to Christianity; from the Marquesas, the abodes of cannibals, and from Australia and New Caledonia, to comfort the Pontiff in his afflictions, to exalt him in his humiliations, to honour him in the insults and opprobrium heaped upon him by his barbarous and cowardly subjects in Rome. China, Tartary, the Indies, Armenia, Mesopotamia, Lebanon, Moldavia, Servia, Egypt, Algeria, the States of America from Canada to Chili, Europe from the extremity of Norway to Cadiz and Lisbon, all, in every language of the world, praised and glorified the invincible Pontiff, pouring forth the veneration and love of their hearts in expiation of the hatred and insults of the conspirators of Rome, whom God has consigned to the ignominy, detestation, and the anathemas of the entire world.*

The sovereignty of Rome, which was thus insanely disputed by the revolted subjects of the Pope (an immemorial sovereignty, which is more ancient than the celebrated donations of Pepin and Charlemagne), notwithstanding the vociferations of the Mazzinians, who proclaimed that it should never again be restored, has been, by the unanimous voice of the European powers, most solemnly pronounced the "*most ancient, legitimate, incommutable, and imprescriptible possession*," that

* All these letters have been published in Naples, at the press of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, and remain a perpetual testimony before the whole world of the veneration and love of the episcopacy, clergy, and the princes of Christendom for the immortal Pius IX., the Vicar of Jesus Christ upon earth.

the right of property can boast of among all the nations of Christendom. To this day, although they have seen with their own eyes the Pope reinstated by the Almighty and by the Catholic powers, in full sovereignty on his throne, they still persevere in their obstinacy ; denying the existence of the light which dazzles them ; like madmen vociferating that Rome is still the dominion of the Triumvirs, and wondering, from their lurking-places, when the red cap of the republic will again rise on the Capitol, and the tower of Quirinus once more raise its head.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

INDIGNATION AND DEPARTURE.

ON the evening of the assassination of Count Rossi, Bartolo was at the house of Adelaide. He was sunk in profound sadness ; even Alisa was unable to banish his dark melancholy by the most tender caresses. He was absent and insensible to the conversation of those about him. At length, turning to Mimo, with a heavy blow of his hand upon the table : " Most true ! " he exclaimed, " Aser wrote to you like a prophet. This is the grand stroke which was to fall upon Rome : ' they will have no cardinals, they will have no Pope,' are the words of Aser ; significant words ! Mimo, sell my horses as well as you can ; as for my plate, I can at least save its value in weight. Gigi, the appraiser of the Monté, is a sterling fellow ; for his friends he would pass through fire and water, and if I say to him, ' Gigi, here is my plate, take it in pledge, at what you think is its just value,' he certainly would not deceive me to the extent of a single ounce, and so I should leave it in an inviolable repository."

" Why, my dear brother," said Adele, " what is all this you're saying about horses, Monté, and Gigi ? You are mixing up words at random, and without connection."

" The connection, our dear Adele, was given us by Aser, and you also would act wisely if you withdrew from this den of wolves. No, no, I would not stop in Rome even in a portrait, for I foresee calamities bursting upon it like a deluge. What is sacred to these monsters, if not the life of a minister ? They want lay ministers, forsooth ! Was Rossi a priest, was he a monk, was he a Jesuit ? Yet they assassinated him as if he were a Jesuit ; because, to be faithful to the Pope is to them Jesuitism, which deserves the dagger."

Alisa was alarmed. " But, papa," said she, " what has Aser written to you ? What are his fears ? What new idea is this ? "

" Aser, my daughter, is a good friend to us ; he wishes us out of danger of the storm which is brewing over us ; he writes, ' Save Alisa.'

You must know that he is in the secret of all the machinations, affairs, and plots which have been brewing for years back, and he can indicate almost the minute and the instant of the mysterious developments of all the most secret intrigues. Adelaide, take my advice, come with us, and you will in a short time have cause to think yourself fortunate."

"That is a matter that depends upon my husband, who, you know, would not lightly determine upon leaving Rome. If he will not, however, agree that we should go ourselves, I shall persuade him, at least, to let my sons retire from the midst of this hurricane. Although, children, you are undeceived respecting the iniquitous intentions of many, yet your levity, youthful impatience, and above all other evils, human respect, are still strong in you, and give me to fear that in an evil hour some imprudence may drag you again into misfortune."

"Yes, dear mother, permit us to go with our uncle; we are in actual danger here, for already has Nardo proposed to us to perform I know not what duty of the Civic Guard at the palace. Nardo is an unscrupulous knave, that has a hand in every mischief, and he hinted to us to bring our muskets loaded with ball. I therefore got rid of him by telling him that my wound was inflamed afresh, and that Mimo was troubled with the toothache, and intended to go to-morrow and have it drawn."

"Very well," replied Adele, "then to-morrow, my boys, you will do well not to leave the house; those monsters, with their loaded muskets, are worse than brigands; and they are now contemplating some treacherous trick which will end in mischief."

Bartolo was returning home with Alisa, and as he lived in the Corso, he fell in with the uproarious mob, which was carrying in triumph the murderer of Rossi, shouting and yelling like demons. With unspeakable indignation, he entered his house, where shortly after he heard their shouts of "Hang out your lights!" and the servants were everywhere seen hurrying to the windows with lights and lamps; and if any delayed, because their masters were absent, or through fear, they were saluted with hisses and horrible hootings of "Death to the Blacks!" accompanied by volleys of stones against the windows. Bartolo, like the rest, was obliged, with a heart swelling with indignation, to hang his silver lamps from the windows, and to look with his own eyes upon that ruffian brandishing his bloody dagger, as he was borne on the shoulders of a porter of the Pipetta, surrounded by the mob of soldiers, toll-collectors, and Civic Guards, dancing and singing, "Blessed be that hand," &c., which terminated with, "Death to the priests! death to the cardinals!" and more than one voice shouted, "Death to the Pope! Death to Christ! Hurrah for Christ democratic!" The simple people in Italy, who read the history of these horrors, make the sign of the cross, saying, "Is it possible that human depravity can ever lead men to such iniquity? It is out of the limits of human probability." And they call this poor Jew a tissue of false inventions, woven by malignity and envy: a halter would be too good

for him! The poor Jew shrinks within himself, and shrugs his shoulders, muttering in reply, "I await you at the Republic: and if ever you have heard of robberies, cruelty, inhumanity, and sacrilege that will bear any comparison to enormities perpetrated by the Mazzinians in Rome, the Jew will submit in silence to all this abuse, and even more; and if the rogue still maintains, still affirms, still shouts at the top of his voice, that the secret societies never gave, and never can give, to Europe anything, except every species of excess and crime, he is not prompted by mean servility, but by a desire to enlighten the Italian youth, inveigled by those treacherous wolves that pretend to be their friends."

"Well, well, Jew, thou hast said it over and over again, until we are driven distracted."

The Jew is not disheartened because he is not listened to; and if there are persons who, in order not to hear him, hold their ears with both hands, he is certainly not to blame for it. He has so short a time to live now, that he thinks it unnecessary to kill himself with crying, "The wolf! the wolf!"

It may be imagined that Bartolo, with his lamp hanging from the window, looked on with a heart filled with consternation; but it would be impossible to express how his blood boiled, when he heard the report of musketry at the Apostolic palace, and was informed of the danger of the Pope, and the furious attempts of the conspirators. His violent agitation and disgust ended in immediate preparations for departure. He took every precaution to place his property in security, and provided himself with bills of exchange for Genoa and Geneva. On the 25th, when he heard of the flight of the Pope, he devoutly returned thanks to Divine Providence, and said to Alisa:

"The Pope has fled; the Pope is in safety. God will help us also."

In the afternoon, with his daughter and his two nephews, he set out for Civita Vecchia, and, on the following day, went on board a vessel which weighed anchor for Leghorn. Finding that city more like a den of wild beasts, than a peaceful commercial city, he made no stay, but returned on board, and set sail again about four in the afternoon, and arrived at Genoa about nine the following morning. There they spent a few days in admiring the stupendous grandeur and richness of its churches and palaces; then passing through Novara, they travelled onward to Arona on Lake Maggiore. There Bartolo was dissuaded from continuing his journey over the Simplon, both by the beauty of the place, and the warnings of those who were acquainted with the road. He would find, they said, the snow fallen in great quantities among the mountains, and his daughter would be unable to withstand the rigours of the cold, at the height of 4,548 metres,* which is the elevation of the Hospice, with 1,500 more, to the top of the perpetual glaciers, which redouble the intense cold of those summits. Bartolo, therefore, making choice of a hotel upon the banks of the lake, determined to pass the winter in certain apartments that received the sun, and which were

* The metre, in itinerary measure, is equal to 3.2808992 feet English.—Tr.

reflected in the limpid waters, while they afforded a view over the length and breadth of the lake. In clear weather, they visited the rock of Arona, where stands the gigantic statue of St. Charles, who was born there, and whose room, now made into an oratory, is still shown with great veneration. Alisa sometimes went there alone, and seated in some delightful spot, she enjoyed the rays of the sun, a view of the lake, and the gracefully-undulating hills, and she inhaled, with delight, that air which was breathed by so great a saint; she invoked his intercession for the exiled Pontiff, for the peace of the Church and of Rome. Poor Alisa! her thoughts would then wander to the banks of the Danube and the Moldave; she pictured to herself the terrible battles of the fierce Szeklers, and the wild Ottokans; her heart throbbed and trembled at the dangers to which Aser was exposed, whom her fervid imagination represented engaging the "Red Mantles" of Jellachich, with their curved scimitars and long mustaches; shuddering with fear, she threw herself on her knees, and besought St. Charles to defend him in the terrible encounters of that ferocious war. She was discovered in this position of prayer by her cousins, who seeing her sad, pale, and in tears, said to her:—

"You really are too melancholy and sorrowful; let us hope in God, and live in gladness."

When the lake was not troubled, Bartolo, with his daughter and nephews, would enjoy a delightful excursion upon the lake; one day to Belgirate, another to Stresa, another to the Isole Belle (beautiful islands), and even as far as Pallanza, Intra, Magadino, or Bellinzona; sometimes they crossed over into the Varese, wandering among those beautiful places, and often by the road of Novara, they went to Oleggio. When the time of the Carnival arrived, convinced that his company would take pleasure in a visit to Milan, he obtained passports and transported them there over the bridge of Bufalora.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE REVIEW.

MILAN still bore the resemblance of a conquered and disheartened city; it had not yet resumed its natural gaiety, and the air of festivity which belongs to it; like an invalid recovering from a bed of suffering, he long bears evidence of his disorder, delicate and exhausted by the raging fever with which he has been consumed, and brought to the verge of the grave. Bartolo, Alisa, and her cousins were unceasing in their praise; they extolled it as one of the most beautiful and incomparable cities of Italy, for it could justly be compared to a noble lady, who is beautiful and graceful even in her sorrow. They set out to

view the beauties and new wonders of Milan; commencing with the marvellous splendour of the Duomo, they extended their course to the Arco del Sempione, and on their way it so happened that they passed through the Field of Mars precisely at the hour of a general review of the Austrian garrison. Alisa was delighted with the sight of the regularity and precision of their movements.

"Oh, father," she cried, "what fine soldiers! how skilful, how boldly erect, and how beautiful their uniforms! I thought you told me that the Austrians were at Milan; where are they then? And those fine, tall, straight men, with their great bearskin caps, who are they?"

"Who are they? My daughter, those are the Austrians."

"Why, how can that be? 'Pallade,' 'Don Pirlone,' the 'Contemporaneo,' and all the other journals of Rome, Tuscany, and Piedmont, represent them as filthy, ugly, and crooked; with patched clothes, old cobbled shoes, out at the toes and worn off at the heels; their old overcoats dropping off their backs piecemeal, and their linen disgusting, and hanging over their waistcoats; whereas, these are stately, well-made men, and their uniforms are neat, spotless, and new."

"Those were only a few playful stories, my daughter, in comparison with the shameless calumnies which those heroes of ours daily propagate."

"But tell me, father, the Croats must be shut up yonder in the castle, are they not? To prevent them from making incursions into the streets of Milan, to steal the children which they roast and eat? Poor creatures!—oh, the monsters!"

"Really, Alisa, you must be dreaming to-day. Those tall, fine-looking men, in such perfectly neat attire, are Hungarians and Croats."

"Moreover," added Mimo, "those two battalions there are the Illyrian Croats of Carlstadt; those companies towards the castle are the second regiment of the Ottocians of Ottochaz; that splendid battalion in the centre is of the Banats of the twelfth regiment of Parascowa, in the Temeswar: those are men for you—of a gigantic race! How muscular, and what a proud, undaunted appearance! There, upon the left, are the Oguliner, all of the Croatian race, powerful, hardy, bred to battle, unyielding in their posts, and hardened to fatigue; we felt all this in our encounters with them on the Tagliamento, near Treviso, and before Vicenza."

At this moment the troops ceased their evolutions, and the columns halted for a moment; two generals, with the governor and their aids, in a separate group, on horseback, were engaged in conversation, and congratulating the colonels on the rapid precision and discipline with which the troops performed their movements, when a graceful cavalier was seen leaving the circle, and advancing at a canter towards Bartolo's carriage. The young officer wore a nobly-ornamented hussar's uniform, the short mantle of the finest lambskin was thrown over the left shoulder, and fastened at the neck with a chain of gold; the high hat was fronted with red felt and platted cords, terminating in tassels hung

over the ear; the vest was embroidered with ears of wheat down the facings, and tassels of thick cord issued beneath the shield-shaped buttons. The pantaloons were of brilliant scarlet, also embroidered, and braided with flowers and designs beautifully thrown up and arranged with exquisite taste. By the side of the scimitar hung a sabretache adorned with embroidery and devices, and suspended by three long straps of red morocco, fastened with gold buckles. The noble bearing of the cavalier, as they saw him advancing to address them, drew the attention of Alisa and the others. As he approached, they could distinguish his countenance lighted up with a smile of joy, and when he joined them, and greeted Lando with a hearty shake of the hand, Lando exclaimed with sudden warmth: "What! Olga?" The graceful aide-de-camp, pleasantly bowing to Alisa, Bartolo, and Mimo, said: "Lando, how do I find you here? And this lady is your wife? I declare you have shown a marvellous taste!"

"No," replied Lando, "this is my cousin, and this her father and my uncle, and this is Mimo, my brother. They all know that I owe you my life; we have a hundred times recalled, with grateful applause, your courtesy and unbounded kindness towards me. I have you ever in my heart, for you restored me to the embrace of my mother and of my relations and friends."

"Lando, at present I cannot stop any longer. Where are your quarters?"

"At St. Mark's."

"Very well; to-morrow we will meet again." She pressed the hand of Alisa, who was in an ecstasy of admiration, and left them at full gallop to rejoin her general. Our Romans watched her, as she departed, with breathless wonder, such was their astonishment at her sudden appearance. On the following day, before they had set out to visit Brera as they had pre-arranged, Olga, folded in an ample white military cloak, suddenly entered. They welcomed her with real joy; and Alisa, seeing her bend to salute her, blushed deeply, and cast down her eyes, for her dress was not that of a lady. Bartolo and her cousin could not restrain a smile, and Mimo said, jokingly: "Oh, Alisa, do you suffer yourself to be kissed by officers who wear scimitars, are you not afraid?"

"Yes," replied Alisa, "I am afraid of the scimitar, but not of Olga, who saved the life of Lando; for if she strikes the enemy with her scimitar, with kindness and gentleness of heart she assists the wounded, and cures them of their wounds." While she was thus complimenting her, Olga took her seat by her side, and laid her scimitar across her own knees; Alisa, with friendly familiarity, took hold of the hilt, and endeavoured to unsheath the blade, but she had scarcely seen the edge when she uttered a cry of fear, and withdrew her hand. "How do you manage," said she to Olga, "to wield so heavy a weapon, and how can you have the heart to use it against others?"

"You see, beautiful Alisa, the temperament of Croatian young women is very different from that of the young ladies of Italy; and, wherever you find a nation whose women are trained to war, you may

conclude that the men are simple in their manners, temperate, free, continent, patient in poverty, inured to fatigue, and faithful in the performance of their duties."

"So I said in Rome to many of my friends," added Lando, "and I strove to prove to them that they were guilty of injustice in heaping contumely upon the Croats: but do you know what happened? At the Caffè de Specchi a Lombard harshly reproached me, saying: 'You show yourself an enemy to Italian independence,' said he, 'by praising the Austrians; you are an Italian, and you ought to blush when you give expression to such eulogies of the enemies of Italy. Italy is enslaved solely through the Austrians.'"

"Oh, my dear Lando!" replied the beautiful Olga, "believe me, the Austrians are not in the least to blame, if the Italians, with all this violence and uproar, do not work out their independence from the Alps to Sicily. The Austrian sabres and swords don't cut any better than those of the Italians, nor are our cannon-balls made of iron, while theirs are of tow; but the cause of their defeat and discomfiture is solely in themselves, in none but themselves, and the Austrians have no share of the blame whatever. How can you suppose that a corrupt people should ever take the right course to acquire independence, when they do not know what liberty means? It is not by clamours, curses, and perjury, that nations effect their freedom; and since we are speaking of curses, I can repeat one of my own composition, which causes every Italian who hears it to hold his ears. It is this: 'Until the Italians become Croats, they will never make Italy a self-governing and confederate nation.'"

"Olga, what are you saying?" exclaimed Bartolo.

"I say, and I repeat it; that if the Italians do not revive their faith and adhere closely and legally to the Holy Church; if they do not banish the effeminacy, levity, and luxury which consume them; if they do not return to the sobriety and temperance of their magnanimous ancestors, and above all other things, if they do not lay aside hatred, envy, and municipal interests, and also their Brofferi, Guerazzi, Mazzini, and their Mamiani, with the entire troop of 'moderates' of Piedmont, Tuscany, Rome, and Naples, they may sing 'La Bella Franceschina,' for they will never accomplish their ends. What I mean by becoming Croats is, that they should be *men of one belief, of one way of thinking, of one will, of one mode of action*, and not children that change with every wind. You now see the Roman republic, which boasts of its liberty, while it imprisons, oppresses, impoverishes private individuals; plunders the public, and persecutes the Church. You will see where this comedy will end. But, gentlemen, let us turn from these gloomy subjects. Lando, what are you engaged in now? Did you keep your promise at Loretto?"

"Did I keep my promise! To be sure I did: I assure you I prayed to the Madonna for you, and I caused ten masses to be celebrated at her altar for your happiness, and for the benefit of Janni, Babba, and all your worthy family: nor did I consider that I had yet cancelled the debts which your generous kindness had imposed on me; I, there-

fore, caused a golden heart to be made, within which I folded a slip of parchment containing your name and my name, beneath a representation of the manner in which you saved my life."

Olga was much affected, and said to Lando: "You Italians are gracefully amiable even in your acts of piety; I thank you." She then added: "And the Pope, did you see him after your return? When I reflect that those grovelling wretches supposed that they were securing their liberty by forcing the Vicar of Christ into exile, I said, rejoicing in my own mind: 'These people are sharpening upon the whetstone of St. Peter, the sword of all Christendom, which will mow them down and strew them over the ground, like the grass of the fields.'"

Alisa rose from her seat and entering her own room, took from a small casket a large cameo set in gold, representing the majestic countenance of Pius IX., and carrying it to Olga, she said to her: "My good friend, accept this portrait as a pledge of the love and admiration which I bear you." Olga rose reverently to her feet, and receiving the venerable image she pressed it to her lips, and to her heart, and turning to Alisa, "This precious gift," said she, "shall accompany me as long as I live, and afterwards it shall be handed down in my family as a perpetual monument of your friendship."

Lando presented her with a beautiful and rich chaplet of malachite enchained upon gold, and blessed by the Sovereign Pontiff, a present which Olga most dearly prized; he also requested her to give, as remembrances to Janni and Babba, two large silver medals stamped with the portrait of the Pope. Bartolo also wished to give the young heroine a little gold statue of Our Lady, representing the Conception, upon a globe of lapislazzuli and a pedestal of the whitest alabaster of Volterra. Then Mimo, as a young soldier, made her a present of a pair of Paris pocket-pistols, richly mounted in gold, and each terminating in a boss set with a fine ruby. Olga said to him in a pleasant tone: "Mimo, if God ever permits me to use these in defence of the Pope, you shall see that I am able to point them truly at the proud forehead of his enemies."

As she said this, they all rose, and together with Olga visited the marvellous palace of Brera. On their return, as they chanced to pass before the Greppi Palace,—

"Why," asked Alisa, "is it thus pierced and dilapidated?" Olga turned to Lando and Mimo,—

"You see, my friends," she replied, "a fresh argument in support of what I asserted at the hotel, with regard to the notion which the revolted Italians form of liberty. That storm of balls was fired at Charles Albert by the Lombard heroes, who, after inducing him to sacrifice justice in a war against the emperor, their legitimate sovereign, finding that fortune had not smiled upon his arms at Custoza, and afterwards before Milan, would have repaid him with death, and proclaimed him the betrayer of Italy, for which he had sacrificed himself, his royal sons, and the flower of his army. What an amiable people they are! They fought with words in their tribunals and in the piazzas of Milan, while Charles Albert was exposing his life, and then their

gratitude led them to stone him with the utmost rage. And these same Italians rave even yet about the independence of Italy, and dream of another attempt, dead as they are to faith, and to every noble and generous sentiment of the heart. If you, Lando and Mimo, were to proclaim aloud this great truth, you would have a thousand indignant voices reproaching you as Italian renegades: but I, a Croatian as I am, may sing it out to them in a sounding cadence, and at the top of my voice, and if they refuse to hear it, theirs alone is the loss."

When the carnival was over, Bartolo returned to Arona, and began to prepare without delay for his departure across the Alps.

It was near the end of March when he commenced his journey to Switzerland, and when he reached Baveno, under the granite cliffs, and beheld these precipitous rocks piled up perpendicularly, and their rugged flanks from which were quarried the majestic columns of the Basilica of St. Paul, he sighed as he gloomily recalled to mind that, according to common report, this stupendous edifice was consumed by fire set to it by the sectarians, who have sworn the destruction of all that is holy and great in Italy; and he doubted not that the republicans entertained designs of burning it afresh, even before the Roman Church should see it completed, after spending upon it so much treasure, labour, and solicitude. He judged rightly; for it is a fact that it was not only the intention of those fell destroyers to burn down St. Paul's, but they had actually loaded a boat with tar, tow, and turpentine, to effect their purpose, which fell into the hands of the French, who had received timely information and hastened to take possession of the Basilica, and kept over it the most watchful guard. From Baveno they ascended towards the valley of Ossola, which opens through narrow, abrupt, and long passes, between the woody declivities of the Alps, crossed in all directions by rivers and torrents, which water and fertilize its pastures, and clothe them with succulent and sweet-scented herbage, for the support of the innumerable flocks which it contains within its bosom. From the enchanting hills of Domo, its orchards and its beautiful plains, they passed on to Crevola, and alighting from the carriage, they looked down over the parapets of the remarkably high bridge which spans the valley, and cast their eyes upon the dark torrent that roars and fumes against the pillars of those great arches, and fills the spectator with fear and astonishment. Thence striking into the first limits of the immense heights of the Simplon, they entered the narrow pass of the valley of Varzo, a scattered village already half washed away by the impetuous torrents, or overwhelmed by the falling masses of rock, which crashing down upon the cottages, have left no trace of their site but a precipitous and rugged declivity.

In the narrow valleys beneath Iselle, the boundary of Sardinia, they passed through several galleries excavated in the sides of the rocks, which overhang deep precipices, where Napoleon, who planned and constructed that stupendous passage from Switzerland into Italy, finding it impossible to build up a road upon walls, blasted the rocks, and burst through the barrier which had been hitherto esteemed in-

superable to foreign arms. From those depths the eye rises terrified to the formidable summits of the mountains; and when those are scaled, the traveller finds other immeasurable piles of mountains, which seem to have had their foundations cast there by a fresh creation, that piled them upon the others, and thus suspended them in upper space. But when again these rugged barriers with their broken flanks and immense forests are overcome, other still higher barriers, and peaks still more broken and abrupt, rise, threatening and terrible, from the secondary ridges, launching upwards the peaks, bergs, and pinnacles, of the eternal glaciers, into the stormy clouds which perpetually envelope them.

Notwithstanding this, parts even of the highest of these mountains are crowned with enormous beech and pine trees, which are felled by the mountain woodmen, and thrown from the cliffs into the valleys below, where they are received by the torrents, and borne downward to Lake Maggiore. It sometimes happens that immense trunks are caught upon some jutting rock or ledge, and then the woodmen, with a rashness that seems incredible, let themselves down by long ropes attached to the edge of the precipices, to dislodge them; thus they are seen suspended in the air like eagles or vultures, to the terror of the traveller, who turns away his eyes with fear and trembling.

In the midst of those mountains, rising one above another in such fearful gradations, the Monrosa descends and flings itself headlong from the immense glaciers with which they are crowned; from those heights it gathers its waters and precipitates them into the abysses of the ravines of the Simplon on the left of the traveller. Bartolo turned his eyes around like one who imagines himself about to be buried in the whirling waters of an unfathomable ocean, and who looks up and beholds, curling fearfully over his head, the heaped-up waves about to rush down upon him and engulf him. Alisa shrunk back and closely folded herself in her cloak, terrified at the reverberations of the glaciers, as from time to time they suddenly burst, with the roar of thunder, while the sound rolled in deafening echoes among the long passes and hollow abysses of those mountains. But when they reached the last gorge of those Alps, opened by Napoleon between two precipices, she alighted from the carriage to contemplate, upon the first bridge, the abyss of that dark ravine, at the bottom of which a torrent precipitates its waters, and half-way through the terrific gulf, dashes among the rocks and disappears, losing itself in noiseless spray and mist. She then crossed the bridge and entered the gallery, which in the centre bends to the right and through a large cleft receives the light that falls upon an engraved inscription, cut in large characters: "Napoleone Imperatore aperse col tesoro d'Italia, l'anno MDCCCV." Opened by the Emperor Napoleon, with the treasures of Italy, in the year 1805.

At the Pass of Gunz, the Swiss frontier, they stopped to see the aerial leap of the Cascade of Alpirubach, which pours down between its shattered sides over the broken cliffs, its dark sheet, dyed with the obscure tints of the surrounding wood of larches and yews, which it

reflects to the eye of the beholder. Where the sun's rays fall upon it, the most beautiful prismatic colours are produced; and where it plunges among the rocks, it foams, roars, and rages, and creates a strong wind, which blows the spray to a great distance around. They then continued their ascent; the frozen masses of snow increased, and it was at length necessary to take the carriage apart and place the body of it upon one sledge, and the rest upon others, together with the baggage. Thus they crossed the most lofty summits, where for many miles there can be seen no trace of vegetation; not even the most hardy trees of the Alps can bear the excessive cold and the terrible storms which reign there. Above, on one side, the glacier of Roospod raises its crystal masses; and on the other sparkle the deep-blue crevices, peaks, and levels of the glacier of Balmen Gleeer, presenting a terrific scene, with its stormy lead-coloured clouds, that whirl among its steep peaks and over the uneven sides of those dark-brown crests. Around are solitude, silence, and mountains upon mountains of snow; and beneath, precipices, cataracts, and furious torrents, which are heard hoarsely roaring down among the dense clouds which roll over those dark and bottomless abysses.

At the hospice, which raises its high walls in the midst of the snow, and shows itself on all sides like a light-house of safety for the benumbed traveller, Bartolo alighted; and lifting Alisa, who was stiff with cold, in his arms from the sledge, he carried her within to the stove, where, with a cup of hot tea and a little brandy, she was shortly restored. Thence they pursued their way, and traversed the plateau of those upper regions. They beheld, stretched out beneath them another expanse of broken ravines, which finally discharge their torrents into the Rhone, at the foot of the city of Briga. While they were winding down the steep declivities, a mass of snow suddenly detached itself from the glaciers of Balmen Gleeer, and driven by its own weight upon other mounds of snow beneath it, carried them down collecting, accumulating, and compressing them into its flanks; and as it descended, it bore down everything in its course. Mountain oaks and forests of pines were uprooted and hurled down beneath it, or swallowed within its mass; while rocks were cast from their foundations with a fury and a tempest that shook the surrounding mountains. The postilions, accustomed to these avalanches, rapidly threw themselves beneath the broad gallery which runs along the immense wall-like side of the mountain, and waited there until the falling ruin had passed over and rolled into the precipices. They then issued from the other opening, traversed the second gallery, and descending at a rapid pace, arrived at the post-house of Berixal, two-thirds of the distance down the great declivity of the mountains. Alisa, with the terror inspired by the avalanche, the piercing cold, the fatigue of the journey, and the dread of those whirlwinds and rushing tempests, was pale, exhausted, and trembling, and with difficulty managed to walk into the warm rooms. The kind attentions of the people, and the restoratives and refreshments which were lavished upon her, gave her strength for the rest of the day's travel. They continued their route down the

descent of Briga, where they arrived in about the space of an hour, chose their hotel, and remained all the following day. The morning after, they travelled along the valley of the Rhone to Sion; thence to Martigny and St. Maurice, so called after the leader of the Theban legion of martyrs, who preferred to sacrifice their lives rather than their faith in Christ. After passing the frontier of the Catholic canton of Vallese, they crossed the Rhone into the Protestant canton of Vaud; and coasting the extreme circle of the lake, through Aigle and Ville-neuve, they finally reached the beautiful city of Vevey, where they resolved to make a short sojourn to recover from the fatigues of their Alpine travel.

CHAPTER L.

THE ELECTION IN ROME.

As soon as the carnival was over, Bartolo returned again to Arona, where the most distressing intelligence waited him from Rome. He learned, with surprise and regret, that his native city, on the 9th of February, had declared itself a Republic, on the triangular basis of robbery, injustice, and sacrilege. A young man had written to Mimo an amusing account of the Roman constituency at the election of representatives; and although the soul of Bartolo was sickened at the recital, still he could not refrain from indulging in laughter at the language of those braggadocios of the popular circle.

Having, with many pompous words and high-sounding phrases, announced to Rome that the day long foretold had finally arrived; the day on which the people would assume the attitude of freemen; when they would become masters of their own actions, they invited them to come forth to the ballot-box, and cast their votes for those whom, in their sovereign will, they thought most competent to represent, in the National Assembly, their liberty and their greatness.

Knots of persons might be seen collected on the corners, endeavouring to read the invitations to vote, and those who were unable to read, inquired of others, what was the meaning of the bills which they saw upon the walls. A pork-dealer answered: "Who knows? They talk of employing hands," mistaking the meaning of the word *votare*, which signifies to vote or to employ. Another raises his head above the crowd before him, endeavours to catch a few words of explanation, which the old assistant of the hospital of San Francisco was giving with scholastic gravity.

"Ah! look here!" said he, to a number of masons and other labourers, who were returning from their work—"look here: we,

the Romans of Trojan blood; we once ruled the world: the whole world——"

"America, too!"

"Be silent, you simpleton! America was not then a part of the world."

"Ah, beg your pardon, signore. But it was born afterwards, then?"

"If it were not then living, it was born afterwards, of course."

"Well, well! we, the masters of the world, have been till this day slaves to the Pope, and to the priests. Now we become free again and masters of ourselves—and of the world too—is it not so?"

"Yes, but slowly, and step by step, my friends. This bill tells us that we must choose our representatives; that is to say, the members of the Assembly, who are to frame a free and independent government for us."

"And in this government who is to rule?"

"Somebody must do it in the name of the nation."

"Pshaw! we had the Pope, who ruled in the name of God! And this nation, who is he? Is he a prince?"

"Why, simpleton! the nation is yourselves; the Roman people, the noblest of mankind."

"Ah! this nation then will make us nobles, counts, dukes, and marquisses; but will he give us plenty of money?"

Another inquired: "Now, sir, just tell us, if the nation commands, and we ourselves are this nation, then everybody commands, and who is to obey?"

"It is the law that commands and will enforce obedience from every one."

"Oh, then after all, we are to obey! Why, we might as well have continued to obey the Pope, who was so kind, so generous, and so good." And one by one they departed in silence to their homes.

In the mean time persons were engaged in putting upon the walls of the churches and other buildings through the city large sheets of paper, containing the names of the citizens of the several wards. It was really amusing to see the crowds of people gathered around these show-bills, each endeavouring to find his own name.

"Ah! there it is, printed down in full, my Christian name, family, and profession."

One who could not read would say to his neighbour: "Mr. Canon, will you be so good as to look in ward Regola, for the name of Toto Stricca?"

"But, my friend, Toto is commonly used for Antonio, and Stricca is probably a nickname; you must tell me your family name."

"Certainly, my family name is Guardo."

"Well, then, your name is Antonio Guardo; let me read: 'Ward Regola, parish of St. Paulina,'—and here Mr. Canon would repeat to himself several names as he run his finger along the column. "Ah! here it is! Antonio Guardo, a meat-seller by trade."

"That's it!—and my wife, too, is she there?"

"Oh, no, my dear friend; the names of the men only are here; the women do not vote for the representatives of the people."

An old man, who was standing by, said to him in an undertone:—

"You will see, Mr. Canon, that from so many votes a woman will finally come forth, *Madam Republic*. She is almost visible on this bill. Take notice, if you please, of the titles which are added to the names. This, everybody knows, is Prince Don Marcantonies, and directly under him is the keeper of his stables. This is Don Carlo, and beneath his name is that of a porter of a grocery. This is an archbishop, and under him is Pippo, the rag-gatherer. This is a cardinal, and by his side, Cencio, the coal-dealer. The cardinals go hand in hand with the populace; the princes of the Church are set down as the electors of the representatives, who are to take the government from the hands of the Pope.

"To call such a high profession, just as you would say—an apothecary by trade, or a smith, a tinker, or a tailor. It reminds me of a tract in the life of Louis XVI. of France, which I read in my youth, when his murderers asked: 'What is your name?'—'*Louis*.' 'What is your family name?'—'*Capet*.' 'What is your profession?'—'*A king!*' And Rome now witnesses the repetition of such infamous deeds. Crowds of her curious citizens come to the corners to read and laugh; but if they do not have cause to weep and hang their heads in shame, it will be well."

In a few days after the names were placed before the public, it was announced that each one should repair to the polls, and cast his vote for the representatives of the people. Sterbini, who was a candidate for minister of public works, had bought the votes of all the workmen of the city; he also brought into Rome the men who were working on the road at Torre di Quinto; they entered the gate del Popolo with their picks and shovels on their shoulders, and deposited their votes at the polls of Monte Citorio. The same means were resorted to to gain the votes of the poor men of Beneficenza, who were engaged in digging up antiquities in the Roman Forum. The common soldiers, too, voted as they were directed; and also the public officers, who did not wish to lose their salaries.

Amusing scenes frequently occurred at the gates. When the field-hands, on their way to the vineyards outside of the wall of the city, arrived at the gates, they were not permitted to pass until they had voted.

"But we are day-labourers, and you will make us lose half a day: who will pay for it?"

"Be silent!" replied the soldiers, you shall not go out before voting!" And the poor labourers were compelled to return and vote.

The city guards went through every corner, looking for persons to send to the polls. Those who went round with wine and brandy were caught at the corners of the streets, by the collars:—

"Did you vote?"

"I have not sold it all; my bottles are pretty full yet."

"You simpleton! Have you voted for the Assembly?"

"The Assembly! I don't know him. I never saw him!"

"Here, fool! here's a ticket; carry it to the palace of Salviali, and vote!"

When the countrymen came in with their baskets of salad, cabbage, &c., they were accosted at the gates:—

"Come, before you go to market, you must go to the polls and vote!"

"What poll? Ah, bless me, I'll go about my own business."

"What, you blockhead! come with me, this moment to the polls."

"And the donkey too?"

"Yes, both of you!" And they would strike the poor gardeners with the flat of their swords, and hurry them to the polls.

They also dragged to the polls the fruit-dealers, fishmongers, rag-gatherers, and those who bought old iron; also, the lowest characters from the Ghetto, Piazza Navona, and the Piazza Mentanara.

In the mean time, persons read aloud from every corner, "that the people were fully capable of appreciating their own dignity; that they were prepared for the change; they were not wanting in civil wisdom; and with an eye fixed on the glory of the rising republic, they were to go forth in the attitude of freemen and vote for their representatives."

To swell the vote, the worthy guardians of the people's rights sent the same persons to vote in several wards. They also found out family names of a new stamp; tickets were presented in the name of persons already dead, or who were yet infants in their mothers' arms. Many of the civic guards, instead of one ticket, voted thirty, and thus they made up the number of votes, which was the *sine quâ non* of the Roman Assembly.

But the closing scene was truly amusing. When the judges, seated, *pro tribunale*, began to announce the votes, they came across many remarks quite unbecoming the gravity of a people, who had already shadowed forth the outlines of their future destiny. One ticket would read:—

"I chose *Pope Sisto*, that he may hang you!" Another contained: "A vote for *Old Nick*, that he may roast you." A third: "I vote for *Mastro Tetta* (the hangman)." These and many other amusing sayings were found upon the tickets, besides many bitter and pointed sarcasms, against the new race of tyrants of Rome. When the judges perceived this, they suddenly became hoarse, and rising up from their arm-chairs, they announced to the people that as many of the tickets were in very bad handwriting, they would count the ballots in private, and make the result known afterwards. When they published the result, it was ascertained, that the very persons, who had been previously announced by the Pallade, the Don Pirlone, and the Circolo Popolare, were the very individuals elected as members of the Assembly.

Mimo's letter ended thus: "My good friend, you know that we young folks are always ready for a laugh, and in truth we did enjoy

ourselves exceedingly at the expense of these sturdy fellows of ours. I know that you and Lando would have been displeased had you seen us; but really you could not have denied, but that we had an abundant cause for amusement. To force people to do, all at once, what they do not understand, is tantamount to cause them to fall into the most extravagant excesses. Mark the results: this was the beginning; the end, a red-hot Republic; she must be received by the firing of guns, ringing of bells, by processions, *Veni Creator, Te Deum laudamus*, High Masses, and many other demonstrations, far exceeding the conclusion of a carnival or the election of a Pope. Farewell, Mimo: my love to Lando; tell him that I will shortly inform him of the proceedings of the Republic,—one, undivided, and eternal.

"Yours truly,

A ALDOBRANDO."

Bartolo, on hearing that such enormities had been perpetrated by Christians against the Vicar of God on earth, was stricken with horror, and now reproached himself with blindness, when he refused to believe those who predicted that the traitors, under the cover of hypocrisy, sought only to destroy every remnant of order in Rome that they might make themselves masters of the City of the Seven Hills. He was anxious to cross the Alps, and place them between himself and the shame and disgrace that had befallen Italy and Rome.

It was near the end of March when he commenced his journey to Switzerland; and after making some delay at Baveno, he continued his course across the Alps, as we have stated before, and finally arrived, with his daughter, at the small and beautiful city of Vevey.

CHAPTER LI.

THE PRECIPICE.

AMONG the highest and most wild and terrific steepes of the craggy mountains of Unterwalden, a daring hunter was nimbly leaping from rock to rock, or creeping, bent and warily, along the narrow ledges. His rifle was slung across his shoulders, a cap, of the skin of the marten, was fastened by a leathern strap, under his chin, his powder flask hung at his side, and a dagger at his belt, which was buckled over a small dark-green jacket. He had discovered a herd of chamois that had bounded over a high peak opposite the steep rock which he was climbing, and carried away by his ardour to possess himself of one of them, he clung to every jutting point, every plant and root, and to the twigs of wild vervain which grew in the clefts and small cavities of those perpendicular crags.

Covered with perspiration, and out of breath, he drew himself up on the top of the peak, and like a hawk, watching for its prey, he scanned the horizon and discovered the herd of chamois, part of which was browsing upon the stunted ash-trees which hung from the clefts among the rugged peaks, and part bounding from point to point, while another, like a scout or sentinel, stood motionless, posted upon the highest pinnacle of those crags, with its four feet drawn together, its back arched, its short horns thrown back, and its eyes watchfully glancing in every direction.

The dexterous hunter slipped his rifle from his shoulders, took deliberate aim and fired; his ball pierced the animal's side, and he saw it fall into a profound chasm that yawned fearfully beneath those rocks. But what was his amazement, when turning down his eyes to descend and recover his game, he found himself suspended, like a heron, in the air, and the rock so bare and perpendicular that it descended almost like a wall into the abyss. In his eagerness to possess himself of his game he had overlooked the danger of his return. He found himself on that bare pinnacle, with hardly an inch of space to serve as a step in his descent; on all sides the rock was nearly smooth and perpendicular, only here and there was some trunk, or twig, or root to which he had clung in scaling it, but which scarcely afforded a foothold for a descent; and from the abyss, beneath, the roaring of a foaming torrent was heard, which, falling from the glaciers, descended in fearful leaps from ravine to ravine, and finally discharged itself into the lake of Waldstetten. The young hunter felt a cold shivering run through him; pale and agitated, his knees exhausted, trembling, and tottering, he stood as if stupified, with his eyes fixed upon the rock, for he dared neither raise them to the sky, in which he seemed to be hanging without support, nor gaze downward into the dark gulf below, which filled him with shuddering horror. Recommending himself to God, and begging his assistance in this dreadful strait, he took off his shoes, and tying them together by the strings, hung them across his neck. He then sat down upon the crest of that fearful crag, and planting his heel upon a tuft of hollyhock, he let himself slip down slowly and gently; beneath it was a narrow hedge, upon which he rested the other foot, and again glided down; lower down was a slippery bed of moss, and striking it with the stock of his rifle, he made a notch for his heel, and thus, from notch to notch, from tuft to tuft, from bush to bush, he descended two-thirds of the crag. The sweat dropped from his brow, trickled down his cheeks, and bathed his whole body; he held his breath, and groans and sighs of dread involuntarily escaped him; in some places he felt his hair stand on end, and a cold shiver agitate his frame.

At length he reached a large lime-tree, that wound its serpentine roots into the crevices of a bulging rock from which it sprung, first in a horizontal direction, then its trunk turned upward and shot up its branches perpendicularly. The rain, however, had penetrated the fissures of the rock, which were rendered wider by the snow and ice in winter, so that the rock, already half detached, now began slowly

and gradually to crumble beneath the new weight imposed upon it. The wretched youth clasped his arms round the trunk of the tree, seized with a horror, so sudden and terrible that he was unable even to ejaculate, "Oh God!" but after one glance into the dark abyss, he closed his eyes and fainted. He did not feel the rocks and the tree, as they gave way and fell with him into the torrent. The broken rock, on first separating from the side of the mountain, descended a short distance down the steep, but dividing by the shocks and its own weight, it burst into fragments, and enveloped in its ruin, every projection that opposed its fall, and was plunged, with a dreadful sound, into the water. The torrent, at the sudden rush of the impetuous mass, boiled and rolled towards its source, and spouting upwards high jets of foam, hissed and roared until the rocks of the surrounding ravines, and the profound caverns, resounded with its echoes. The eagles and vultures, which were brooding in the holes of inaccessible rocks, disturbed and terrified at the sound, stretched their wings, and with screams of terror rose high into the air, and moved in wide circles above the abysses of those mountains, dreading to alight; the wolves howled, the bears fled panting from their dens, the deer and mountain goats ran in fear through the forests; but the tree and the hunter plunged into the deep, and were carried away in the furious whirlpools of the torrent.

This unfortune youth was Aser, who, nearly a month before, abandoning the desperate war in Hungary, in order to enjoy a little repose, and to give some recreation to his agitated mind, retired, first to Lucerne, and afterwards to Schweitz, and among the mountain villages of Unterwalden. He had left Pulkowa, where the people sided with the emperor, and entering the territory of the Magyars, he travelled from place to place, to discover the intentions of the magnates or chiefs and barons of the Magyar and Hungarian nation, in engaging in so destructive a war against the emperor. He found that their motives were directly at variance with the democratic views of the secret societies of the whole of Europe. For the Hungarian barons, so far from seeking, by all this violence and conflagration of war, the liberty and equality which were the ostensible object of the democrats, were contending, on the contrary, for the prerogatives of the ancient nobility of the kingdom, which possessed supreme control and lordship over the vassals upon their lands.

Mazzini was hostile to Austria, as the perpetual upholder of the ancient European institutions, and the determined defender of all legitimate authority against popular rebellion, and by a thousand incentives had stimulated the Hungarian and Magyar barons to shake off the yoke of slavery, as he called it, of the empire. But Mazzini and his colleagues, whose sole aim was to divert the attention and the strength of Austria, fell short in their calculations. For they took into account neither the military skill of the Austrian generals, nor the prowess of their armies, nor the rapidity of their movements, nor the confusion, inaptitude, and inexperience of the revolted Italians, who were scattered before Hungary took up arms, and before Transylvania, with the

other Slavonians, had joined in the revolt. In the second place, they showed a want of sagacity in interpreting the character of the Hungarian and Transylvanian barons, who were directly opposed to their republican aspirations. Mazzini, perhaps, supposed that Hungary was peopled in all its parts by Hungarians, and that the Hungarian people called for a free government, for the promulgation of its own laws, and for its deliverance from all foreign power, as well as from the authority of its own magnates; but Mazzini was, on all these points, labouring under a serious mistake. Hungary is peopled by barons, and a few other people of the race of the Huns and Magyars; all the rest of the population is adventitious and of foreign lineage, attracted there by the luxuriance of the country, the abundant rivers, the wealth and munificence of the magnates, the internal and foreign commerce of its cities and plains. Hungary swarms with Servians, Suavians, Dalmatians, Slavonians, Wallachians, Bohemians, Transylvanians, Bosnians, Croatsians, Greeks, Russians, and Germans, who form a strange mixture of blood, language, dress, and costume, each of them preserving his own, mingled with a little of every other, with that multiplicity of opinions and desires which belong to the interests of those nations taken singly.

The war in Hungary consequently originated and was kindled by the magnates alone, who never contemplated, in throwing off the yoke of the empire, the institution of a popular liberty to which they themselves were adverse, and which that badly-cemented admixture of races never desired; but their design was to rivet upon the people and the peasants that slavery from which the emperor had enfranchised them, by abolishing their vassalage to the barons, and placing them under the secure protection of the laws. Yet the Mazzinian, Don Pirlone, on the 1st of March, 1849, stupidly drew his reverse of the medal, in which he represented a Hungarian felling the emperor with a club, holding him beneath his right foot, and saying:—

“Glory to the people, and death to tyrants.”

If the Hungarians had overcome the emperor, they would have again become the vassals of the grand feudatories of the kingdom, who had formerly possessed full and entire control over both the people of the plains and the people of the cities; and therefore, now that they have succumbed to the emperor, they enjoy a liberty, which, as victors, they never could have possessed.

Aser saw through the designs of the barons, and was indignant: for he looked upon liberty in a far different light. He perceived that Mazzini would reap from this war no other fruit than the disquiet which it would introduce into the empire, and the magnates none but the enslaving of the people. His mind was torn with feelings of anger and disgust; for in the wars of Italy he beheld a licentiousness of liberty, which enfeebled it and deprived it of efficiency; he saw the country finally fallen into the most cruel snares of a few demagogues, who would lacerate and destroy it, in order to plunge it into a slavery the most vile and abject. The wars of Hungary he perceived to differ in their apparent causes, but not in their effects. For he justly reflected,

that if the Hungarians had fallen back into the power of the magnates it would have been for them, at least, a return to their original masters' who would consign them beneath the shade of their castles, as an ancestral and patrimonial proprietary, reconstituting the patriarchal government under the authority of the paternal magistracy of oriental nations, whereas, on the contrary, the Italians would have fallen into the clutches of the demagogues, to be flayed by these unsparing tyrants, who, sprung from the lowest dregs of the people, sought to assume the attitude of princes, and to lord it over their superiors.

Aser visited the castles of the magnates, both those of the Magyars as well as the Hungarians of the highest nobility, and became confirmed in his opinions; for the barons sought not to conceal their designs beneath the mask of hypocrisy, nor to veil them in mystery, nor to obscure them by an endless labyrinth of words and pretences, but openly and loudly declared that they wished to restore the paternal baronies over their ancient vassal peasantry. In the castles they looked with honour and reverence upon the portraits of their ancestors; their trophies, taken from the Ottomans, still hang in the halls; every corridor, portico, and entrance-hall, is hung round with ancient armour, pennons, helmets, halberds, and the terrible "Pallasch," or national sword. Everywhere the family escutcheons are painted in brilliant colours, with the mottoes and devices of the knights of the tournament; and here and there are seen the prizes and rewards of the conquerors in the tilt, coronets and crests, bucklers and coats of mail, neckpieces and visors, all polished and shining, and plainly testifying to the chivalrous tastes of the lord of the castle. These are things calculated to strike with the ague the Mazzinian of Young Italy who should chance to see them. The attendants all appear in the colours and livery of the baron, and upon the outer wall of the castle the warder keeps guard, with his halberd on shoulder, and his large pouch hanging from his belt, painted or embroidered with the arms of the barony. When evening comes, some even yet raise the drawbridge, and the castle moat is kept filled with water; others, at the rising of the sun, by firing a culverin or bombard, salute the standard as it is unfurled upon the top of the keep, or the other flags which flutter upon the towers at the angles of the castle. At table, the valets carve, pour out the wine, and present the dishes, with acts of respect and submission, as if to a crowned king; their liveries are decked out with a bravery of gold ornaments, buttons, and lace epaulettes, that displayed the vanity and the feudal spirit of the baron. The apartments are most richly adorned; Persian carpets and Thibet furs cover the floors; ottomans of velvet, embroidered in high relief, and studded with gold and silver, offer a luxurious seat; ebony, ivory, and foreign and rare kinds of wood, are encased and inlaid in the precious furniture of the most splendid manufactures of Vienna and Paris; Japanese and Chinese vases, porcelain of Sevres and Dresden, with rare gilding and painting, are filled with perfumes of the most costly gums of Damascus and Aleppo.

Aser, from the midst of all this magnificence and pomp of the

magnates, saw the conspirators of Young Italy admiring the republic and communism in Hungary, without discerning in the pride of the barons and the reverence of the people, an irrefragable proof of their error. For the peasants accost their lords with hands folded upon their breasts, their heads bowed, their bodies bent, and their words abject, and terminating in the unvarying "yes," which never knows its contrary. The baron lays the imposts, disposes of labour and taxes, sets limits to his hunting-preserves, to the pastures and the forests privileged and reserved for the castle, assigns so many men as keepers to attend to the feathered game of his parks, so many to follow him in the hunt, so many to guard the herds of horses, and so many to break them in; the same is his control over the shepherds, farmers, and drovers, and in all this none are so bold as to contradict him.

The lively and elegant Tyrolese writer who describes, in the "Journal des Débats," the "Encampments of the War in Hungary in 1848-'49," gives a specimen of the sweet and merry liberty enjoyed by the peasants of the Magnate Poloccsai. In the middle of autumn, the young men and women are assembled at the castle; they are arranged by his orders in rows in the hall, the young men opposite the young women. The magnate descends, pompously dressed in a suit resplendent with gold, and with diamond buttons; gold spurs are attached to his boots, and the large scarfs and ribbons of his orders of knighthood are crossed over his breast; he gravely places himself between the two ranks, and after a short review, turning to the first youth, he says:

"Andras (Andrew), Mariksa (Mary) was made on purpose for thee, thou wilt take her as thy wife. Thou, Janski (John), art so handsome, and such a stalwart young fellow, that Hanska (Ann), who is so strong and active a young girl, will be glad to have thee; thou wilt marry her,—thou couldst not find her equal in the world."

Thus glancing from one to another, while some poor girl, with beating heart, is praying to God that she may be awarded the husband of her own choice, this lord assigns to each one the partner he thinks fit, always accompanying his decision with abundant praises of both parties. In the mean time, the young girls lower their eyes, blush, and hang their heads, venturing, however, upon an occasional side-glance, to see if the husband chosen for them by their master be good-looking. If, by any chance, some poor Polski should say, with an attempt at boldness, to his lord, that Irene does not suit him, and that he would prefer the hand of Helen, the magnate strokes his mustaches, rattles his spurs, and gives a sign to the warder to bestow upon him twenty-five lashes, a dowry which must tend to make his dear Ilya, who is granted to him, dearer than ever.

Now this same Count Poloccsai, with these very democratic notions in his head, was one of the first to excite the Magyars and Hungarians to the war of independence against the emperor; and, of the same sort of republican counts and barons, Hungary is full. Still, our Italian rebels saw the republic bathing her dear countenance in the waters of the Save, the Danube, the Hun, and the Moldave, with the

same joy as she was cooling it in the clear and delightful waves of the Olio, the Po, the Arno, the Tiber, and the Sebeto. If, however, Hungary fought for liberty only in appearance, but in heart for feudalism, such was by no means the motive in Vienna. Aser, after scrutinizing the preparations in Hungary, wished to see also on the spot if the liberty engrafted upon the tree of the empire was likely to produce less bitter and less acrid fruits than that of Italy. On his arrival in Vienna he was surprised to find that the Slavonians of Jellachich had not yet pitched their camp beneath the walls. He there beheld those professors of æsthetics infusing into the hearts of the young poets of the university of Vienna, not, indeed, a martial ardour, but burning coals of anger, rage, bestial and diabolical fury, which possessed them with a fiend-inspired malignancy that is beyond human conception.

After the fierce attack made upon the palace of the governor, and after the ferocious assassination of the Count De la Tour, they spread through the streets of Vienna like a torrent of flame that consumes all before it; and where it does not extend, still blackens, blights, and scatters, by the impetuous and roaring tempest which precedes and accompanies it. Vienna had become like the crater of a volcano, which vomits forth fire, and smoke, and rocks, and pours its torrents of foaming lava down its sides, and dazzles all around with its desolating blaze. The Academies of the Great Hall had erected a new magistracy, which styled itself the "Democratic Government of Vienna," headed by Dr. Tausenau, Chaisès, Frankschütte, Messenhauser, Jellinck, and Eckart, fluent, loquacious, and reckless men, and, above all, turbulent, ready for every crime, violent, devoid of humanity, without law and without God.

They were surrounded by a crowd of poets, romance-writers, comedians, tragedians, dramatists, and critics, and with the whole arsenal of fiction with which their brains were crammed by the high-flown German literature. A war of metaphysics, waged, not for simple rights, but by inflamed opinions, is a war of the savage and the ferocious, a war less of men than of demons; for therein men use brutal force leagued with the fury of the passions; they abandon themselves to pride, hatred, revenge, and fury, which impel them against an opponent who disapproves of their ideas, or who combats them to silence, stifle, extinguish, and exterminate them. That stormy sea of furious young rebels foamed and roared at the Hotel Zur-Ente, which they had transformed into the "Democratic Palace" of their government. Upon all the stairs were seen piles of muskets, the landings were encumbered with cannon-balls, while the riflemen of the Academy, exhausted with the strife, were seated upon the steps, laid at full length, or gathered up with their heads resting upon their knees, pale, livid, blackened with smoke, stained with blood, dust, and sweat. In the halls there was an agitated passing and repassing, a hurried commotion, an uproar of declaimers, filled with projects, subtleties, stratagems, treachery, and every resource of desperation, that surpassed Pandemonium.]

Aser introduced himself everywhere, reasoned upon all that he saw, and drew his own inferences and conclusions, that with all this medley of machinations, violence, and ungovernable fury, the rebellion in Vienna would fail, partly self-consumed, and partly crushed by the disciplined and calm valour of the imperial army. Although he looked upon the war of Italy as mere child's-play in comparison, he foresaw that, animated by the same spirit of confusion and hopeless darkness, it could terminate in nothing except slaughter, destruction and overthrow, like a conflagration, which, after a vortex of sparks and smoke, leaves nothing behind it but ashes, and blackened and crumbling walls. He discovered in those mutinous youths a mixture of ambition and sincerity, wickedness and feverish excitement, knavery and courage, deceitfulness and a mad and brutal rage.

While Aser was engaged in these reflections, with a heart filled with compassion for those young men who were infected with such ferocity by the fever instilled into their veins by the poisonous breath of the secret societies, he had learned, that after breaking the armistice, and insulting the white flag, which waved upon the walls of Vienna and in the imperial camp, the young Academicians had attacked by surprise the first battalions of Jellachich. Indignation and shame agitated that generous heart, which cursed the treachery of the conspirators, who struck the blow with a hand concealed beneath the cloak of perfidy.

Immediately he heard, at a distance in the street, a dull murmuring sound, which increased until it resembled the roar of the sea lashed by a storm. He ran to his window and beheld a dense crowd of people advancing, at some distance, bearing upon a handbarrow one of the young riflemen of the Academy. One of the conspirators, who had seen him fall dead with a ball through his breast, carried him out of sight, cut off his hands, feet, ears, and nose, and opening his tunic pierced and gashed the body, and scattering dust and clotted blood over the disordered hair, began to shout: "Young heroes of Vienna and of our country, come! hasten! behold the infamous outrage inflicted by the Seressian Croats of the detestable Jellachich upon our brother, the martyr of the liberty of Vienna." Crowds of young riflemen drew round, and raising the body upon a bier, with the hands and feet placed near it, thus mutilated and bloody, preceded by a black flag, and muffled drums, they raised it upon their shoulders, and marched through the most populous streets of Vienna.

What a sight was that crowd of people round the bier, lamenting over the unfortunate victim, shouting, and breaking forth into cries and tears of desperation! Men, women, and children, burst into curses against the Imperialists; they raised their eyes to heaven with gnashing teeth and threatening gestures; gentle maidens forced their way through the crowd with dishevelled and disordered hair, pressed their lips upon the flags and sprinkled flowers upon the body, exclaiming:—"Death to the tyrant!" Atrocious and frightful spectacle! The fury of the people redoubled; they rushed to arms and threw themselves upon the besieging soldiery, which, however, after a terrible

slaughter, and streams of blood, and frightful destruction, took the city by storm, and overran it victoriously, across mounds of slain, through the ashes and contamination of the madness and infinite rage which consumed it.

Aser could no longer endure such a spectacle, and withdrew from Vienna in the full conviction that the agency of the secret societies is the agency of Satan, active and potent only in banishing peace from the world, and in destroying with its pestilential breath everything that it approaches. He turned his steps to Presburg, thence to Raab, Pesth, and Moor, where every precaution had been taken to render all access and surprise by the enemy impossible. Every ingenious invention of modern fortification had been exhausted, but notwithstanding all this, at the approach of the imperial army, Kossuth did not attempt to oppose its advance; but at once abandoning those cities so well fortified and rendered impregnable, he threw himself into the open country, leaving them a prey to the enemy.

Aser divined the scope of this, for he soon discovered that the burgesses of Presburg, Pesth, and the other cities were adverse to the war, and Kossuth feared that the merchants, the artists, tradesmen, and peaceful and industrious people, accustomed to a life of ease and effeminacy, would cool the ardour of his soldiery, whereas upon the open plains, with a cavalry force so powerful and numerous, with the Tschikes or armed shepherds, the Honvoeds or free corps, he would be able to make head against the imperial forces, a plan of operations which succeeded admirably. How fearful was the spectacle of the battle of Schwechat, when General Moga with twenty thousand soldiers, mostly mounted Magyars, charged Szeklers, the Lickans, the Raisi, and the Ottokans of Jellachich, and at the first onset bore them down, crushed and scattered them before him. The Italian light cavalry of Kress thrice returned to the charge, and were as often repulsed with slaughter; but the cuirassiers of Auersperg, cased in their gray iron breastplates and thick hides, with their steel helmets and horse-hair crests, hurled themselves like a tempest upon the ranks of the Hungarians, and first arrested their course, then broke and routed them.

The din of arms, the clashing of swords, and the shock were fearful; the earth quaked beneath the bounding of so many steeds; heads and arms were lopped off, and breasts transpierced. The horses reared at the shock, their legs were entangled, they breathed fire from their nostrils, and the foam from their mouths covered the thighs of the enemy's horsemen, such was the fury with which the Bohemian cuirassiers hurled themselves among the ranks of the Hungarians. The battles of the middle ages were here seen renewed; for the broken ranks of the Magyars, scattered in complete rout over those immense plains, collected again in bands, groups, and knots, and returned to the contest, and continued the deadly strife, until they or their enemies were hurled from the saddle. Finally, the Hungarians were compelled to yield and retreat. This was the first battle in which the rebels measured swords with the emperor.

The winter set in with great severity; a heavy fall of snow covered the ground, and was followed by rain, after which came clear, frosty weather, so that the plains of Hungary were covered with a coat of ice; still that fierce war continued to rage, as if in the months of the mildest season. The troops encamped in the open air, exposed to frost, were benumbed with cold, and their sentinels almost every night sank beneath the rigours of the season. Yet daily were the skirmishes and bloody conflicts continued upon the slippery ice. The horses sank to the ground beneath their riders; their limbs, rendered brittle by the cold, were broken by the fall; while the cavaliers were unable to grasp their swords with their benumbed hands, or to cock their pistols and carbines. It not unfrequently happened, that on the surrender of the enemy's soldiers, the hands of the victors were too benumbed to receive them; many gave themselves up as prisoners, that they might be led to the camp-fires, such was their excessive suffering from the cold.

Aser, who had deeply penetrated the spirit which animates and governs the secret societies, during the wars, and particularly during the plots of the Italian rebellions, and whose opinion of them had been confirmed by the terrible commotions of Vienna, found that the contest in Hungary, although conducted with an air of chivalry on the part of the barons, was no sooner joined by those two merciless sectarians, Bem and Kossuth, than it became an impious and inhuman war. The Transylvanians, torn by divisions and party rage, mutually destroyed each other; it was a war of fathers against sons, brothers against brothers, comrades against their ancient friends; of snares, stratagems, cruelties, rage, and detestable murders.*

The Hungarian war abounded in deeds of valour, but also of infamy; for Kossuth had replenished the ranks of the legions with the scum of the kingdom, by breaking the chains of the condemned galley-slaves and the convicts, and by throwing wide the prison-doors to the thieves and murderers of every race. Those wretches, ever cowardly in open combat, greedy of booty, ferocious in revenge, insolent in their villany, never gave quarter to the enemy, who fought against them in the open field as loyal soldiers. Such indignities filled the generous soul

* The *Messenger of Transylvania* gives the number of the victims of the rage and hatred of the rebels:—

By the sentence of the revolutionary tribunals, the number condemned to death was	449
By order of the chiefs of the insurgents without trial, were put to death	779
In the hostile invasion of the rebels in various parts of the country, were slaughtered	8,611
In the battles against the rebels, were slain of the peasants alone	1,263

6,102

There perished, therefore, 6,102 citizens, for the sole crime of remaining faithful to the emperor, their legitimate sovereign. Of those, 5,680 were men, 363 females, and 59 children. Were any one to sum up the assassinations, deaths by famine, terror, or grief, in Italy, in 1848-49, he would find ten times more than in Transylvania.

of Aser with disgust: he, a thousand times, lamented his co-operation in the perfidious and detestable agitations of Europe, which relying upon the good faith of the subtle agents of the German secret societies, he formerly contemplated with delight, as about to effect a regeneration to a true liberty, which would prove noble and auspicious to the people of all nations. But he now clearly perceived that in lieu of liberty they obtained war, poverty, disorder, desperation, and the overthrow and annihilation of every good institution, whether religious or civil. To these Aser added the remorse for so much useless slaughter, and for the streams of blood shed in the cause of liberty, and still smoking upon the soil of Italy, Prussia, Austria, and Hungary; blood which cried to heaven for vengeance upon the perfidious conspirators, who had caused it to flow in torrents, solely to gratify their own ambition, their avarice, and their hatred against God and against all that is holy in heaven and on earth. He wept for the oppression of justice, the betrayal of truth, the banishment of virtue, the trampled laws, the broken bonds of the friendly intercourse among the people, who were blinded by the deceitful persuasion of knaves, who cruelly abused the most sacred names of justice, truth, virtue, religion, the laws, order and liberty, to entice and ensnare them within their deadly toils.

That blood called down imprecations upon the cowards who, secure in the dens of their execrable plots, fattened upon the exhaustion of the people, and mowed down the most precious and most dear lives of the incautious youth, to make them a stepping-stone for their own pride, which with bloodstained and malignant foot trampled upon them, to exalt and to tyrannize over their fathers, the survivors of their slaughtered sons, who had died in battle to secure the liberty of their parents.

He heard the wild and inconsolable lamentations of mothers, who protested before heaven and earth, that their sons were torn from their arms by the robbers who overran the world to stain it with blood, and to strew it with human bones. What was left for the plunder of the impious, who, after robbing their sons of their faith and their innocence of heart, had now deprived them also of their honour and their lives? Aser heard this wailing, and shuddered with horror. One day, as he was riding in company with several commissaries, occupied with these sad thoughts, they suddenly came upon a large party of Honvoeds, who were making a meal on the provisions which they had plundered from the peasants, and with hands still stained with blood, boasting that they had, with their usual refusal of quarter, slaughtered two hussars who had fallen into their hands.

"We didn't find it quite so easy," said one of them, "to reach that young cadet, with the golden hair, and skin as tender and as white as the young girls of Vienna. What pretty little hands! He wore upon his finger a little ring, which must have been given to him by some sentimental little *Fraila*; see here, under the seal it contains a lock of hair. He was a fierce youngster too! When I chopped off his hands with my pallasch, one would have expected that he would at least cry

'Oh!' but not a bit of it. Now, however, that I have stripped him in the shade and hung him up on a tree, oh, won't he call for his mamma!"

He spoke of the young Tyrolese, Louis Bulow, who, while reconnoitring with some hussars of the Tyrol, had fallen into an ambuscade of the Honvoeds,—those brigands and assassins whom Kossuth had freed from their fetters, and enlisted in the war of independence. They had fallen upon him at a ford, and having slain two of the three hussars that accompanied him, wished to make him confess where he had left his captain, but he was mute. They pointed their swords against his sides and pressed them slowly into the flesh, until he was covered with blood, but still he was silent. They then stripped him, cut off his hands, and hung him by the arms upon a tree.

Aser, in traversing the forest, saw him at a short distance, pale, his eyes closed, and gasping convulsively, and was approaching him to seek some means to rescue and revive him, when he saw, galloping furiously towards him, a large body of Seressian horsemen, who, on the information of the hussar who had escaped from the Honvoeds, were coming in search of him. This was for Aser the crowning touch needed to turn the scale. A war so savage and cruel had filled him with a remorse, which he sought to stifle in Italy; which had gnawed his heart insupportably during the excesses in Vienna, and which now in Hungary completely overcame him. Thenceforward, he resolved irrevocably to break off all communication with the secret societies, the pestilence, the malediction, and the scourge of God upon our age; a scourge so incalculable and universal, that no age was ever more severely chastised by the anger of divine justice, from the time of the deluge until now. Aser well knew that, however he might dissemble and conceal his present resolution, sooner or later it would cost him his life; but boldly and generously he preferred death to a life that feeds upon crime, that is drunk with blood, that delights in guilt. Under pretence of having business in Pesth, he thence traversed Austria, and, from province to province, reached the Canton of the Grisons. Thence he wrote, secretly, to Mimo, in Rome, informing him that in order to enjoy a little repose, he intended to remain a short time in Switzerland, in the little Cantons, and among those good mountaineers to spend his time in tranquillity, after the many cruel experiences which had assailed his exhausted spirit. He directed Mimo to write to him at Lucerne, whence the letter would be transmitted to Uri or to Schweitz, according as he should give instructions to his agent; he also repeated his advice to use every endeavour to withdraw from Rome. This letter was received by Mimo's mother, in Rome, and forwarded to Arona, a few days after he had left, and thence to Geneva, where it was delivered to him by Bartolo's banker. In the mean time, Aser, among the mountains of Unterwald, while hunting chamois, fell down the precipice, and was plunged into the torrent.

CHAPTER LII.

FATHER CORNELIUS.

ASER, on recovering from the state of insensibility caused by his dreadful fall, opened his eyes, at first fearfully, as if he were in the deep black dungeon of the bottomless pit; he threw out his arms as if to grasp something, and his hands encountered what seemed the sides of a coffin. He looked round with uncertain and wondering eyes, and thought himself buried within a great monument of rocks. Above him he saw a broad slab of dark rough stone; on one side were cavities and projecting points; on the right was a gloomy space, which led the eye between other rocks piled upon each other, whence a dim light was reflected; behind them, again, were other hanging masses, petrifications, and stalactites, and far down in the distance was a very narrow opening, through which a sunbeam seemed to struggle and lose itself among the windings of other rocky passages. From that mysterious aperture, Aser again turned his eyes upon his own sepulchre, and saw then, at the foot of his coffin, within the cavity of a cleft rock, an iron lamp, which shed the pale light which enabled him to see the narrow tomb in which he was confined. His wonder increased when, beneath the lamp, he discovered, seated upon a piece of rock, a venerable, hoary old man, whose snow-white hair fell smoothly over his temples and upon his shoulders; his full white beard descended in two large tresses below his breast; his countenance was somewhat pale, but full of vivacity; his mild and serene eyes were bent upon a book, and his lips moved in silence, which in that sepulchre was disturbed not even by his tranquil and slow breathing. Aser looked upon him with amazement, and the idea occurred to him that it was the patriarch Abraham, in whose bosom he believed himself reposing, removed from life, he knew not how,—for he had no recollection either of the precipitous rock, which he was unable to descend after his game, nor of the curved lime tree which he had reached,—nor of the crumbling rock,—nor of his being precipitated into the depths of the roaring torrent. But he gazed around in doubt and awe; nor could he explain to himself how he came to have hung round his neck a long rosary, to which was attached a crucifix, and his head bandaged, and his left arm bound up. He felt that his whole body was bruised, that his head ached violently, that one leg, from the knee downward, burned with a painful sensation, from being badly excoriated, and that his thigh seemed on fire to the marrow, and throbbed with excessive pain.

Terrified by this strange condition, he gave a distressing groan and endeavoured to rise, but he found himself so crushed that he was not able; at his deep sigh, however, the old man suddenly rose to his feet, and placing himself by his side, kindly took him by the hand and said

a divinely-inspired courage, undaunted by the terrors of darkness, the dangerous paths, the roaring torrent, and the howlings of the wolves, brings me in secret food for the following day ; and I assure you, that as far as it is within the means of my affectionate and generous parishioners, I receive consolation in my solitude."

So saying, the benevolent priest approached a small recess, and drew from it a bottle of old German wine, and a glass, which he brought to Aser.

"This will restore your strength a little; your exhaustion requires it."

Aser raised his eyes to his preserver, pressed his hand, and, as a grateful tear stole down his face, "I will drink," said he, "to your safety and happiness."

But the good priest seeing him unable to raise the glass, lifting his head a little, held the glass to his lips with paternal charity. This kind act still more melted the gentle heart of the young Jew. When he had drunk the wine, the hermit said to him :

"Do not suppose that I intend to keep you buried in this den, for you will need long and careful nursing to restore you ; after dark, Annetta will come with my provisions, and I will carry you to her chalet or cottage, where her mother will treat you as her son : in the mean time, try to obtain some rest."

The priest again took his place at the foot of the little bed, beneath the lamp, to finish the recitation of matins.

Three hours had not elapsed, when Aser, somewhat revived by a short sleep, chanced to turn his eyes towards the narrow passage through which he had seen the slender, trembling ray of light penetrating into the gloomy cave, and saw among the huge blocks certain glimpses of light, which were immediately lost amidst the gloom, and reappeared and vanished at irregular intervals. He then heard a low voice, and shortly after he saw a young girl make her appearance through a cleft in the side of the cave, and enter that gloomy sepulchre with a lantern in her hand, which she had lighted at the entrance of the cavern ; she carried upon her head a small basket, covered with a napkin, which she deposited upon a small table, formed by a natural projection of the rock. Then kneeling before the venerable priest, and begging his blessing, the man of God said, with a benignant smile,—

"May the Almighty bless you, my daughter; and give you an abundant reward for this work of charity."

Annetta took his hand, and kissing it with grateful affection, said to him, "Father, my grandfather wished me to tell you that to-morrow is the fourth anniversary of the death of my father, who fell, wounded, during the battle of Lucerne at the bridge of Emmen, and endured such a lingering and painful death. But he died in my arms, and I and mamma closed his eyes. Poor father !" Her tears flowed a moment in silence, and she again continued : "My grandfather prays that you would come to-night to our chalet, and say mass there. I have everything ready, for you know I am the sacristan, and I have laid out the albe and amice for you."

"I will go, my daughter, but I wish you to precede me a little, and tell your mother to prepare a bed in the room behind the kitchen, for I have here an unfortunate hunter, who fell from a rock into the torrent, and who will have need of her charitable offices : see there, he occupies my little bed."

Annetta raised her eyes, and saw in the gloom a bandaged head, which caused her to draw back with sudden alarm. But Father Cornelius reassured her, and enjoining her to be careful not to miss the way, said that he would follow her immediately ; when the good Annetta set out at a rapid pace on her return to her cottage. Then the vigorous old man wrapped Aser in a blanket, and raising him in his arms, carried him through the innumerable windings of the rock to the mouth of the cavern. There he deposited him upon a rock, and bending his shoulders, took him up and continued his way along the edge of the torrent. He then approached a steep ascent, and entering a narrow path which wound through a dense wood of larches, through deep ravines, and rugged banks, he advanced with a firm step under the pleasing burden which his charity had imposed on him. The moon, which was almost full, penetrated in fitful gleamings through the dense foliage above them, spreading here and there upon the ground squares of a pale and trembling light, that only increased the gloom of the forest, and seemed to add to its solitude and darkness, while the wind moaned and whistled among the tall yews and fir trees, and mingled its varying sound with the distant murmur of the Alpine cascades, that descended in foam and spray over the rocks, to swell the waters of the torrent. Aser, though bruised and paralyzed in every limb, could scarcely persuade himself that he was borne upon the shoulders of a Christian priest, and carried through the dangers of the forest tracks with a charity so inconceivable, to the manifest peril of his deliverer, who, although he was an entire stranger, treated him with the tenderness of a most loving mother, and with no less anxiety for his preservation. A parallel was rapidly drawn in his mind, between the unnatural cruelty of the philanthropists of the secret societies, the hatred with which they hunt down even their own brothers, their friends and relations, their greediness of gain, and their thirst for blood, and that strong and sweet Christian charity which hastens to the succour of the unfortunate, without inquiring for their name or character ; which discovers suffering, and considers it alone a sufficient title to its compassion and assistance. While he was engaged with these good thoughts, they emerged from the wood into a small open space, and Aser saw upon an eminence, several lights sparkling for a moment and then disappearing, from which he concluded that they were approaching the hospitable cottage, and that it was through its windows that he saw those moving lights. When the priest, panting with exertion, arrived at length, he was met at the gate by Annetta, who carried the lantern before him to the door, where her mother was waiting to receive them. They endeavoured to raise the sick young man from his shoulders, but the priest held him firmly, and said to them :

"Wait a moment, my daughters, I will lay him upon the bed myself; you, Madeline, carry the light before me." She showed him the way, he deposited Aser gently on the bed, and, drawing the coverlet over him: "Excellent Madeline," he said, "remember that he is my son; let him be in your keeping as if you saw in his person our Saviour himself, who accepts as done to him all that we do in his name to our neighbour." Turning to Aser, he added, "My dear son, Madeline will be a mother to you; you will see what a skilful and watchful nurse she is over the sick." He then went out to greet the old man William, who, at the unusual age of ninety-six, still preserved a clear and vigorous mind and a generous heart, and was looked upon as the adviser and arbiter of the whole district. He found him seated on one side of the kitchen, surrounded by his grandchildren, who were reciting to him their night prayers. Wolfgang, a fine, robust boy, the hope of the family, was in his sixteenth year; Edward was thirteen years old; Ilda, or Ildeburg, eleven; and Trude, or Gertrude, a little girl of seven. These children were on their knees in a circle round their grandfather, who sat in his ancient arm-chair of walnut, his snow-white hair flowing upon his shoulders, and was passing through his fingers a rosary, which was bright with continual use, and to which was attached a small crucifix and several medals. In his youth, this old man had used the carbine in the defence of his country and his faith, with skill and bravery. In 1797, when the French republicans strove to subdue, in the name of freedom, those cantons which were already unrestrictedly free, William was among the boldest of the comrades of Aloysius Reding, the descendant of the victor of Morgarten, who, at the head of ten thousand shepherds of the little cantons, undauntedly opposed republican perfidy, as their sons after them joined with the Sonderbund to stem the fury of the Swiss Radicals. William had seen their priests, Marion Herzog and the Capuchin Styger, hurrying through their ranks, as their sons had since beheld Father Cornelius, and other ministers of God, infusing their courageous ardour into the bosoms of the intrepid defenders of their faith and liberty. They blessed the arms which William and his companions wielded with such valour at Wollran and at Richtenschwyl, near Lake Zurich, that they routed an army three times more numerous than their own. They also arrested the progress of the enemy at Kussnacht, at Immensee, and at Morgarten, shooting down the impious regicides with an incessant and deadly fire from the high rocks, from the ravines, the mouths of the caves, and from behind the trunks of the firs, pines, and larch trees.

Father Cornelius, approaching the old man, stood reverently and in silence until they had finished their prayers. "Well, William," he then said, "what is the state of our affairs at present? And how are you?"

"We have fallen upon most wretched times, my dear Father Cornelius; the Radicals are roaring round us with open jaws, ready to devour us. Why, alas! have I lived to behold the slavery of my country, and the persecution of our religion? At Wollran, I received

a bayonet-wound in my left side, and I was struck by a ball in the thigh at Morgarten, but not only did I not expire upon the field of glory and of faith, but, wounded as I was, I continued to fight against those wretches who had sworn the destruction of our liberty, of our churches, and of our priests. And lo! we have now come to a similar pass! In 1797, our enemies were, at least, foreigners, whereas, at present we have fallen into the fangs of these miserable renegades of Switzerland, our own brethren, who, while they call themselves Christians, have waged this war only to tear Christ from our hearts; but Christ lives and reigns in us, and will not suffer the impious sons of Belial of the secret societies to attain their insidious ends."

While William was speaking, his friends and relations began to assemble to assist at the celebration of the anniversary of the death of Rodolf. As they entered, they silently kissed the hand of the priest, pressed that of the old man, and then arranged themselves with an air of sadness round the walls, standing, and with crossed arms reciting the rosary. Father Cornelius entered a room where there was a temporary altar, and there remained, hearing the confessions of the family as well as of strangers, until two o'clock in the morning.

In the mean time, Madeline was continually by the side of Aser, exhausting her skill and medicinal knowledge, and displaying that tender solicitude which her piety and compassion prompted for the unfortunate hunter. She first anointed his contusions, washed his wounds with wine, and applying an ancient balsam, bound them up; she then brought him some refreshments, disposed the downy pillows and cushions so as to afford the greatest relief, and requested him to endeavour to obtain rest in sleep. Annetta had everything prepared beforehand for mass, and had adorned the altar with vases of choicest flowers. The altar consisted of a plain table, with a cavity cut in the top to receive the consecrated altar-stone, and after mass the top, for fear of the searches of the Radicals, was lifted off and turned down, so as to conceal the cavity, and present the appearance of a common side-table. She concealed the chalice and the altar-stone in a corner of the garret, beneath a quantity of old household furniture, and the ornaments and altar furniture she covered with a mound of husks of beans and peas.

To such subterfuges we were reduced also in Rome, during the times of the republic, when pious and generous families extended their hospitality, at the greatest risk, to any priest whom they desired to shelter from the cruel persecutions of the impious. The sight of a breviary was enough for those champions of liberty to entitle them to abuse, invade, rob, and imprison the pious and hospitable entertainers of a priest. A priest's beretta, or cap, a breviary found in a straw mattress, and a few letters that further established his priestly character, sufficed for the arrest of Father Giovan Pietro Secchi, and for his imprisonment in an obscure and fetid dungeon, among thieves and villains; thence he was afterwards dragged to another prison through the streets, where every species of contumely and insult were heaped

upon him; he was spit upon, hissed and hooted, and terrified with threats of instant death, and muskets were levelled at his breast to shoot him. I myself, for more than two months, during the siege of Rome, daily celebrated mass upon a chest of drawers, and with such secrecy and so many precautions, that two little boys, from ten to twelve years of age in the family, never knew it. It was a most touching sight to behold that modest family assisting at the Holy Sacrifice, and frequently presenting themselves at communion, with closed doors and locked gates, in a silence profound as that of the catacombs, in the times of the persecutions. After mass, the first thought of my most benevolent hosts was to strip the altar, to hide the chalice, and to conceal everything with the breathless anxiety of robbers who bury their booty. One day, a band of ferocious republicans plundered the effects of certain boarders who lived in the story above; whereupon the females of the family ran into my room, and finding, near the bed, a small copy of Thomas à Kempis, concealed it hurriedly in their bosoms, as an object that would betray the presence of a priest.

Such were the fears and the watchfulness of Annetta, in her cottage upon the declivities of Jarman, in consequence of the infernal rage of the Swiss Radicals, the elder brothers of the Radicals of Rome, against all that is holy and pious in the religion of Jesus Christ. While I am writing this, she still holds concealed the chalice and sacred vestments, to preserve them from opprobrium and robbery.

Father Cornelius, having said mass, and having given communion to those courageous Christians, turned and addressed to them a few words of encouragement. He eulogized the bravery of Rodolf, who had perished in the defence of liberty and of the faith; he spoke with honour and praise of the other heroes who fell or were wounded in the battle of Lucerne; then, with noble generosity and exalted charity, he exhorted that chosen band to forgive their persecutors, to pray to God for their conversion while living, and for the repose of their souls after death.

"Behold," said he, "my dearest friends, the difference between the sons of darkness and the sons of light, which is the grace of Christ; the former feed on emptiness, pride, arrogance, rapine, hatred, ill-will, revenge, and, cruelty; the latter dwell in love and charity. Those two words contain the whole spirit of light; in those two words are all our consolation upon earth, all our hope in death, all our eternal beatitude in heaven. Do not, however, fall into an error so fatal as to suppose that in forgiving the Radicals, you may also fraternize with them. May God avert so great an evil! The apostle forbids such communion, under pain of eternal loss; for they who frequent evil company shall themselves become evil, and they who seek danger shall perish by it; so deep is the guile, and so poisonous are the delusions of those enemies, both in word and deed. When we priests warn the faithful against their snares, our adversaries exclaim that we are devoid of charity, full of wiles and revenge, and treat our cautioning voice as malignity, rage, and shameless effrontery. Let them clamour,

but let us avoid all communication with them; for by such intercourse many incautious youths, previously blameless, and good Christians, have now become impious outcasts."

He then laid aside his vestments, prayed, and rising, dismissed his little congregation. Before he returned to his cave he noiselessly entered Aser's room, to see him and give him his benediction without disturbing his sleep. But finding him awake, he took his hand in his, which Aser kissed, as he had seen the others do, and with wishes for his calm and refreshing repose, the priest encouraged him with good hopes, and promised that he would frequently come to see him during the silence of night. Aser warmly expressed the thankfulness with which his noble and grateful soul inspired him. Shortly after Father Cornelius returned alone to his solitary cavern, and all the family retired to rest except Madeline, who wished to watch by the bed of her sick guest. Aser could not be prevailed on to consent to this, and assured her, that if he should need her assistance, he would call her from the next room, where she slept with Annetta, and on this condition she at length yielded. After rearranging his pillows, raising his head a little, and offering him some water and raspberry juice, she retired.

Aser, after a short but refreshing sleep, awoke after the morning had dawned. As he looked at the various interesting objects which were hung round the walls of the room, and particularly at the various offensive weapons, which had been wielded in celebrated battles by the ancestors of the family, as was stated in the inscriptions placed beneath each of them, he was deeply impressed with the steadfast faith and the unyielding courage of those Christians. "These men," said he to himself, "are truly brave and magnanimous, and breathe the true spirit of liberty. The secret societies, under the name of liberty, aspire to universal tyranny, and their members are base, vile, ferocious wretches, that excel only in falsehood, and are bold only in assassination." While he was engaged in such reflections, Madeline entered the room, and seeing that he was awake, saluted him with "Praised be Christ Jesus!" to which Aser only replied by pressing her hand in silence, as he carried it to his lips. The good nurse then dressed his wounds afresh, and soon brought him his morning meal, which she accompanied with words of kindness, and with hopes for his speedy recovery; adding, that if it would give him pleasure, the girls and boys should come and keep him company, and should say together their morning prayers. Aser replied, that nothing could give him more pleasure, and he would take it as the greatest favour.

Shortly after Annetta brought in her brothers and sisters, who were at first somewhat timid and bashful; but when they saw Aser smile upon Wolfgang and caress Edward, they took courage. Annetta advanced with the usual salutation of those pious people, "Praised be Christ Jesus!" to which Aser made no response, but said, "Good morning, my benefactress." Thereupon the quick and observant Ilda pulled Annetta's dress and whispered, "Oh, he did not answer *In Ewigkeit* (*In eterno*): what is the reason?" Annetta gave her a sign to keep

silence and Ilda drew to one side a little abashed. Then Annetta caused her brothers and sisters to kneel, and joining Trude's hands, they recited the Our Father, the Hail Mary, and the Creed, and then the Acts of Faith, Hope, and Charity.

Aser was greatly affected when he witnessed that piety and fervour which are the true indices of innocence; and when he remarked the composed and reverent air and posture of Wolfgang, now a tall, stout, spirited boy, he could not sufficiently admire the sublimity and excellence of the Spirit of God infused into those virgin souls. When they had said their prayers, they crowded round Aser's bed, and plied him with a multitude of ingenuous and childish questions; then Trude, too small to see over the side of the bed, laboured so hard that she at length climbed upon a chair and gave her little hand also to their guest, who took it with a smile of kindness. During her childish prattle, she caught a glimpse of something bright upon his breast; and reaching it with her hand, she drew out the gold medal and crucifix which hung round his neck, and expressing her delight in a thousand ways, she pressed it upon her lips and kissed it, and would have all of them to kiss it in turn. Aser was moved to tears; and while the little Trude was holding the medal of the Madonna for him to kiss, Annetta perceived his emotion. "Do you suffer much pain?" she asked. "No," he replied; "but the artless and innocent ways of this little child are very affecting, for I see that goodness and kindness are innate in your family, an infallible sign that God reigns, by his grace, in the midst of you." The boys now heard their grandfather, William, coming; he had risen some time previously, but he spent a long time in prayer before leaving his room. When Aser saw the venerable old man enter, with a great effort, he raised himself a little, and bowed as he gave him his hand. "Father," said he, "the charity of Father Cornelius, in the accident which befell me, obtained for me the good fortune to receive your hospitality, and that of the excellent family which surrounds you."

"My dear young man," replied William, "our venerable Father Cornelius related to me the dreadful misfortune which you met with; and like an old man, I immediately drew from it a moral. Reflecting that you had done, like many illustrious youths, who, led away by the violence of their passions, climb the fatal crags of the secret societies in pursuit of a false liberty, which, as soon as attained, glides from their grasp; and in seeking to descend from the precipice, to the top of which they had blindly ascended, they find themselves arrested by impossibilities; for beneath their feet yawns an unfathomable torrent, which swallows them in its abysses. You, my son, in your material fall, found, through the protection of Our Holy Mother, the charitable aid of Father Cornelius ready to be extended to you, but the unfortunate men, who sink into the depths of the infernal conventicles of the Radical Societies, can thence be delivered only by the arm of the Omnipotent God."

Aser bent a searching look upon the old man, while he felt his limbs tremble beneath the covering of the bed, and William perceived his

strong emotion. "Whence are you, my guest?" he asked. Aser replied: "I am an Italian; I was born at Verona, and was called, while very young, to Hamburg, to the house of a rich uncle, a banker of that city: I have travelled much in Sweden and Norway, in Denmark, through the whole of Germany, Italy, and Hungary, whence I came last to rest my weary mind in the Alpine Cantons of Switzerland, the last and only refuge of peace, concord, true valour and liberty, that remains in this distracted Europe."

"For which," replied the old man, "we have to thank the secret societies. Do you believe, young man, that we are free? You saw last night that Father Cornelius said mass for the repose of the soul of my son, Rodolf, with the same precautions and secrecy as, many years ago, were used by the impious Radicals in their nocturnal conventicles in vaults and caverns. Now they walk the streets in broad daylight, drunk with blood and rivetting the chains with which they have loaded Helvetian liberty. As our demagogues, with their cries of liberty, strive to banish from our valleys the liberty of Christ; so in Rome, the demagogues shout *liberty* in the Capitol, and *slavery* in the Vatican. I have seen the Vicar of God upon earth become an exile and a wanderer in a strange land; and when unable to lay their hands upon his sacred head, those men loaded him with shameful reproaches and insults. And nations, blind to such crimes, laugh and applaud; or, where they have not attained the latitude of sedition and rebellion, they eagerly long for it, that they may taste a liberty, which, when enjoyed, strangles and destroys them. Pardon me, my noble guest, if I reopen, perchance, the wound of your heart; but I, who have fought, for more than fifty years, for liberty which I enjoyed, and of which I am now so cruelly robbed, am unable to remain silent.

"We had a pure, unmixed democracy, in the councils of which every one had a vote; every citizen was king, for he was his own master; he elected his own governors, and each one was equal in the eyes of the constitution, of the laws, and of the customs of our country. There was no pride of superiority, no covetousness, no presumptuous and tyrannical act; no license, arrogance, or mean domineering; we were all equal in rank, in voice, and at the poll; and our magistrates were elected, not by trickery, fraud, wiles, and intrigues, but freely, with a vote that was frank, loyal, and noble. Poor, yet contented; free, yet respectful; mild, yet strong; lovers of our country, of our religion, and of our priests; what more did we need? What government was more free than ours? But the Radicals overpowered us, and under the name of a pagan liberty, they seek to rob us of Christ, and to make us the slaves of Belial!"

On the one hand, Aser was harrowed with remorse; but on the other, he rejoiced that he had formed the noble resolution of abandoning the detestable and deadly vows by which he had been so long enchained. God had turned upon him his merciful eyes, and inspired him with a powerful impulse towards an unknown good, which incessantly shadowed itself upon his mind. Providence concurred in

strengthening this tendency, while all its operations appeared fortuitous; for the gentle Annetta came every day after dinner with Edward and her sisters, to repel, by their pleasant company, the tiresomeness and sadness of solitude; and as she was in the habit of explaining the Christian doctrines to her brothers at that hour, she continued that holy exercise in Aser's room, persuaded in her ingenuousness that it would give him pleasure. Aser, drawing himself up a little upon the pillows, listened most attentively to that new lesson: he felt his heart beat with increased rapidity; he looked with a kind of astonished admiration at Annetta, so beautiful, so modest, so intent upon her sublime task to enrich the spotless minds of the children with those mysterious doctrines, until he was transported with wonder. The mystery of three persons in one God, of the eternal Word, which, in mercy for human misery, became flesh, descended from heaven, lived upon earth in humility, poverty, and hardship, seemed to him inconceivable, and he in vain sought to penetrate it. Yet he beheld the older children imbibe with devout ardour those unfathomable and incomprehensible doctrines, and without understanding them, they believed in them with an intimate faith, which seemed to have taken deep root, and to have grown strong in their hearts, an effect which he could ascribe only to some light in their souls, which he did not think illuminated his; and like a tempest-lashed sea, that rolls its troubled waves back upon itself, he felt on those occasions invariably disturbed by discordant thoughts: alternate remorse and joy, and fitful flashings of light amidst the black and fearful darkness, incessantly harassed his mind.

When Annetta left the room, and he was alone, a struggle between his good resolutions and the temptations to abide in his innate hatred to Christ, tore his heart, until the perspiration started from every pore; then, as if to fly from himself, he wandered to other reflections, from which, imperceptibly, he was brought again to the subject that was uppermost in his heart, and which fluttered and palpitated, and again became conscious of those first gleamings of light; whence there seemed to arise a sweetness, peace, and consolation, which invited him to harmony with himself, and attracted him towards God. This light inundated him with ineffable gladness; he saw his soul reflect the Divine image, which he revered in himself, and his mind soared to a noble and celestial sphere, which it had never before attained.

As the days flew past, he advanced in his knowledge of Christian doctrine, which Annetta continued to explain to her brothers, and although his understanding was more and more open to those truths, his heart was still stubborn, and bent upon their rejection. When the lesson was ended, he would ask Annetta to give him the book, and under the pretext of putting questions on the past lessons, to Edward and Ilda, he studied them afresh, and was pleased with the ready answers of the children; but he took still greater delight in making Trude stand upon a chair by his side, that he might listen to her, with the book in his hand, as she recited the Vater Unser (Our Father), the Hail Mary,

and the Creed, which he in the mean time committed to memory, and recited them with the child: this brought smiles upon the face of Annetta, and the good Madeline was edified by such Christian and pious conduct. But one day an event took place, which threw that affectionate family into great commotion.

CHAPTER LIII.

SISTER CLARA.

AFTER the descent of the Simplon, Bartolo, as we have seen, arrived at Vevey with Alisa and his nephews; and delighted with the beauty of the place, they, for several days, enjoyed the charming views upon the lake, in which the city is reflected, and visited the beautiful scenes in its environs, which then, in early spring, were clothed in a mantle of verdure, plants, and a thousand flowers. They afterwards went to see the Castle of Chillon, which stands upon a rock almost isolated in the lake, and within those dark dungeons, they beheld the prison where the duke of Savoy long held in chains Bonivar, the chief of the Calvinists, and the instigator of the rebellion of Geneva and Lausanne. The Calvinist woman, who kept the keys of the tower, turning to Alisa,—

"You see, young lady," said she, "what cruelty the Catholics are guilty of! What do you think? This broken pillar and that huge iron ring securely held the shackles which bound the feet of Bonivar, so that he could not move from it to a greater distance than the length of his chain; and you see that with long turning round he wore away the space, like beasts of burden that move in turning a mill always in the same circular track."

"My friend," replied Alisa, "all the prisons of those times were as dark, as narrow, and as full of misery as this; nor was it Catholic cruelty, for Catholics and Protestants alike built their prisons of the same form."

"Yes, but that duke of Savoy was more malignant than a dragon."

"He may have been so; but your Calvin despatched his enemies with less delay and ceremony, by burning them alive in the marketplace of Geneva—and when he was in a more compassionate mood, he quietly removed them by poison."

The tower-keeper, who had not expected so much information, remained silent; and jingling her keys a little as she looked at Alisa, she tacitly praised her beauty, spirit, and agreeable manners, but considered her rather too fierce and intolerant a Papist.

Bartolo met at Vevey with another pleasing incident, which caused him to prolong his stay for a few days more; and afterwards to return

there frequently from Geneva. While Alisa was engaged in the morning with her prayers and her books, he took a walk with Mimo and Lando through the beautiful square, saluted the lake from the port, and then retired into the "Café du Lac" to read the papers. He there found a young man with long well-dressed hair, an abundant and daintily-cultivated beard, small in person, with a pair of bright piercing eyes, who was thoughtfully and with a somewhat sad air examining and comparing the news of different journals, and particularly of what was passing in Italy and Rome.

He had assumed the name of Baldassare Mambruni, but he was an Italian priest, and one of the most brilliant orators of Italy; he had fled from the persecutions in Romagna and withdrawn into the Canton of Vaud, where, in the dress and with the deportment of a layman, he had taken apartments in the house of an old Calvinist lady of the name of Esther, where he dwelt several months unknown to all. He acted with such prudence and discretion that no one ever saw him reciting his office, which he said with his door locked, and then concealed his breviary in his writing-desk, at the bottom of his wardrobe.

At the café he had heard but a few words of the conversation of the three strangers, when he discovered, by their soft and pure accent, that they were Romans; and politely accosting them, he said: "Gentlemen, you are Romans, and, if it be not too great a boldness, I request you to give me some news from Rome; for among these Calvinists and infuriated Radicals, it is in vain to seek it." Bartolo and the two young men bent upon him a look of close scrutiny, but his noble and open countenance reassured them; and they gave him a minute relation of the assassination of Count Rossi, and of the assault upon the Quirinal, until the secret departure of the Pope—adding what had been written to them by their friends and relations, of the subsequent enormities of the Republicans of Rome. Don Baldassare made such wise and grave reflections upon those events, that Bartolo and his nephews perceived him to be a man of consideration, and civilly asked him if he had withdrawn from the midst of the commotions in Italy through any special cause.

"Perhaps for the same reason as yourselves," he answered. "Who can remain a calm spectator of nations robbed of peace and liberty, and enslaved and trampled upon by their worst citizens under the sacred names of peace and liberty? I am a native of Romagna; and although a man of retired and studious habits, my character was of no avail in protecting me from the hatred, iniquity, and revenge of those who, after deafening us for above two years with cries of liberty, grant to their fellow-citizens not even the freedom of thought, nor the inviolable secrecy of their hearts. I was threatened with death, and my house was surrounded by assassins. It was only by the special interposition of Divine Providence that I escaped falling beneath their daggers. In this heretical country, under the government of Radicals, I spend my days in peace, free from molestation."

Bartolo, on several subsequent mornings, entered the same café to

converse with Don Baldassare; but without ever suspecting that he was a priest, until, filled with admiration for his talents and his excellent and virtuous habits, he invited him to return his visit. He was received in the most gracious and courteous manner by Alisa, who soon learned to look upon him as an adviser, and proposed to him the difficulties which sometimes occurred to her. Bartolo visited, in his company, the Meillerie, where Jean-Jacques Rousseau composed, beneath the shade of those delightful bowers, his "*Nouvelle Eloise*." There the conversation turned upon the tendency of that book, and others of a similar nature.

"I assure you," said Alisa, "that when Polissena brought me "*La Nouvelle Eloise*" to read, after I had seen in the author's own preface that no modest young girl could read that book without a blush of shame, I threw it from me with disgust and horror."

"And yet," added Don Baldassare, "how many young people feed upon such books!"

"But do you think," asked Alisa, "that Rousseau is still much read? I have a hundred times heard in Rome, that the works of Rousseau and Voltaire are out of date, and that no one now gives them a thought."

"Do not believe that; they are yet read more than it is supposed, and they who make such assertions, only repeat the lessons which, in their simplicity, they have learnt from designing men, who advance such fallacies to close the eyes of those that ought to be vigilant. The books, moreover, which are read nowadays, are, in a manner, emanations from Rousseau and Voltaire, clothed in a Christian phraseology, which renders their poison only the more subtle, penetrating, and fatal."

"I am really at a loss," said Bartolo, "to understand how the Swiss can have deified that philosopher, exalting him and his impious doctrines above the noble sentiments of truth and justice."

"And now," added Don Baldassare, "the Swiss are reaping the terrible fruits of such a preference; for radicalism is, in substance, only a practical inference from the principles sown by Rousseau, and cultivated by those who persisted in propagating them as flowers wherewith to embellish the mind, instead of fruits that would poison the blood, corrupt its humours, and extinguish life. As might have been expected from so mad a course, they were plunged into the vortex to which it led; for imbued with the fallacies of the '*Wild Man*' of Rousseau, of the man who has the right of choosing whatever religious worship he may please, and of the '*social contract*,' to the incalculable injury of Switzerland, there were men who deduced from them, and preached, the direct illations of Socialism, Communism, and Pantheism. The principle of human perfectibility, pushed to its utmost limits, led to the immediate consequence of unlimited human felicity. Hence the axiom of removing from the path all the obstacles that oppose it. As the first barrier is the divine law, and the second is the natural law, whence springs the human and civil law, they came to the inhuman conclusion, with Magary, that, to attain happiness, 'It is requisite

THE END OF THE TRAVEL

It was a fine day, and the weather was just what we needed. We had been travelling for some time, and were now approaching the end of our journey.

The road was good, and the scenery was beautiful. We had seen many interesting places, and had enjoyed the journey very much.

As we were travelling, we saw many fine houses and gardens. The people were very friendly, and we were well received everywhere.

At last we reached our destination. It was a fine place, and we were very happy to be there. We had enjoyed the journey very much, and we were now ready to begin our new life.

We had many friends and relations here, and we were all very happy to see each other. We had a fine dinner, and then we went to bed.

The next day we went to see the sights of the city. It was a fine day, and we saw many interesting places.

We had a fine view of the city from the top of the hill. The scenery was beautiful, and we were all very happy to be there.

At last we had become reconciled to our new place of residence, and we had acquired some knowledge of the city of Geneva. We had many friends and relations here, and we were all very happy to see each other.

Charity, who was returning quietly to the hospital. But when she observed that all that met her bowed and took off their hats, that the boys lowered their eyes, and stood still as she passed, that the little girls took her hand, and first one and then the other took her rosary, and kissed the medals or the crucifix which were suspended to it, she was amazed at such a sight, for she reflected that she was now in that most Protestant Geneva, the sworn enemy of the Roman Church, and she could scarcely believe her eyes. But had she known who that nun was, her astonishment would have ceased immediately.

This was Sister Clara, famous throughout all Geneva, and held in profound reverence by the Protestants not less than by Catholics. The Abbé Vuarin, who, in the time of Napoleon (at the period when Geneva formed part of the French empire, and was the "chef lieu" of the department of Lemane), obtained permission from the emperor to build a free and independent Catholic church, formed the bold design of drawing the teeth of that Geneva, which had so implacably torn the Roman Church, and had called itself, in mockery, the *Rome of the Gospel*. The abbé, contending that the French empire was Catholic, and, as such, was entitled to have its own Church and worship there, laboured with such active earnestness, that he freed himself from the shackles which the Genevans sought to rivet upon his feet; and again at the Congress of Vienna, in 1815, he exerted himself so effectually, that he obtained the confirmation of the decree of Napoleon.

When, in the course of some years, he thought he had taken root sufficiently deep to withstand a fresh storm, lamenting that the numerous rising generation of Catholics should have none to cultivate their minds and hearts, he cleared away all difficulties, and called to Geneva, as teachers for the boys, the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine, and for the girls, he made choice of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. That the people might find no occasion for opposition, he received them into his own house, giving up to them the front of it, that they might admit their scholars through the principal door. The superiress of those holy nuns was Sister Clara, a lady of the same activity, zeal, and firm and sincere nature, as Vuarin himself. She who, in the military hospitals of Paris, had almost lived in the continual exercise of her charity among the grenadiers of the Imperial Guard, and who ruled them and could hold them in respect as easily as their bravest generals, on arriving at Geneva, cast her eyes round her, and said to Vuarin:

"Monsieur l'Abbé, we must find means to stretch our wings and take flight here a little, which will never be, if we remain like bees shut up in the hive."

"What means would you propose?" said the curate, "for these fierce Calvinists will scarcely let you show your heads at the windows, much less look on with indifference while you fly with distended wings."

"We must take them with the bait of charity; I am somewhat skilled in pharmacy; let me open a chemist and apothecary's shop; I know something, also, of surgery and medicine,—allow me to visit our

and gentleness that excited the most profound admiration. When the parish priest came, Alisa held a long conversation with him, and afterwards visited the church, accompanied by Sister Clara, who invited her to come often to see her, which Alisa promised, much delighted to have such an opportunity.

In the mean time Bartolo's banker had sent in many letters, partly from Arona after his departure, and partly direct from Rome; among the first, was one from Aser to Mimo, in which he announced to them his arrival in Switzerland. It may be imagined what pleasure their approaching meeting gave Lando, who immediately sent an answer to Lucerne, as Aser had directed him to do: but his letter was sent to Uri, while Aser was recovering in the house of the good Madeline from the injuries received in his fall. Alisa, still unwilling to confess it to herself, was more infirm in spirit than ever: in vain she wished a hundred times a day to deny in her own mind, what the involuntary movements of her heart asserted to be true; and when she heard that Aser was preserved from the dangers of the furious war in Hungary, during which he had been so much the object of her prayers, it is impossible to express her joy, and with what gratitude she returned thanks to God. But, as the mistress of these affections, which were most innocent in themselves, she prayed for strength of mind to desire nothing but that which was right and just and pleasing to God, submitting to his will the natural inclination to which she was guided by the innate gentleness and gratitude of her amiable and noble heart. If before she had, from time to time, paid visits to Sister Clara, she redoubled their frequency now that the struggle was becoming more intense, and remained longer in serious conversation. One day among others, Sister Clara, seeing the candid and gentle nature of Alisa: "My young friend," said she, "you are an Italian, while I am only master of but a few words of your beautiful language,—would you like to aid in a work of great charity? Who can tell that God has not reserved for you the salvation of a lost soul? And if you should save it, what blessings will descend upon you! If the blood of Christ which was shed for the redemption of the world shall, through your means, have been shed not in vain for a soul which now tramples upon it, it will shine round your head for ever with the crown of glory with which it is resplendent. I have, among the other sick women, a former dragon of Young Italy, who is in a most dangerous state, and blasphemes God and his saints like a fiend, and every charitable means that I can invent fails to tame her fury. She went as a soldier to the war of independence, and that by no means as an idle spectator of it; but before then she had proved herself one of the most desperate of the assassins of the sects, and she confessed to me that she had despatched, with her own hand, more than one priest in Romagna, and that she had shot many peaceable citizens, thus reducing their families to poverty and wretchedness. Such is her unnatural rage when agitated by her feverish paroxysms, that she screams like the possessed: 'Oh that I could catch one of those scoundrels of priests, to stab him and drink his blood; I should be relieved and cured of this dreadful thirst that

scorches my throat.' I never permit her to be left alone; some sister continually keeps watch over her, but the more they exert themselves to please her the more perverse she becomes. But when our parish priest or some vicar approaches her, she raves and fumes, she refuses to look upon him and throws herself upon her face, or covers her head under the bedclothes. Alisa, let us go and see her. Who can tell? Perhaps the sound of her native tongue may have some effect in softening her, or at least in taming somewhat the savageness of her temper."

Alisa expressed her willingness, and begged to go immediately; whereupon Sister Clara led the way. The woman was kept in the tower near the street of St. Antony, and after mounting a great number of steep and dark stairways, they at length reached a small room, where they found the enraged fury was lying in a sort of kennel, which served as her bed, and they entered precisely at the moment after she had thrown, I know not what beverage, which displeased her, in the face of the sister, who had offered it to her, and the poor religious was wiping her face with the greatest patience. Alisa approached her: "Good morning," said she, in Italian; "what is your name?"

"Ursula, in the devil's name!" was her answer. "But oh! beautiful lady, you at least speak to me in Italian: these apish nuns, all the day long, stun my ears with their '*Oui*;' their '*Ma chère Ursuline*;' their '*Prenez donc, calmez vous donc—donc, donc, donc*;' I wish they were all with Satan. Oh, the Italian tongue! But are you really an Italian? Long live Italy! Independence for ever!"

"Yes, my dear sister, and I am a Roman; and when I learnt that you were sick, I came purposely to see you."

"Oh! a thousand thanks, beautiful signorina; and what is your name?"

"Alisa. I have been in Geneva only a short time, but as long as I remain here, if you like, I will come and see you."

"I should like it above all things; but let us understand each other: bring none of those priests with you; I hate them like the plague."

"I will come with some of the sisters, who are all so kind; it was Sister Clara, you know, that brought me to see you, and she told me she would do anything in the world for you. But how do you happen to have come to Geneva?"

"I came here in a desperate state. I must tell you that I served as a soldier in the Italian legions, and was present in many encounters with the Austrians; but at the battle of Cornuda I was made prisoner with many others, and was marched off into Carinthia. I had invariably refused to put on the black fustian velvet gown like the other women, who looked more like rope-dancers than soldiers, but I dressed myself like a man, in the same manner as our ensign, Signora Polissena. When, however, we reached Klagenfurt, I admitted that I was a woman, and bought myself some woman's clothes, which I wore from that time. The soldiers then began to treat me with more kindness than they showed to the other prisoners,

and as they became more careless in their guard over me, I one night glided quietly away, and betaking myself to the fields and the mountains, I wandered from country to country, until I reached the Tyrol, where I crossed the mountains, living upon bread and milk, which I begged of the shepherds, and never rested until I had passed the frontier of the Grisons. There I considered myself safe, and remained for some time in doubt whether to enlist in the ranks of the Radicals, or to seek a livelihood by some kind of needle-work, in which I have considerable skill. I met with several Italians who were serving in the Swiss army, and they decided me to choose the latter course. I received letters of recommendation to a cloth manufacturer in Geneva, and a small supply of money, and I came here as an embroiderer of gold and coloured silk flowers. But, to tell you the truth, I gave myself up to excessive intemperance, which brought on a fever, and I have been ill more than a month."

"So you served with the Signora Polissena?" said Alisa.

"Exactly! That was a young woman of sterling worth! She loved me, and frequently made me presents; she was as generous as a king, and as free as a Cossack; she was not troubled with scruples, not she; she could roll out a round oath, and command the obedience of the soldiers like any colonel. *Corpo di—!* You should have seen her in battle! Some of those bewhiskered civics, at the first shots, became as pale as death, but laying the staff of her ensign upon their shoulders and shouting, 'Forward, cowards; an Italian never flinches, and the Roman conquers or dies!' then planting her banner in the ground, she would seize a carbine and fire away like an Unterwald hunter."

"Tell me, I beseech you, if you ever heard of her again?"

"No. But do you know her? The last time I saw her, she was fighting in a fierce action with the soldiers of Nugent, and I have never seen her or heard of her since. Oh, she must have fallen or have been made prisoner."

"My dear Ursula," replied Alisa, "the brave Polissena was wounded in that engagement, and died during the night; but you don't know what a death was hers!" As she said this, her eyes filled with tears, which flowed down her cheeks.

"You weep, *damigella*?" said Ursula, gazing upon her with a somewhat softened expression. "Perhaps she was your sister, or, at least, a friend, or some relation?"

"She was my friend as long as she lived, and I am sure she still remembers me, now that she is dead. You do not know what an edifying death she died. Well will it be for us if we die in the same good dispositions, and with such sincerity of repentance for our sins!" Alisa repeated to her the recital of all the particulars of Polissena's death, weeping with such tenderness, that even the furious woman herself could not restrain her tears, and she wept with Alisa, whose hand she pressed, and begged of her to pay her another visit on the morrow. Sister Clara, who understood Italian, was also deeply affected. On the following day, Alisa again went to see her; she

took various articles of linen for her, and some jellies to mix with the water for her refreshment; she supplied her with money, and lavished upon her the most affectionate caresses. Ursula was quite changed; she became more tractable, and conversed quietly with her benefactress; so that her heart was, day by day, gradually divested of that hardness and repellant obstinacy which she displayed towards both God and man. One morning, Alisa went early, and finding there one of the sisters, who had been watching all night, she said to her, "Dear sister, return home; you need rest; I will in the mean time perform the office of nurse; and tell Sister Clara not to be disturbed, for I intend to stop here a long time with Ursula." The nun withdrew.

Alisa performed several little offices for her sick *protégée*, and perceiving that she drew her breath with more difficulty than usual, she said to her affectionately, "My good friend, your fever seems somewhat more violent to day; why not return to peace with God, by confession? Believe me, you would receive from it the greatest comfort, and you would afterwards be most thankful to me for suggesting it."

"I cannot, damigella," replied the wretched creature; "I cannot. Yours is an innocent, pure soul, incapable of comprehending the despair that incessantly gnaws my heart and gives me a foretaste of hell. I am stained with the guilt of atrocious crimes, unheard of by the ears of the pious; this hand, which you press with such charity, is a hand of blood; when you touch me with those hands, so pure and beneficent, a shudder runs through me which I cannot describe; my blood tingles in my veins, and rushes to my heart and swells it to bursting. Damigella, this hand has slaughtered more than one priest; it has rent their breasts, torn out their hearts, and, dripping with blood, has carried them to these teeth, which have bit and lacerated them with inconceivable rage. Now, would you have me to call in a priest to absolve me from such iniquity? It calls to heaven for vengeance; for me there is no forgiveness."

"Ah, dear friend!" cried Alisa, preserving her appearance of gentleness and composure in the midst of such horrors—"ah, dear friend, do you not know that the divine mercy can vanquish and blot out all the sins of the world? Do you not know that the compassionating eyes of Jesus ever sweetly turn to the repentant soul? that his arms are ever open to embrace it? Oh, Jesus forgives you; Ursula, Jesus forgives you; do not doubt it!"

"Damigella, Jesus abhors me; I have denied him and dedicated myself to Satan. In 1840, when I was eighteen years of age, after a mission preached by the Passionists, I had given myself wholly to God, and had pledged my heart that I would consecrate myself to Him as a Capuchin nun; but my father opposed my entrance into the holy state, to avoid the disbursement of the sum needed for my portion. In the mean time, a cousin of mine returned from the university, a graduated doctor of medicine. He constantly frequented

our house, and formed such an affection for me, and said so much, and shed so many tears to persuade me to make some return, that it appeared to me sheer cruelty entirely to refuse him. Still I continued to frequent the sacraments. My confessor represented to me the danger which I was incurring of failing in my duty to God, but like a presumptuous, simple, foolish creature, as I was, I could discover no impropriety in the intercourse with a cousin. Well, by degrees, I grew indifferent in my devotions; then from tepidity to coldness; from coldness to the abandonment of all restraint, and in fine, to my downfall, it was like a race down a steep descent, when hurried along by our own weight, we are hurled to the bottom with an impetus and violence, which we are no longer able to arrest. Fallen as I was, I was incapable of an effort to rise again; my love for my cousin became a delirium, a frenzy; I broke through every restraint and rushed into every crime. He secretly belonged to Young Italy, and seeing that I was devoted to him with all the affections of my soul, and blindly obedient to his least wish, I permitted myself to be enrolled, and to bind myself with the tremendous oaths of the sect. *Damigella*, I see you growing pale, and you have good reason to do so, for from that moment I became a tigress, and drew back from no misdeed. Being a woman, I was less suspected by the authorities; I took in hand the management of plots, and of every kind of fraud, the diffusion of clandestine prints, the secreting of the more secret correspondence, and of the money destined for the wages of the conspirators, to confirm the new ones, to allure those that held back, and to recompense the assassins. On occasions that required more delicate precautions, and greater audacity, I lent my own hand to the service of the sect, removing from its path those that were most obnoxious, and hence it happened that I murdered priests and other good citizens, and baffled the pursuit and researches of justice; for I took care to preserve every external appearance of a blameless life, and I even regularly frequented the church. But at the beginning of 1848, my cousin invented some pretext for taking me to Rome, where he said that a brother of mine, who was studying at the *Sapienza*, had fallen sick. There I became acquainted with the leaders of Young Italy, and plunged into the infernal mysteries of the sect. There were two houses in Rome, where they held their conventicles in the most profound secrecy; and then it was that in the midst of horrible blasphemies, among the most execrable sacrileges, I trampled upon the Holy Host, renounced Christ, and swore eternal fidelity to the devil. With a surgeon's lancet, I drew from my arm a few drops of blood, and wrote with it my dedication, protesting, that if even at the point of death I should return to Christ, I still intended, resolved, and vowed, that my soul should be in the possession of the devil. How is it possible, *Alisa*, that I can evade the curse of God, and that my blood shall not cry to heaven against me?"*

* We not only had murderous women of this description in Rome, with *Garibaldi*, and among the other troops of brigands and assassins, but they were known, also,

CHAPTER LIV.

THE HAPPY GROT.

WHILE Aser listened to the lessons in the catechism which Annetta gave every day after dinner to her brother and sisters, and mentally weighed what he heard of those great and profound mysteries, frequently by way of revision causing them to be repeated, sometimes by Ilda and sometimes by Trude, the occurrence took place, which, as before alluded to, troubled the repose of that holy family. One day, Annetta was reading in the presence of her mother and of Wolfgang, the Epistle of St. John, and Aser was sitting upright upon the bed, supported by a number of pillows, listening with breathless and motionless attention. He saw the boys and little girls studying, with steadfast composure, the sublime words of the Apostle, with their hands joined and their eyes cast down, while Madeline sat with bowed head, and in a posture of reverent submission, as if she were in the presence of God, who speaks to us in the Holy Scriptures. When Annetta had read that "Jesus Christ is the light, and he who walks with him is in the light, and his blood cleanses from every stain of sin," she came to these words, "My children, I write these things to you that you may not sin; and if any notwithstanding should fall into sin, we have as our advocate before the Father, Jesus Christ, who is just, and the propitiation of our sins;" and she was continuing to read, when Aser suddenly gave a deep groan, he trembled violently, the perspiration burst from every pore, he panted and breathed convulsively, and struggled and threw himself back upon the bed. Madeline hastened to him, and anxiously inquired what had befallen him; but still he writhed, and rolled his eyes, without answering. Annetta placed herself on the other side, and endeavoured to calm him, while Wolfgang stood at the foot of the bed, looking on with wondering affright. At length, Madeline, drying the perspiration which ran down his face, and arranging the bedclothes round him, spoke to him with the tenderest caresses in a low whisper: "Let him confide in her, and open to her his heart; let him explain to her the cause of his agony." The unfortunate youth, with sighs and groans, gasped to her, "Call Father Cornelius to me! Oh, would that Father Cornelius were here!" Madeline answered, "Be calm; this evening Annetta has to take him his supply of food, and she shall request him to come; you know how dearly he loves you, and how glad he is to come." So saying, she continued to dry his face, and to encourage him with every endearment, as if he were her own son. She sent her sons on various errands, and remained with him the greater part of the day. For a considerable length of time he would remain calm, then his first agitation would suddenly return; but during the intermission of these

Cornelius, Christ has conquered, Christ will reign in my heart; he cancels our sins, and intercedes with his Eternal Father in heaven for my poor soul. Oh God! how terrible was the struggle!"

"Peace, my son, peace!" said the priest, with one hand pressing Aser's hands, and with the other caressing him, and wiping away the perspiration that streamed from his forehead, "Calm yourself, and then we will enter into conversation." He stood still a moment, and then taking his seat near him, again smilingly addressed him. "Well," said he, "what news have you, Aser?"

"Great news, my father." He looked round the room, and perceiving that they were alone: "My dear father and benefactor," said he, "I can no longer resist the torrent of grace that inundates my soul; the spirits of darkness fiercely assail me, like tigers that behold their prey snatched from their jaws. Be not disturbed, father; I am not a Christian."

"That is, you would say," replied the priest, "that you have abandoned yourself to the current of Radical impiety, which, while it calls itself Christian, denies Christ by its evil deeds, which war against Christian worship, and against the ministers of Christ."

"I also have been impious, but I am, moreover, a Jew, and, therefore, not baptized."

The good old man, without being discomposed, with a heavenly mildness, again took his hand. "Well," said he, "you will become a Christian, and a pious one, will you not? And the evil one may tear himself."

"He tears me, father; for when I heard Annetta read this morning, that 'Jesus is the light, and washes away our sins, and intercedes with his Father for sinners,' I was stricken with a light so strong and convincing, that I resolved in my heart to surrender wholly, and to become a Christian; but the moment that I had formed this resolution, I was overwhelmed with a storm of temptations, that excited me to such furious blasphemies against Jesus, that I have had, from that time to this, not one moment of peace. Satan agitates me with inconceivable remorse; he terrifies me with frightful phantoms, which assault, menace, urge, and harass me in the most horrible manner. They roar round me like lions, they poison me with their fiery breath, they affright me with their monstrous shapes, while I threaten them, saying: 'We shall see at the coming of Father Cornelius,' whereupon they tremble with rage, they foam at the mouth, they tear themselves in despair. I beseech you then, father, not to abandon me."

"My son," replied the holy old man, "the demons show their teeth, but they cannot harm the valiant soldier of Christ; their rage proves their impotence. See," said he, taking some holy water, which was suspended in a little vase against the wall,—"*see*, with this single weapon, were they a legion, they will fly precipitately."

Aser was cheered by these words, and tears of joy flowed down his face; he related to the father how Annetta, without being aware of it, had daily taught him catechism, and he recited the Our Father, the Hail Mary, and the Creed, with the ten commandments, and the Acts

of Faith, Hope, and Charity, which filled Father Cornelius with interior gladness, and he returned thanks to God, the giver of all good gifts, who, by such hidden ways, had brought about the ends of his infinite mercy. Aser then gave a narrative of his adventures, and he told him how he had belonged to the sect of Young Europe, and had given his aid in the troubles in Italy, Germany, and Hungary, and how the Almighty had given him light to discern the iniquity of his course, and the perfidy of the means by which the secret societies seek the overthrow and annihilation of all order, both human and divine, in the world. He had already renounced in his heart all communion with the impious, and formed the firm resolution of yielding up his life, to open his lips only to heap maledictions upon such criminal vows, and never to move a hand, unless to cast down, to crush, and annihilate, if possible, the detestable designs of the infernal sect that fills the earth with its pestilence.

The venerable martyr raised his eyes to heaven, and, weeping tears of joy, exclaimed: "I thank thee, and bless thee, Lord Jesus Christ, that thou hast reserved for me this great consolation. Neither the solitude, nor perpetual darkness, nor the gloom of the rocks beneath which I am buried, nor the rage of the tyrants that seek my life, are to be weighed against this rejoicing of my soul. My Lord, thou, who knowest that my greatest grief arose from my inability to go as formerly in search of my lost sheep, has sent to my cave a lion, to be converted into a lamb; a fierce hawk, to be changed into a dove!"

So saying, and observing that Aser held in his hands his little gold crucifix, he took it from him and pressed it to his forehead,—“May you be blessed by the cross, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. This cross which you wear (I don't know how) suspended round your neck, and this image of Mary, which, perhaps, you looked upon as an amulet against the evil eye, have been to you as a shield of adamant against the assaults of hell. Aser, continue to study your catechism: I will bring you another precious book: say not a word of your condition to any one; take care of yourself, that you may get better, and hope in the most tender mother of Jesus Christ. But how do you happen to have her medal round your neck?”

“Father, it was the gift of a young Christian girl, whose life I was the means of saving; she gave it me as a remembrance of her, when I set out from Rome, to wage a war as unfortunate as it was unjust. This little crucifix was given me by a poor expiring girl, who breathed her last with it pressed to her lips, upon the field of Curtatone. I, a Jew, and an impious wretch, through love for the one, and compassion for the other, have been wearing, involuntarily, the signs of my eternal salvation.”

“Another argument,” added Father Cornelius, “to adore the admirable secrets of the divine counsels, which sometimes make use of trifling, and even of opposite means to reach their ends. For the present remain tranquil, and endeavour, to-morrow and afterwards, to accompany, at least mentally, and in your heart, the prayers which the children come every day to recite in your room.”

He then went out, and finding Madeline in great suspense, respecting the sudden change which had come upon Aser, said,—

“My daughter, our patient is calm; if you see him dejected, speak to him of God, and endeavour to leave him by himself as little as possible. You see he is young, a foreigner, and of generous sentiments; young men have at times terrible moments; they seem to be agitated with an uncontrollable fever, which is quelled only by prayer; let us pray, Madeline, and live in hope.”

He gave her his blessing, and after sprinkling with holy water the thresholds of old William's room, and of those of the children, he turned his steps towards his cave with a consolation and joy that rendered him insensible to the furious storm of wind, which roared among the high mountain-peaks with a thundering sound, that reechoed through the valleys beneath, and then descended and spent its force upon the forest which he was rapidly traversing.

Aser, although more settled in mind, was yet frequently sad and thoughtful; and the children, always quick in discovering and penetrating the internal feelings of those with whom they are familiar, perceived that Aser had undergone some change in heart, which betrayed itself to their eyes in his countenance. Ilda and Trude seemed consequently to redouble their childish caresses; sometimes one and sometimes the other brought him bouquets of flowers from the garden, that he might help them to distribute them in vases, or they sprinkled rose-leaves over his bed, mingled with the flowers of the jasmine.

Wolfang would take his rifle, and return in triumph with a brace of mountain pheasants, or with a hare, or even with a young fawn; and to Aser's great delight, would relate to him every little adventure that he met with during his hunt.

Annetta also, who, as is usual with the young girls of that country, was most bold and nimble in climbing the rocks of the mountains, having discovered a francolin's nest inside a hole in a high rock, ascended the precipices and succeeded in taking the nest, which she folded in her bosom; and descending with extraordinary agility, she carried it to Aser. The young ones were already so nearly full-grown, that the yellow of their beaks was changing to a brilliant coral-red; and after casting the whitish, silky down, they were becoming clothed in beautiful silver-gray feathers, speckled here and there with stripes and spots of jet-black, changing to emerald-green. Aser stroked them as they perched chirping upon his hand, and asked Annetta to rear them for him.

In such agreeable pastime he did not, however, omit his study of the catechism; he also enjoyed the conversation of old William, whom he interrogated on many points of Christian practice, and listened to his replies with calm and motionless attention; so that the old man, pleased with so good and patient a hearer, often introduced into his discourse numerous examples, which he had witnessed among those mountaineers, full of faith and Christian virtues; or he related to him the Helvetian traditions of the mountain of Pilate, of its whirlwinds,

its thunder and hailstorms, and the dense smoky clouds which surround it, as a sign of the curse pronounced by God upon those craggy heights, within which Pilate, who condemned Christ, fled for refuge, afterwards to be plunged into the avenging flames of hell. He narrated the history of the Hermitage of Our Lady, therefrom called of *Einsiedeln*, that of the eight columns of the Church of *Sachsen*, and particularly that of the Madonna of the Pass.

"My son," said he, one day, "listen! Not far from here is a sanctuary of Our Lady of Mersey, which overhangs the edge of an immeasurable crag, formerly called 'The Devil's Pass,' in consequence of the extreme narrowness of the ledge, which was broken and split so that there was scarcely room to plant one's foot. Enormous masses of rock, which overhang the pass, were cracked and curved, and piled upon each other in rugged blocks, and seemed ready to fall in ruins upon the head of the traveller. It was necessary to go that way in order to cross over to the opposite mountain; and a very great number of people, on arriving at the highest point of the pass, were precipitated by pieces of the rock giving way, to the bottom of the abyss. It is asserted, and such is the tradition of the country, that demons kept continual watch over the pass; and at one time menaced the traveller in the form of goats; at another in the shape of vultures, that flew round him with clanging wings; at another like wolves, which howled and bounded from point to point, with gaping jaws, ready to tear him, until the unfortunate traveller, seized with giddiness, stumbled and fell over the edge of the precipice, and plunged down the craggy depths, leaving his lacerated and scattered limbs a prey to the rapacious eagles. If he possessed sufficient nerve to defy these dangers, they resorted to other stratagems; the sky became troubled with whirlwinds and terrible storms; the lightnings gleamed and flashed, and the thunderbolts fell with a crash that seemed to bring the mountains down from their bases, and to dash them together in one common ruin. These accidents had spread such terror among the mountaineers of the neighbouring country, that they knew not which way to turn, when an old shepherd, actuated by a lively faith, cried out: 'What! are we to wait until we are all cast by the demons into the depths of those abysses? Let us set up the image of Mary, precisely in the most terrible part of those rocks; Mary alone can render them secure beneath the feet of the traveller.' They all agreed to this holy project; and a number of masons, after causing a mass to be said at which they assisted, boldly commenced operations. Some of them, sustained by ropes, others clinging to stumps of broken trees or grappling the rocks with iron hooks, cut away so much from the living rock that they excavated a chapel—which they walled round; within they erected an altar, whereon they placed the statue of Our Lady, and called it, from its situation, 'Our Lady of the Pass.' From that time forward, the rocks settled and became firm and solid, so that never again did they crumble and fall beneath the feet of travellers. As you, my son, were precipitated from so great a height

with the entire rock and the tree upon which you rested, I think it your duty, when you shall have recovered, to visit the 'Madonna of the Pass,' to whom you owe your escape from destruction in your fall."

In the mean time, Aser progressed rapidly towards his recovery, and the faith daily took deeper root in his heart: Father Cornelius, therefore, after examining him minutely in Christian doctrine, and finding him well instructed, determined no longer to delay the administration of the sacrament of eternal life. Aser having requested him to conduct the rite in such a manner that the hospitable and pious family might not be made aware that they had harboured a Jew in their house, the Father sought some means of performing it with the deepest secrecy. None of the shepherds, as was before related, had any knowledge of the aged priest's place of concealment; but choosing two old men and imposing secrecy upon them, he took them to the cave and led them through the winding labyrinth of passages into the spiral-shaped ascent, which opened into his own narrow grotto. He appointed the following night as the time of meeting, and dismissed them.

Annetta afterwards arrived with the usual supply of food, and he said to her: "My dear daughter, Aser has already gained so much strength that he will be able, to-morrow night, to come with you as far as the mouth of the cavern, where I will wait for you; you will leave him with me and return, and tell your mother that I will bring him back about midnight. May God bless you, my little Annetta, and recompense your charity." The day after he arranged everything in his grotto ready for the baptism. Near the lamp he suspended a crucifix, and beneath it an image of the Madonna; upon a projecting ledge of rock, he placed the small vessel that contained the holy oils, the salt, and the cotton; and on the other side the small font, and a shell wherewith to pour the water.

Aser rose at a very early hour, and Madeline, hearing him moving, saw him, through the door, which she pushed a little open, on his knees before a *Madonna Addolorata*, that hung near his bed, with his eyes fixed upon it and filled with tears that coursed down his face; and she withdrew, weeping also herself with sympathetic emotion. When the children rose he wished to say the morning prayers with them; and with Trude and Ilda he repeated the mysteries, the commandments, the explanations of the creed, the sacraments, and the works of mercy. He then went into the garden, and walking about in a contemplative mood, he gave frequent utterance to certain exclamations, which were heard in the house; and Trude, gathering some roses, ran and presented them to him with a coaxing air, in order to banish the sorrow and melancholy which she thought was still oppressing him; but when he caressed her with smiles, she jumped and played round him with joy. At dinner, also, seeing him scarcely taste anything, they all pressed him to eat, offering now one thing, then another, with a thousand marks of affection; while Madeline silently

reflected upon this change, in which she thought she perceived some extraordinary emotion, arising from some secret and mysterious occurrence, which she could not penetrate.

At night, Annetta made a sign to him to be in readiness to set out; he went in to Madeline, and told her that this visit to Father Cornelius gave him unspeakable joy; he took her hand, which he pressed and kissed, letting fall a tear of gratitude upon it, which threw the pious lady into extreme agitation. After they had left the house, and were winding through the forest, Aser said from time to time to Annetta: "Pray for me; oh, how merciful is our dear Lord!" And she prayed, shedding tears of emotion, she knew not why, but she felt her heart gently lifted up to God. They at length reached the mouth of the cavern. Father Cornelius advanced with a calm step, greeted and thanked the good conductress, took Aser by the hand, and conducted him in silence from cave to cave, from passage to passage, until arriving at the spiral ascent they wound up it and stood upon the threshold of the happy grot, in which he was about to be regenerated in Christ. There they found the two old shepherds, to whom the priest said, as they stood with a serious and devout air: "My sons, it is the will of God that this fortunate youth should rise from this sepulchre to life everlasting; here, in this hiding-place, in this silence, amid these rugged rocks, the angels of God have descended, encircling the Holy Spirit, who is about to infuse himself into the blest soul. He is not yet baptized, and you will be his sponsors and the witnesses at the holy font. Let us kneel and pray for divine aid." Then, after a short exhortation, in which he repeated the instructions which he had given Aser on the preceding nights, he put on his stole, and performed the usual ceremonies and exorcisms, concluding with these questions:

"Cornelio, Aser, Mary, dost thou renounce Satan and all his works?"

"I renounce them." Full of holy indignation he added, "And together with Satan, I renounce the diabolical oaths of the secret societies, their wicked object, and the iniquitous and perfidious means which they use to attain it; I disclaim, recall, break, trample upon, abhor, and abjure every promise, and bond, and sacrilegious oath which I have given in the conventicles of the impious, the enemies of God and man."

The two mountaineers, at these words, were struck with fear, but the priest in a louder tone continued: "Dost thou believe in God the Father Almighty, creator of heaven and earth?"

"I do believe."

"Dost thou believe in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord, who was born and died for us?"

"I do believe."

"Dost thou believe in the Holy Ghost, in the Holy Catholic Church, in the remission of sins, in the resurrection of the body, and in life everlasting?"

"I do believe."

"Wilt thou be baptized?"

"Yes, I will," Aser replied.

Father Cornelius baptized him according to the rites of the Church; and then embraced him with paternal affection, inscribed his name in the baptismal register, caused it to be signed by the witnesses, and said, while he shed tears of joy: "Ah, why, instead of two witnesses, who may not even proclaim what they see, have I not here present all the Cantons of the Forests, and besides them, which would be still better and more salutary, all the Radicals of Switzerland? Why do they not comprehend how sweet it is to come to Christ, to be sanctified by his grace, to be strengthened by the Holy Spirit, to be clothed in the white robe of innocence, and to quench their thirst in the divine waters of eternal life? Wretched men! who, baptized almost all, yet abjure Christ to dedicate themselves to the devil! Christ made them free, with the freedom of the sons of God; they themselves, exchanging so exalted and noble a liberty for the carnal liberty of brute beasts, render themselves the slaves of Satan, and with him they wage a mortal warfare against the Church, and against every order, human and civil."

The holy and venerable old man took Aser by the hand, and conducted him, with the two old shepherds, to the mouth of the cavern, where he dismissed the latter with many blessings, and then accompanied the neophyte to the house of Madeline, which they reached considerably before midnight. Annetta, who had begged of her mother to permit her to wait for the return of Father Cornelius, presented herself modestly before them, and offered her guests some refreshment, whereupon the father said, in high spirits: "Oh yes, yes, my good daughter, you do well to bring us some restoratives that will serve as supper, for, you know, we can make no other kind of supper in my tomb." The two ladies saw in their eyes and countenances such radiant joy that they were amazed; but they had not the courage to ask the reason of it. The priest again turned with a smile to Annetta: "Now, you sacristan," said he, "will see that the altar be prepared to-morrow night, for I am coming to say mass and to give communion, as it is the last of the month of Mary, and we ought to return thanks to her for the recovery of Aser, and repay you with the celestial banquet for the hospitality and charity which you have extended to him; it is now necessary that he should return to his own affairs."

Those good Christians were filled with sorrow by this news; they even shed tears at the thought that Aser was to leave them so suddenly, and used so many entreaties that at length he yielded and agreed to remain there two days longer. When he had promised this, Father Cornelius took his leave, and all the others retired to rest; but Aser was inundated with such a flood of spiritual joy that he watched the greater part of the night in prayer and in sweet aspirations to the divine bounty, which had saved him from the death of both body and soul, by the paternal ways of his divine providence. During the following night he attended mass and received communion from the hand of Father Cornelius; and such was his emotion that his tears

flowed incessantly the whole time, moving the hearts of the bystanders, and particularly of old William, who after mass exclaimed: "Oh Mother of God, the hope and protectress of the Catholic Cantons, render our youth as fervent as this our guest, and we shall fear neither the anger nor the cruel tyranny of the Radicals!"

Annetta had prepared a bed also for Father Cornelius, and besought him to pass the remainder of the night, and the following day with them; let him not hesitate; the Madonna would guard him in safety from the snares of the Radicals; Wolfgang should beat the forest; while Edward should watch round the house, and they all would be on the alert; and as a last resource, she had a safe retreat behind the hayloft, where it would not be possible for human eye to discover him."

"Say, rather," replied the Father, "that God would hear your innocent prayer; moreover, it will afford me so lively a consolation to be able to enjoy a few hours with Aser, who is so soon to leave us, with full confidence in Our Lord, I will remain with pleasure." The ladies then retired to rest, and Father Cornelius remained conversing with Aser during a great part of the night, instructing him in those wise maxims, which were to serve as his guide in leading a Christian life, and which Aser noted down in a small pocket-book. "Father," then said Aser, "I know full well the treachery of the sect, which has sworn the death of every one who, for whatsoever reason, withdraws from it; and with tenfold vengeance against those that leave it to return to a Christian life. I have known cases of cruelty and atrocity, such as surpass that of wild beasts, perpetrated against many, particularly against the young, who, throwing off all restraint and drinking freely in places of amusement, speak at random to their companions, and betraying now one and now another of the criminal secrets of the society, relying upon the secrecy of friends; when at the moment when they suspect the least, the dagger of an assassin overtakes and despatches them. One of the initiated, if seen in company with a zealous and learned priest, is considered guilty of a high crime of treachery; and a noble-minded and generous young man of my acquaintance, who, although he had attained a high grade in the society of Young Italy, was accustomed, when at his villa, to walk arm-in-arm with an old man of eighty, the arch-priest of a cathedral, but he was waylaid by an assassin, who from behind a hedge fired a pistol at him, as he was walking alone in the evening, and he fell dead on the spot. But why should I descend to particulars? I, who, on account of the duties assigned me, have been admitted to my unspeakable misfortune, to the darkest mysteries of the sect, know by my own certain knowledge, that only as it were by a miracle, shall I be able to avoid death by the dagger, by fire, or by poison."*

* In the "Memoirs of Leonello," which serve as an appendix to the Jew of Verona, the iniquitous mysteries of the secret societies are practically laid open, and also the means which they possess to terrify and destroy those that abandon them, to become converts to the Church.

"But what man living," asked the priest, "can watch you so narrowly as to discover that you have abandoned the execrable society? Bury the secret in your own heart; that is enough."

"It would not be enough were I to bury myself for life in your tomb; they are lynx-eyed; everything is clear, open, and manifest to those angels of Satan. My sudden departure from Hungary during the war, and my arrival in the cantons of the Sonderbund, could not be concealed from those subtle observers; and while we are at this moment speaking, who knows how many are perhaps watching my steps and lying in wait for me!"

"My son, place your confidence in God; do not, as the apostle says, make your life more precious than yourself; fear not those who may slay the body, but who cannot kill the soul. Be upon your guard; preserve yourself in the grace of God; offer yourself to him every morning and every evening, and live in peace."

"Not only, my father, do I feel no fear, but I should esteem myself happy to incur the hatred and the vengeance of the wicked; and I have resolved to live openly and loyally as a Christian, happen what may. I beseech you to pray for me, and accept the eternal gratitude which I owe you, for saving my life, and infinitely more for that eternal salvation which in your charity you have opened for me, and may Our Lord Jesus Christ bestow upon you a reward equal to your deserts."

The holy old man then threw himself upon Aser's neck, and embraced him paternally, and blessed him with tears in his eyes. They then retired to obtain a short repose. That day was a holyday for the whole family; but when night came, Father Cornelius, unable to support the grief and emotion of parting from Aser, went out secretly, and entering the path which led through the forest, he reached the cavern, and retired into his hiding-place. But who could describe the sorrow and tears of the noble entertainers of Aser, when two days afterwards he took his leave, the caresses of the boys, the endearments of Ilda and Trude, the silent weeping of Annetta, and the sighs of Madeline, who seemed to be losing her best-beloved son? Old William, pressing him to his bosom, said to him, "Aser, thou hast brought a blessing upon my family: go—may God be with thee, may the Blessed Virgin protect and shield thee, more from the friendship than from the enmity of the impious: thou art young, brave, and bold; enrol thyself in the ranks of the defenders of the Church, swear in thy heart eternal hatred and war against the dogmas of impiety: the wicked are unhappy!"

Aser promised to return from Schweitz to see them again; he accepted, to the distance of a league, the company of Wolfgang and Edward, and then bade them adieu, in order not to take them too far from home. On arriving at Schweitz, he found letters awaiting him, that had been sent from Lucerne, and among them was the one which Mimo had written in Geneva, to inform him of his arrival with Bartolo, Alisa, and Lando, all which it is unnecessary to say made his heart bound with joy. He wrote back immediately to his friend,

relating to him the descent of the crag, his fall, and miraculous escape in the torrent, together with all their consequences. He concluded by assuring him, that before the middle of June he would go to see them, and by praying that he would give, with his humble devoirs, the enclosed note to Alisa.

When Mimo gave the letter into the hand of Alisa, she was taken by surprise, and blushed and grew pale by turns, and hastening to her father, she requested permission to open it. When she saw the signature of Aser, she remained some moments in deep thought, with scarcely courage to read the letter. At length, with a beating heart she read as follows :—

“DAMIGELLA,—

“I feel assured that you will be greatly astonished at my boldness in writing to you ; but I profess myself so deeply indebted to you, that I should look upon myself as the most ungrateful of men, did I not confess to you the deepest gratitude that my heart is capable of conceiving. Alisa, you presented to me in Rome a gold medal, requesting me to wear it in remembrance of your rescue from the midst of the crowd in the forum of Trajan. I received it as the dearest of pledges, and I have never laid it aside for a single moment. But the image of Mary, which it bore impressed upon it, has been a most powerful shield in a thousand dangers, and singularly so in a fall, which I met with among the craggy heights of the Alps. The rock on which I stood crumbled beneath my feet, and precipitated me into a profound torrent, from which I was saved by the unparalleled charity of a holy priest ; and to that fall I owe the knowledge of eternal life.

“Alisa, will it be denied me to discompose, for one moment, the peace, the candour, and the piety of your beautiful soul, that I may afterwards cause it to taste that joy, of which it is capable, in the innocence that embellishes and makes it radiant with the light of God ? Will you forgive me, Alisa, if I confess that, besides being a Jew by birth, I was an impious enemy of God ? You grow pale, you tremble, the paper falls from your hand with terror and indignation. Alas ! bear with me a little longer, that I may tell you that, thanks to you and to the Divine mercies, I am a Christian and a penitent, that I am torn with anguish, and consumed with the deepest sorrow, and that I weep with the bitterest tears when I consider my tempest-tossed life, and the studious pursuit of evil in which I have spent my past years. I am now a Christian, Alisa, I am a Christian ! I also participate in your hopes, in your desires, in your sacraments, in the communion of saints, in the joy of our Lord.

“Until now, my life has been spent in the desolation of remorse, troubles, hatred, rancour, and rage ; despising within myself, beneath the veil of a refined and gentle exterior, both heaven and earth, God whom I knew not, and men who were the object of my scorn ; now I am reconciled to myself, and I behold things in a different light ; and among mankind, I find that true brotherly love, which the sects, ever sounding the word with their lips, utterly detest in heart.

"Alisa, may you enjoy the fruit which you have sown, and which, I am certain, you have watered with your tears, nourished with your vows, and strengthened with your prayers; for my heart tells me, that without such succour, I could never have arisen from the depths of sin to a state of such exalted excellence. May God supply a thousandfold the deficiency of my grateful thanks; yet such is the security that possesses me, in your kindness, that I now turn to you to ask another favour.

"After my fall, bruised in every joint, and in an agony of pain, I was hospitably received by a generous family, in which the oldest daughter was of your own age and candid disposition, and she watched over me with the tender care of the most exquisite charity. I am desirous to show myself grateful in some manner; but delicacy not permitting a reward in money, or in objects of value, for the family is wealthy, I wish at least to offer to her some present, which will be an object of interest to one of her tender devotion. Have you a reliquary, or a beautiful miniature in ivory of the Madonna, or a rosary blessed by the Pope? Do not regret to deprive yourself of them, for the love of God, who will recompense you largely. I will come for them before long. May I not be forgotten in your prayers! I pray you, to offer my heartfelt respects to your father, and believe me from my heart,

"Ever yours—ASER."

Alisa was scarcely able to read the last lines of this letter through the tears that suffused her eyes, and such was the violent agitation of her heart, that she almost succumbed under the excess of joy, compassion, admiration, and the conflicting emotions that tumultuously agitated her breast. No sooner had she read it, than falling upon her knees before an image of Our Lady of Mercy, which she had in her little private study, she poured forth to her the thankfulness of her heart for this joyful news, and for the graces which the Blessed Virgin had obtained for Aser, and she prayed to her, to obtain for him still greater proofs of the ineffable sweetness of the love of God. Then rising, she ran to her father and to her cousins, and gave them the letter, watching in their countenances each sign of wonder and rejoicing, such as she experienced in her own heart.

This gave rise to a long conversation, and provoked numerous remarks, particularly from the two young men. Mimo reasoned upon it as something most extraordinary, when he recalled to mind the haughty and scornful temper of Aser, which gave little promise of so sudden a change; but Lando replied: "If he were haughty and scornful, yet there shone in all his actions a spirit so noble and magnanimous, so deep a sense of uprightness, candour, and loyalty, in every word and deed, that so sublime a resolution was not a subject for astonishment. Do you remember during the war, Mimo, what indignation seized him at the sight of the baseness, cowardice, and disgraceful actions of so many of those who had assumed the cross? Now I understand why he so often said, without further explaining himself:

'That cross weeps upon your breasts, and they who disbelieve in it honour it more than you.' And when the conversation turned upon any of the victims of assassination in the cities of Italy, he groaned with horror, and exclaimed loudly against such a baseness and atrocious fury, so unworthy of Italians, and of brave and honourable men. But when he heard the incessant blasphemies of the legionary troops, and especially of the horrible curses against Jesus Christ, and against his blessed Mother, he shuddered, and called these tongues the tongues of demons, and he abhorred and detested such abominations."

Mimo entirely agreed with Lando on the subject of this natural rectitude and greatness of mind of Aser, and Bartolo was greatly pleased and encouraged. Alisa, in the mean time, was revolving in her mind the request of the neophyte; she searched among her jewellery, and found a splendid and rich bracelet of gold grains, which had, instead of a gem at the clasp, an exquisite cameo of oriental shell, representing the Pope, and another bracelet of grains of lapis-lazuli, which formed a decade of the rosary, and the image of the Our Father was an opal of admirable hue. She had, besides, chaplets of cut coral, others of red jasper, with large turquoises and amethysts for every tenth grain, small gold crucifixes, and a beautiful miniature of the Madonna Dolorata, in a setting of filigrane. All of them had been blessed by the Pope; and, depositing them in a beautiful casket of red morocco, she stored them up for Aser. When this was done, she immediately hastened to Sister Clara, to communicate her joy to her, and to beg of her to pray that the new Christian might prove himself worthy of so sublime a gift of grace; that he might preserve the purity of the spotless robe of innocence, received in baptism, and that God would shield him from every danger of mind and body. Ah, poor Alisa! much need had she to pray, and to obtain the prayers of others, for this last favour, and more, perhaps, for herself than for Aser! Was it inspiration or presentiment? Was it the trepidation of love, or the solicitude of charity? It was, perhaps, a compound, a result of all those noble feelings.

CHAPTER LV.

THE FINALE OF THE SECRET SOCIETIES.

WHEN Aser had despatched certain affairs in Schweitz, he visited with great devotion the sanctuary of Our Lady of the Hermitage; he there caused a mass to be said in thanksgiving for the signal grace bestowed upon him by the Holy Ghost, and for his accession to the faith; he received the body of our Lord, and drew from it a comfort and an unyielding resolution and firmness of spirit, whereby to invest himself

with the exalted habit of Christian virtues. As he was leaving the church, an aged woman of the Alps a second time accosted him. While he was in the church she had approached him, in an humble attitude, to ask an alms for the love of the Madonna, and Aser, with a look of kindness, drew out his purse, and placed a "scudo" in her hand, saying: "Sister, pray for me." She raised her sparkling eyes to his countenance, and said, in a clear, strong voice: "Be firm, my dear sir, waver not,—Christ awaits you,—the last beat of the heart to Christ, for Christ, and in Christ,"—she said, and rapidly, and with a firm step, she re-entered the church, and sunk upon her knees in a corner, before an image of Mary.

Aser, at that animated countenance, that bold act, those words of decision, was astonished, and stood motionless, studying their meaning; but, the more he reflected, the more their sense became mysterious; at length, turning to a lady who stood there, holding her little daughter by the hand, he asked her who was that poor, aged woman, with whom he had just spoken.

"Poor to me," replied the lady, "but not poor to you! She is the aged Valburga, who, for thirty years, has watched incessantly before the altar of Our Lady, and leaves it only at night, when the sanctuary is closed. She distributes to the poor all the alms that are given her, and she herself lives on bread and water, and sleeps upon straw in a stable: she is a saint, you must know, a saint; a godly soul, who has revealed to the Cantons of the Forest all the iniquities, the sacrileges, and the persecutions of the Radicals. Father Cornelius of Alpnach knows it, and comes frequently to the Hermitage to consult her, and she tells him every single thing, I assure you. Now it is not known where that holy priest is, and the Radicals are seeking him, to put him to death, but Valburga told him distinctly and positively: 'They shall not touch a hair of your head.'" Aser was deeply affected; he went back into the church to ask her to give him some explanation of her words, and, after a short search among the crowd of people, he found her kneeling in a corner, with her eyes fixed upon the image of the Blessed Virgin, her countenance inflamed with love, and bathed in tears, while she was so deeply rapt in spirit, that when he stood before her, and called her in a low voice: "Valburga! oh, Valburga!" she gave no answer. Whereat, the young man, filled with profound reverence, retired, and once more approaching the altar, and renewing his offering of himself to the Most Holy Virgin, he begged her blessing, and departed from the church with his heart filled with a consolation which was incomprehensible to himself. As he rode back to Schweitz, he broke into continual aspirations, saying, full of love: "Oh! Mary, I joyfully offer you not one, but a thousand lives, that you may receive me into the fortunate number of your servants!"

A few days after this event, he set out to visit his old friends, Mimo and Lando, to whom he had written, that before he could go to Geneva, he must pass a few days at Vevey, to attend to certain affairs there; therefore, on arriving at Lausanne, he stopped at the Gibbon Hotel with the intention of proceeding on the following day to Vevey. It

was already the hour of dinner, and Aser, who was in the next apartment, was one of the first to enter the dining-room. While he stood near the table, the other guests entered, and each one took his place; but he had no sooner taken his seat, than turning to the right he saw, seated beside him, a young Saxon, with whom he had been at Dresden, and afterwards at Berlin, on terms of familiarity. Whereupon, drawing his attention by a shake with his elbow: "Why, Caius Mucius, what are you doing here?"

The other, with an air of surprise, looked as if he had almost forgotten him: "How!" said he, "you here, Aser! I thought you were in Hungary."

"What wonder?" added Aser; "you know I have no resting-place: I run where I am needed."

"Bravo! a more expert and active agent than you, could not be found among a thousand. After dinner, we'll have a cigar together."

They then began their dinner with a good appetite. Aser looked round, and saw seated round the large table a numerous company, who towards the end of the meal each turned to converse with his neighbour, some in English, some in Russian, others in French, Italian, Spanish, and other languages, when, casting his eyes sideways to the far curve of the oval table, he thought he discovered features that were known to him; he gave a sign to Caius Mucius: "Look yonder in the eighth place on my left, does not that seem to you very much like our Appius Mamilius?"*

"It is, positively, he," replied Mucius; "what in the world can have brought him here? Look at him, with that great ragged beard of his, and that long face, with its tragical, abstracted air; I'll bet he's now composing some drama on Richard Cœur de Lion, or some Runic spectre in the enchanted forests of Scandinavia. What an original!"

Hereupon all rose from the table, and Mucius glided on tiptoe behind Mamilius while Aser said: "Appius, who blinds you?"

"They are certainly not velvet hands: they're made of sole leather, and they smell of tobacco;" and shaking himself loose, he looked with an air of amazement at Aser and Mucius. "Lucifer himself couldn't have guessed it," he cried. "What are you two doing here, and where did you fall from?"

"From the seventh heaven, said the friends.

"From the heaven of Beelzebub," replied Mamilius, "you couple of gallows-birds; really, what sweet angelic visages! Well, well! hand me a cigar, and let us go out upon the balcony."

"Better in the garden," said Mucius.

"Well, in the garden, then, in the bower of golden jessamines." So saying, they went out to smoke in the cool shade of the solitary recess. When they had taken their seats round a table of grey marble, upon seats of iron network, Aser, turning to Mucius: "Tell me, ought you

* It has already been remarked, that the "Illuminés" of Young Europe often give each other fictitious names, drawn for the most part from the histories of the republics of Greece and Rome.

not to be in Rome, by the side of Mazzini, to give information to the Committee of Prussia; how do you happen to have come here, now that the pot boils so gloriously in the Capitol?"

"Yes, it boils so furiously that it boils it over, and dashes the dust and ashes into the eyes of those that approach to stir the fire."

"Well, but Mazzini handles the ladle; and he'll skim off the froth, and well for him!"

"The froth, ha? Why, yes; and I can tell you there is not a more dexterous skimmer between here and India; with one hand he wields the ladle, with the other the sceptre. He skims off with it all the corn that exists in the broad lands of the Roman State, and every article of gold, silver, and precious stones from the churches of Rome and the strong boxes of private individuals; he skims away with such diligence and vigour, that he has men digging and searching in the gardens, in the cellars, and even in the common sewers; he crumbles and tears down walls, breaks up pavements, uncovers sepulchres, and rummages in the charnel-houses of the cemeteries, among the piles of bones, ever in the hope of finding treasures buried by the Romans. In the mean time, he presents an equivalent to the citizens in the shape of bank-notes, beautifully designed, and bordered with a thousand arabesques and flourishes, within which are printed, 'a hundred dollars,' and so on down to fifties, tens, and ones: and because the old worn coin is of good and pure silver, he grabs that also, and in the place of such rubbish, he manufactures notes of forty cents, and down to ten, wherewith it is delightful to see the republican people running to the breadshops and to the taverns for bread and wine, and finding that the baker and the tavern-keeper can't give them the remaining six cents out of their notes, away they go with a volley of 'accidenti' against '*King Mazzini*.'"

"What king do you speak of? Is he anything more than a Democratic Triumvir? If Mazzini heard that, it would be woe to you."

"Well, you are about right. Mazzini has democracy upon his tongue, and royalty in his heart; and it shows itself upon his face, for he wears in it a look of such gravity and majesty, his step is so slow and dignified, his person so erect, and both in his movements and in repose he seems so full of firmness and grandeur, that you would suppose him—be it spoken with reverence—the Napoleon of Rome; and he looks upon himself as something far above Napoleon. 'Napoleon,' says he to his friends, 'rose to empire by carnage and bloodshed; Montenotte, Arcoli, Rivoli, and Marengo, know it; but I reached the summit of the State, called to it by acclamation; elected first Roman citizen, and then created Triumvir, I need not envy Charlemagne, who was declared a patrician by the same people!'"

"Oh, prodigious! Could a man show a more profound humility and modesty than that? Oh! King Peppe Mazzini is truly worthy of the iron crown! Do you remember when, under the name of Strozzi, he published at Rome, in German, Italian, and Polish: 'We men of progress and liberty, believing in the equality and brotherhood of all

men; that the association can be truly and freely constituted only among *equals*, since all inequality necessarily involves a violation of independence; that *Liberty*, *Equality*, and *Humanity*, are sacred, etc., etc.' Do you remember?"

"We remember it perfectly well; but Mazzini seems to have forgotten it."

"Exactly: only give him a crown, and he would play the king with the best of them. More than once, Junius the Pole, Brutus the Creole, Lucius the Bavarian, and I, who, you know, were the secret envoys of our respective assemblies to Mazzini, went early in the morning to visit him, in the splendid palace that he occupies in Rome, and sometimes addressed him in behalf of our own friends: 'I recommend to you such a one,' one of us would say, 'give him a good office in the police, or on the bench: you are acquainted with his deserts, as a member of Young Europe.'—'I cannot, brother,' he replied; 'the Republic must consider the Romans.'—'How? You cannot! You are omnipotent; your modesty and discretion limit themselves to the title of triumvir; but in reality you are the *King of Rome*.' Thereupon, our friend Peppe relaxed the gravity of his countenance into a smile, and raising his hand to his head, as if to feel if the diadem were not really there, and then lowering it to stroke his beard, he gave his reply with a royal mien: 'We will see; we will reflect; we will do.'"

"You are still as comical as ever, I see."

"No, I assure you, I am serious. It is a positive fact; and on all occasions when he is addressed as king, or as 'Your royal majesty,' he seems to accept it as the sweetest morsel that could be offered to him. There is a certain commissary, the royal arm of Mazzini, who for every priest that he causes to be quartered, demands as his reward the silver chandeliers and candlesticks stolen from the churches: 'I have removed an enemy from before you,' says he: 'you are our king, you have the authority to give me those sacristy baubles:'—and, says Mazzini, 'Take them, and demean yourself valiantly.' Be assured, that between him and Zambianchi, they effectually prevent every young priest that falls into their clutches from ever again leaving San Callisto. I must also tell you, Aser, that I embroiled myself terribly with Mazzini, precisely for the sake of a priest, who was on friendly terms with the family with which I lived; and who having fallen into the hands of two of Zambianchi's scoundrels, I was advised of it, and ran immediately to Mazzini, to beg of him, as a favour to me, to spare the life of the unfortunate man:—what do you think he said? 'Mucius, he will be one victim more sacrificed to the Republic: I cannot attend to such fooleries.'—'How fooleries? Ah, the life of a citizen, who is led to be butchered, does it weigh nothing against your crown?'—and turning indignantly away, I flew to San Callisto, where, by means of a heavy bribe, I delivered him from the hands of those two ferocious beasts, and conducted him to a place of safety. These are horrors, my friends; and Rome dances in the midst, like one that is drunk and mad. I am now on my way to Berlin, where I will give a picture to the Committee of the state of things among the seven

hills. Behold the model of liberty and equality that is held up for the imitation of Europe! Poverty, fraud, tyranny, and bloodshed!"

"What wonder!" added Aser; "our leaders are all of the same stamp; they speak of liberty by the bushel, until it is theirs to give, when they shut it up under lock and key; and if they pretend to give it in words, it is like the liberty which a cat gives to a mouse when she holds it in her mouth; she lets it go upon the pavement, and counterfeits sleep; but let the poor little mouse but give a jump, and the cat bounds upon it, and devours it."

"There is abundant reason for what you say," interposed Mamilius, who until that moment had smoked his cigar in silence. "Aser, you say justly, *'the leaders are all of the same stamp'*—villains, assassins, butchers of human flesh. We are here cordial friends, and I may speak without disguise; no treachery lurks in your thoughts. Let me tell you, then" (he here looked round and lowered his voice), "that the Committee of Wirtemberg, had ordered me to kill Publius Valerius, one of the boldest and most deserving promoters of Germanic liberty, as you are aware. Had I thought that there was just occasion for such a proceeding, I would, according to our oath, have slain him with all my heart; but they sought his death unjustly."

"What did they lay to his charge? He was one of the most furious supporters of 'The Sacred Alliance;' and it was he who went all the way to Astrachan to stab Caius Calphurnius, who had betrayed the secret; and who afterwards shot Veturius, in the public square of Dantzic, because he had told his wife to warn her brother to be on his guard, and to fly from the vengeance of the Committee, which had decreed his death."

"With them, my friend, merit is nothing; you know, moreover, that to his own, Valerius added the deserts of his father and of his grandfather; the latter was one of the first disciples of Weishaupt, and aggrandized, in Upper Germany, the society of the 'Illuminés,' of which we are the offspring. His father at a later period joined the 'Illuminés' of Russia, Prussia, and Bavaria; he was one of the most redoubtable conspirators against Napoleon, and to him in great part was due the defeat which Napoleon suffered in the pitched battle of Leipsic, when, drawing up his army in an immense square, Napoleon ordered a body of twelve thousand Bavarians to take up their position upon the brow of a hill, to protect him, instead of which the Bavarians turned their artillery against his square. Now, Valerius is of the most noble Thuringian extraction, but he was far from rich, his father having expended and squandered his large patrimony in the service of the sect; hence the brave young fellow sought to improve his fortune by marriage. He became engaged to a young lady of most noble endowments, who was, in addition, the heiress of immense wealth, in property and in specie, in the banks of the Hanseatic towns; but, as she was a Catholic, she imposed upon him, as a sacred condition of their marriage, that Valerius should bring up in the Catholic religion even their male children."

"Provided," interposed Caius Mucius, "the countships, palaces, and

funds became the property of the house of Valerius, what matter if the males as well as the females should go to mass?"

"It is a terrible matter to our paladins of liberty," replied Mamilius; "and such was their rage, that they represented, as a monstrous crime, what they called the betrayal of Valerius. 'You will see,' said they, 'that simpleton, vanquished by the allurements of his wife, become a Christian; he will kiss crucifixes and Madonnas, he will take into his house some dog of a priest, he'll mutter his prayers, and, to form a climax, will finally bring his holy water to sprinkle even us. Let the traitor die!' They drew lots, and I was appointed the executioner in that atrocious decree. I sought every means to excuse Valerius; 'he had so acted solely to secure the rich portion; his fidelity was intact; I would wager my head that he would never fail in his engagements: let them reflect upon the guarantee which he had given in the death of Calphurnius, whom he had tracked with such pertinacity even as far as Astrachan, and let them duly weigh the pressure of his necessities.' They replied: 'Fool! it is your place to obey, and not to make speeches to screen the guilty.'

"In the mean time, Valerius was travelling with his lady in Italy; and when he returned, at the end of several months, I suddenly received orders to sacrifice him to the hatred and suspicion of the sect, which had become more violent against him since they knew that he had been with his lady at Naples, and afterwards at Gaeta. 'For certain,' said they, 'for certain, this fellow has denounced us to the king, kissed the Pope's feet, and conspired with the cardinals for our destruction. Mamilius, despatch him, and see that it be done quickly.' He had removed from the city to a sumptuous castle of his wife's, there to spend the spring amid the pleasures of his gardens, parks, and groves; but he had scarcely reached it when, during a stag-hunt, he heated himself so excessively, that he was seized with a violent inflammation of the chest. It was precisely at the time of the commencement of this illness that I reached his residence, where I was courteously received by his lady, who is an angel of beauty, purity, and of every admirable virtue and accomplishment that become a lady of rank. I passed my days partly by the bedside of our friend, and partly in efforts to console the Countess Alessandrina. When the leading members of the committee learned that his malady was likely to prove fatal, they hastened to the castle under an appearance of friendly concern, and first one, and then another, kept watch in the sick chamber, to prevent any priest from being received, and to deter his lady from urging him to join the Catholic Church. The chaplain, who was an aged priest, was also unceasingly on the watch in the ante-room, and the countess held long colloquies with him, and never left him to go to her husband without first informing him of it. 'Pray, Don Norberto,' said she, 'pray, oh! if the Blessed Virgin would obtain for us this favour! Oh! I rely strongly upon her bounty.' She took no precautions against me, because she saw me converse freely with Don Norberto, who was a most zealous priest, and, moreover, he was deeply versed in natural history, particularly geology, in which he had made

great and profound investigations—a circumstance which increased the interest which I took in his conversation, in consequence of having made that branch of science a particular study for many years. One day, I was in the next room perusing a volume of Walter Scott, when the Countess Alessandrina entered into close conversation with Don Norberto, and complained that the Baron of Lands, and the physician, Guerard, never left the bedside of her husband, so that she found no opportunity of speaking to him on the affairs of his soul; and if she addressed to him a few words relating to God, sometimes the baron and sometimes the doctor interrupted her: ‘Countess, for the sake of charity, be silent; do not disturb him; his illness is dangerous; he needs repose!’ Then continued she: ‘My respected Don Norberto, I do all I can, but it is a great source of grief to me. Imagine! Unable to do any more, I have placed a medal of the Conception under his pillow, representing the Virgin as she appeared to the Jew Ratisbonne, and wrought his conversion to Jesus Christ. I also fill my pockets with relics, and, approaching his bed, I busy myself about him, apparently to arrange his bed or his pillows, and place them so that they touch him, and among them I always carry a piece of the holy cross, and a relic of St. Paul, the Apostle, which, you know, is his name. And to what stratagem do you think I have recourse to touch him with holy water? To sprinkle him would be impossible, to bless him with it equally so, therefore, before I go to him, I enter my little oratory, and moistening my lips with holy water, I then run and kiss his forehead, and, with that holy contact, I put to flight the evil spirits. Would that I could, in the same manner, scatter those false and cruel friends! But I hope, Don Norberto, I hope.’”

“Oh, that is truly a heavenly spirit!” exclaimed Aser, unable to restrain himself. “Oh, who would not be affected by such faith?”*

“I,” replied Mamilius, “confess my weakness; I wept, and swore, even should it cost me my life, that I would not slay Valerius. Therefore, as soon as the raging fever had taken a turn, he began to improve; and after he was fully convalescent, that rascally doctor and the baron returned to the city, and I remained alone to keep company with the Countess Alessandrina, who urgently invited me to do so. I helped her to read to Valerius those good books, which she occasionally brought to entertain him. When he had entirely recovered, I said to him, ‘Valerius, withdraw into France; the air of this place is not good for you.’ He understood my meaning; and set out to Paris, where I shall perhaps join him to guard him against the snares of the sect.”

The three friends, after their long tête-à-tête in the bower of the Gibbon Hotel, went out together to see the fine cathedral, and the new bridge that spans the narrow valley and joins the two sides of the city: and then returning to the hotel towards evening, Aser wished to take his leave of Mucius and Mamilius. “Adieu,” he said; “to-

* Aser was not the only one that was moved by this recital. I, the writer, who knew the Countess Alessandrina, was present in the ante-chamber of Paul when she narrated the above to Don Norberto; and I was unable to restrain my tears

morrow I embark on the steamer, which crosses from Beaurivage to Vevey."—"We also are going that way," said they; "we may travel in company."—"With pleasure," returned Aser. And they retired to their apartments. In the morning they were early on board the steamer, and started for Vevey. While they were seated smoking upon deck, Mucius said, "I should like to go and see the fine cascade of Pissevache, where, a few years ago, the heroes of Young Switzerland received such a check from the mountaineers of Upper Vallese."—"Oh, that is an excellent thought! I will go also; and you, Aser, do you take no pleasure in such beautiful views of nature?"—"I take the greatest delight in such sights; I will be one of the party." With this agreement they reached Vevey, where they betook themselves to the pleasant hotel of the "Trois Couronnes."

Aser went immediately to the post-office to see if there were any letters for him, and found those of Mimo and Lando, which were filled with felicitations; and within that of Mimo was enclosed one from Alisa. Aser received it with a thrill of pleasure. "A letter from Alisa!" he exclaimed. "Ah, I owe it to my conversion, to my being a Christian, and to having spoken of her beautiful Madonna!" He read the superscription three or four times over; then, before he broke the seal, he stopped to examine it with the reflection that it had been impressed by the hand to whom he owed his eternal salvation. He remarked that the device was an anchor, the stock of which was surrounded by a cross, entwined with the inscription, "To suffer with hope." "Yes, my God, who would not suffer willingly, if to the cross is attached such hope, if Alisa, so young and delicate a flower, hopes because she suffers? Ah, only the Christian can raise up the thoughts to such a height; he alone can so widely expand his heart, and feel it inflamed with the affections of a flame so pure." With such reflections, he opened the letter and read:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I cannot find words to express the joy and consolation that inundated my heart, when I read that you had thrown yourself into the loving and maternal bosom of the Church of Jesus Christ. Aser, I knew not that you were a Jew; I knew only that I owed you my life, and if that motive bound me to you in eternal gratitude, now that you have become my brother in Christ, that my faith brightly shines in your soul, that my hope smiles in your bosom, that in your heart burns the charity of the Holy Ghost, which I continually pray to Our Lord to grant me also, now my gratitude changes to sisterly love, to that celestial flame which unites all in the adorable heart of Jesus. Aser, love God, and every sacrifice will be sweet, pain will become pleasure, adversity will be a source of joy, because true peace exists only in God; that peace which exceeds every other good, and which lives within us only the more calmly and serenely when internal and external struggles and commotions assail us. You have encountered fatigues, trials, and perils of travel of an almost insurmountable nature, and you have plunged into labours and wars for the acquisition of a liberty which is slavery; henceforth, for the true and noble liberty of

the Christian heart, you will suffer with a magnanimous fortitude, that will secure for you the victory and the crown.

"Such is my earnest prayer; and candidly to confess, as to a brother, that which has been my unceasing request to God, never have I besought for you any other favour, than that your beautiful soul should learn to love him. God has heard me, and you now are his: to him be eternal benediction.

"Aser, father expects you at our place of abode: I am in the confident hope that when you reach Geneva, you will do us the favour of joining our little family, with the certainty of being received, not as a guest, but as a dearly beloved brother, and in every respect more than welcome. I hold in readiness the rosary beads and other objects of devotion; I hope they will be pleasing to your excellent Swiss friends, and be accepted as a pledge of your delicate courtesies and piety. Adieu!

"ALISA."

This letter filled Aser with uncontrollable emotion. "Aser, love God," she says to me. "Ah, yes, she loves him with a true love! Oh, my Lord, grant that I also may love you, and that, if possible, I may testify my love by the sacrifice of a thousand lives! I have a thousand times risked my wicked life for the iniquities of the infernal sects; it is just, that, now a penitent, I should set at defiance the rage of all the sects in the world." So saying, he felt himself animated by noble sentiments of self-sacrifice, mingled with ineffable consolation. Late in the evening, his friends knocked at his door:—

"Well, Aser, are we to go to-morrow to Pissevache?"

"As you wish," he replied.

Very early on the following morning they descended to the lake, and taking a small boat with four oars, they were rowed to Villeneuve, where on arriving, Mucius said: "You two enter the café a moment, while I look for a carriage." He thereupon took a turn round the square, and after speaking to several coachmen, he at length selected one: "There are three of us," said he, "and we want a close carriage to take us to the cascade of Pissevache; we must travel rapidly, for this evening we must be back at Vevey."—"Very well," replied the coachman, "it shall be done, and you shall pay me so much; hand me the earnest-money."—"Go and harness your horses and drive up to the café." Mucius joined his friends at the café, where he drank, with Mamilius, repeated drams of brandy, and the carriage having arrived, they all three entered, and it drove off. They rapidly crossed the beautiful lands of Aigle and Bex, and soon reached St. Maurice, where Aser said: "My friends, let us stop a few minutes to see the ancient temple, in which was buried the magnanimous leader of the Theban legion. I am impatient to see it. I have been told that it is an ancient temple, and that it contains a very fine painting that represents the saint in the costume of a Roman soldier."—"Do as you please," said they, "we ourselves take small pleasure in such old tattered remnants." Aser hastily entered the church, adored the blessed sacrament, and kneeling, offered up a short prayer to the saint, after which he quickly

rejoined his companions. About twenty minutes after, they reached, at a round turn, an avenue that led to a picturesque farm-house, standing upon a woody eminence that overhung the banks of the Rhone. Mammius opened the carriage door and called to the coachman to stop; whereupon he jumped out. "Don't leave your seat," said he to the coachman; "we two are going up to the farm-house; you drive on with our companion as far as the cascade of Pissevache, and when he has seen it, return with him and stop here to take us up; don't be afraid, we'll not keep you waiting; we have only to visit a friend of ours, and we'll be on the road here ready for you."—"Do as you like," replied the coachman, and Mammius closed the door, and the carriage proceeded on its way.

The roar of the water, falling from the high rocks of the mountain, had already become audible; its deafening din was repeated by the echoes of the valleys, and shortly after the mist, arising from the rushing foam which dashed upon the rocks, displayed, as the rays of the sun glanced from it, rainbows of the most brilliant colours, crossing each other, and commingling azure with orange, violet with green, with the most beautiful and ever-changing variation of tints. When, after crossing the little bridge, they were opposite the fall, and the silvery sheet of the descending stream stretched downward before them like a long robe, reflecting sparkling gleams and flashing jets of many-coloured light, the coachman drew up, and called to the stranger: "Here we are, sir, at the cascade." Hearing no answer he bent down from his box and looked through the window. "Why, the deuce, he's asleep!" said he, and tying the reins to the end of his box, he got down, opened the door, and saw a handsome young man with the peak of his travelling-cap pulled over his eyes and his chin almost buried in his clothes upon his breast. "Awake, sir, awake; we have arrived!" Still no movement. The driver placed one foot upon the step and lifted up the cap: "Oh God," he cried, "he is dead!"

It was the most unfortunate Aser, if such an epithet may be applied to that generous neophyte, slain in the full light of his faith, and in the brightness of his soul, pure and spotless from the baptismal waters which had cleansed it in Christ. The most piercing and most sagacious eyes of the sect, although, perhaps, they had failed to discover that he had become a Christian, had observed his disobedience to the orders of the infernal conventicles; they had watched his departure from Hungary, where he was, by the secret rules of his commission, to labour with the utmost activity, and his concealment in the Little Cantons. That Satanic eye had kept pace with him to Lucerne, to Uri, to Schweitz; it had seen him entering the churches and treating with new friends, and began to entertain the most serious suspicions respecting his movements; while he the least suspected it, he had been dogged through every step from Presburgh to Uri, as a young fawn that pastures tranquilly upon a hill-side sees not, amid the rugged rocks of the opposite mountain, the famished vulture that fixes its eyes upon it; and scarcely has it composed itself to ruminate with half-closed eyes, when

its destroyer is in an instant down upon it, grasping it in his talons, and with its hooked beak rending its side and tearing its heart.

The two murderers, who had followed his steps, had already taken every precaution to obliterate all traces of their flight, if indeed, in the territory of Vaud, under the communist government, which oppresses it at the present time, they did not receive assistance, guides, and directions in their escape. It was true that Mucius came from Rome and Mamilius was with him. What Mamilius had related of Valerius was also true, but it did not happen to that villain but to another not less infamous, who probably induced Valerius to travel, in order to overtake him with a revenge more secure than it would have been in Germany. Those two iniquitous wretches, as was subsequently brought to light by the Paris police, counterfeiting sleep, waited until Aser fell asleep himself, and making themselves sure of it, he who sat facing him stabbed him repeatedly through the heart, while he who sat by his side, at the first blow pressed his handkerchief upon his mouth, holding his head fast in the corner of the carriage. When they had ascertained that he was dead, they placed his legs firmly upon the front seat of the carriage, bolstered him up at the side with the cushions, and stopped the carriage at the place appointed. Above the cascade there were concealed among the bushes of a small wood, two horses; the deed accomplished, they mounted them, and crossing the mountains, they descended into the Ciabrese. Thence they passed through Vionnas, St. Gingolf, and Evian, afterwards emerging above Bonneville, through La Roche, and down through the valleys of Savoy, they made their way through Montmelian, along the banks of the Isère, into Dauphiny at Grenoble, and thence to Paris.

The day before this occurred, Bartolo said to his nephew: "Aser will, by this time, have almost reached Vevey; suppose we go to meet him?"

"It would be a real treat," replied Mimo and Lando. "Alisa, would you like to go? You can surely make up your mind to leave off for a few days those interminable conferences of yours with Sister Clara."

"Oh! as for me, I will go with the greatest pleasure in the world, nor will Sister Clara be opposed to it, for she is a good friend, and loves to see me divert myself. Listen to what that wicked joker, Lando, said to me. 'Do you intend to become a Sister of Charity?' 'With Sister Clara, eh?'—'Yes,' said Lando; 'for my part, I should turn coward at the terrible novitiate which she would make me undergo, for she seems to me much more like a grenadier than a nun.'"

With such innocent jests, they agreed to go on board the steamer early that morning, to sail the entire length of the lake, to land at Villeneuve, and to pass the night at St. Maurice, to visit that famous sanctuary. All this they performed. As they were returning from visiting the sanctuary of St. Maurice: "Why should we not go in the morning," said Mimo, "as far as the waterfall of Pissevache? You,

Alisa, who are skilled in drawing and painting, and who take such pleasure in beautiful scenery, will feel grateful for such a proposal."

"And why not?" said Alisa. "I do thank you sincerely; but I doubt if we shall be back in time for the steamer which crosses from Villeneuve to Vevey."

"Don't be uneasy about that," added Lando; "we shall have a good hour to spare, and even if we should be too late, with a small boat and four oars we shall be able to skim over the lake like swallows, in the same manner as we last crossed it, when we brought back with us Don Baldassare, who will be delighted to see us." On the following morning, Alisa wished to hear mass and receive communion at the altar of the Holy Martyr, where she prayed to St. Maurice, for herself, for her father, and for poor Aser, that he would infuse into his soul that invincible constancy that actuated him and his fellow-soldiers, in so nobly sacrificing their lives upon those plains, for the sake of Jesus Christ.

Poor young creature! you know not how timely came your prayers, of what benefit they were to that blest soul, with what vigour they inspired him during the short struggle, in which, with his heart transpierced, he had only time to murmur "Jesus!" as he gave up his spirit to God.

Alisa, on leaving the church, partook of a collation with the family, and then entered the carriage, anxious to reach the cascade at the moment when the sun, glancing upon it from one side, renders it more beautiful than at other times. As they arrived at great speed, they noticed a carriage standing in the middle of the road, and Lando said: "Here are some other foreigners come to enjoy so beautiful a spectacle. While you were still in your room, making preparations for our journey, I saw, from the windows of the hotel, that very carriage pass by, and it seemed full of travellers."

They were already near it, when they saw the coachman coming by himself to meet them, with his hands in his hair, pale as death, with eyes starting from his head, and horror in his countenance. "What's to do, Matthieu?" cried Bartolo's coachman, who knew the man. "What's the matter? Have you upset your travellers in the ditch?"

"Ah!" groaned the coachman. "Help, Pippon, help! I am undone!" Pippon drew up, and the other coachman reached them, panting for breath. "Oh, listen!" said he: "I was driving from Villeneuve three strangers, two of whom got out at Gerard's farm, saying to me,—'Drive with our companion to Pissevache, and as you pass here on your way back, you can take us up.' I got here and stopped; I called the stranger, but I got no answer. 'I believe he is asleep,' thought I; so I got down and opened the door. Oh, God! he was dead."

"Is it possible!" cried Pippon. Mimo and Lando jump out of the carriage, and Bartolo and Alisa follow them; the two young men run to see; they open the door, and draw back with a loud cry. Alisa, with trembling knees and with a heart beating violently with agitation,

also ran with Bartolo; and at the first glance into the carriage, they recognise Aser, with his head bent upon his right shoulder; but Mimo and Lando were already within the carriage, touching their friend upon the forehead and feeling his hands, with the hope that he had only fainted; then rapidly tearing open his clothes and opening his shirt upon his breast, they found that he had been pierced by nine blows of a four-edged packing-needle, or with a carpet-maker's awl, and beneath each wound there was but a single drop of coagulated blood. They pressed their hands upon his heart, to see if it still palpitated; but it had ceased to beat, although it was still warm; whereas, the forehead and hands were quite cold.

Alisa saw her medal suspended from the neck of Aser; but when she caught a sight of the wounds and the blood, she fainted, and fell insensible into the arms of her father, who, himself almost overcome, raised her from the carriage-steps upon which she was standing, and with the help of Pippon, carried her into their own carriage. Mimo and Lando groaned; "Uncle, all hope is past. We must now return to St. Maurice; let Aser's coachman follow us."

Filled with anguish, Bartolo cried aloud: "Alisa, my daughter, Alisa!" and Lando, running to the river, drew out some water in his hat, to sprinkle her with, while he exclaimed, with a voice broken with sobs: "Aser, ah, poor Aser!—When Alisa returns to herself—poor Alisa!—Ah, merciless wretches!—Ah, monsters!"*

THE CONCLUSION.

We cannot say of the "Jew of Verona" what might be said of many other works which have been conceived in the minds of the authors, embodied in form, clothed in style, and finally brought forth to light, full of life and vigour. The poor Jew came forth in detached portions, appearing every fortnight through the columns of the *Civitta Cattolica*, and going the rounds of Italy, embryo-like, produced many jocose remarks among the people. Some were distracted; they could neither

* This fact, true in all its minute circumstances, clearly shows the perfidy of the secret societies; and how, independently of the most grievous offence against God, and of the excommunication of the Holy Church, which deprives them of all communion with Christians, young men ought to tremble at the thought of enrolling their names in societies so cruel, from which, when once ensnared, there is no retreat without the sacrifice of life. Babette, who pursued Cestius through so many cities; Valerius, who tracked a victim from Breslau to Astrachan; the innumerable examples in Italy, in the years 1848-49, are an open school for the unceasing of so many unfortunate persons who live in tranquillity, with the sword of Damocles suspended point downwards by a hair over their heads.

"But the 'Jew of Verona' is a romance!" Would to God that it were! willingly would we then submit to be branded as liars.

see head nor front in it; they would put their hand to the eye, and collecting their sight, endeavoured to discover the end.

"Ah! he is a Jew! Yes, really, you can perceive the scent of the *Ghetto*.* Is this good taste? What an insult and stupid caprice,—a Jew!" While others, more sedate, would say,—

"Patience, my friends; a little patience, for charity sake! The author has no doubt a good end in view; it may be—who knows?—to put more than one Christian to shame. The curious may injure their heads in endeavouring to guess; but you know well that authors sometimes make use of certain arts, certain contrivances, to keep their readers in suspense, and to stimulate their appetites by delay. What will become of this Jew?—what will he make of it?—where will it end? These are our inquiries; and in the mean time we long for that blessed Saturday to come, that we may enjoy the luxury of reading it."

Others, who give themselves great airs, and pretend to be adepts in diplomacy, would say,—

"Ah, there is something lurking behind this!—some concealed design! It must be some political allegory!—hem!—Be on the alert!"

"What allegory?" another would inquire. "He speaks so clear, so limpid, and so round, that he is like the sonnet of the Capuchin nuns. You know the story. The Capuchins asked Berlandis, who was a poet, of course, to write a sonnet for the reception of a novice; they wanted it so clear that 'it might be understood by the sisters veiled in black, as well as those robed in white, that is, from the prioress down to the sister-portress. Poor Berlandis endeavoured to gratify them, and to serve them in the cleverest possible manner, and therefore ended his sonnet thus:—

" 'A sonnet clearer than this is, sisters, you will never find.'"

"This Jew also sings in the notes of the nightingale this same couplet, with this difference, however, that Berlandis received from the good nuns a proportionate reward, perhaps a basket of fruit or candies, whereas the poor Jew receives a shower of curses upon his head."

"As for this," said an old notary, who was seated in an apothecary store—"as for this, it avails nothing. The Jew also receives many blessings. Hear me. Shall we always view the world on the dark side? There are, thank God! good men in Italy yet; and if the wicked, the deluded, or the *moderates*, or those who are blind through rage, through fear, or simplicity, cry out at every breath against the Jew, there are many generous spirits who rejoice when they hear some frank and resolute individual call bread *bread*, and a glutton a *glutton*, as Boileau (may he be blessed), who said,—

" 'J'appelle un chat un chat; et Rolet un fripon.'"

"Softly, if you please," replied a young doctor; "softly, Mr. Paci-

* The Ghetto is the quarter of the city inhabited by the Jews.

fico; it is never allowable to speak ill of our neighbour, and to dart at him like a furious animal. Christian charity is patient, benign, amiable, and delicate, and kneaded with milk and honey. She shuts her eyes to evil, that she may not see it; when she hears blasphemy, she stops her ears; if an assassin approaches, she opens her bosom to receive his deadly blow; when she finds herself in the midst of insurrections, rebellions, and treacheries, she weeps, and is silent."

"You might add, Mr. Carluccio, that Charity shouts, 'Bravo! Well done! Oh dear!' Unfortunately for us, such charity as this is now sold in every market, at a farthing a pound, and we have it in abundance. But true charity is of a different character. Charity, unaccompanied by truth and justice, is either folly or cruelty. She weeps, and is silent, indeed! She weeps, poor creature, since you have almost exhausted her grief and anguish; but, be silent, ah! be silent! No, indeed, you shall never succeed in that. Just because she is Charity, she cries out to the people, who are blinded, deluded, and dragged along by falsehood, artifice, and treachery: 'Beware, beware! You are deceived; you are imposed upon; you are betrayed! Liberty is promised to you, but you shall have bondage; happiness is promised you, but death shall be your lot!'"

"Let her continue to cry," answered the doctor; "let her grow hoarse, and lose her voice at her pleasure, but let her not imitate this Jew. This man, not satisfied with general warnings, comes to a close combat; he names individuals, censures them, ridicules them, pierces them, and afterwards, to use the language of the *Italian Libera* of Genoa, dances round them, playing the castanet, makes mouths and contemptuous gestures at them in merriment, like an Iroquois round his vanquished foe. Is this charity?"

"Why not? Tell me, Mr. Carluccio, if you had a false friend, who bestowed on you a thousand caresses, who would pat you on the cheek, and avow the most lasting affection, and I knew that he had a poniard in his bosom which he intended to plunge into your heart the moment you turned from him, would you not be obliged to me if I said to you: 'Be on your guard, for that assassin intends to take your life?'"

"Undoubtedly I would, and thank you from my heart."

"You are candid, at least. Now, what difference is there between the assassin who attempts the life of a single individual, and those who attempt, by treachery and deceit, the death of nations. Is it not charity to put them on their guard, and to cry aloud to them, with all earnestness: 'Look out, good people; for these men carry a stiletto under their garments, with which they intend to pierce you to the heart.'"

"Pardon me, Mr. Pacifico; that should be done in general terms; warn them in a way sufficiently clear as to exhibit in full view the fallacies and fraud, but without naming the persons. But this Jew calls out: 'It is Pietro, it is Guiseppe, it is Terenzio.' It is really too bad to hear him."

"Ah! see what delicacy of conscience! But if Pietro, Guiseppe, and

Terenzio, had already set to work, and not satisfied with the havoc they had occasioned, they boasted of it publicly and triumphantly through the columns of a thousand papers, giving to the ruin and destruction they had occasioned the name of redemption, of resurrection, of public safety, of sovereign felicity, what harm if I call them by their proper names?"

"A very great harm, indeed, Mr. Pacifico; for it is true that they gave themselves notoriety through the press; but the Jew represents them in hideous shapes, applies to them epithets of *artful, fraudulent, traitors* of Italy, and almost describes them as coming from the lower regions to ruin the entire population of the earth. Here there is no charity, and the whole host of moralists cannot excuse him from sin."

"But, Carluccio, are you in earnest? The martyr, St. Polycarpus, the disciple of the Apostles, and one of the greatest lights of the Church, having met in the streets of Rome the heresiarch Marcion, the latter, with that boldness which is the characteristic of all demagogues, said to the Saint: 'Dost thou know me, Polycarpus?' And the martyr, who had neither read Diana nor Escobar, immediately answered: 'Yes, I know you to be the son of Satan.' See what an ugly word!—what a want of charity!—what a flagrant violation of decorum! And the followers of Marcion were scandalized at the Saint, just as the Mazzinians are scandalized at the Jew of Verona."

"You are going the rounds of the calendar, but with the saints I confess I am not very conversant; they have an etiquette of their own; but I say and maintain that this is no Christian charity."

"If this be the case, you will be kind enough to find me another in the gospel Mazzini, since ours is the charity of the Son of God, and of all the holy fathers, both Greek and Latin, who wrote folio volumes against heresiarchs, naming them in large capitals, and giving them titles, in comparison with which, the Jew of Verona is the quintessence of gentility."

"With heresiarchs it may be granted, but in our days there are no heretics."

"Ha! no heretics! How dear, how very dear, our doctor is! The world swarms with heretics, and the doctor does not see them. The fundamental heresy is that *the people are God; that between them and God there is no longer need of mediators; that the right of property no longer exists; that the people are the lord of all; that the Church is the people; that rebellion is the right of the people*. Such are the trifles that Pietro, Guiseppe, and Terenzio, are continually preaching to us, and we may add to these, by way of good measure, *liberty of thought, liberty of discussion, liberty of the press*."

And here the dispute might have continued, heaven knows how long, had not an advocate interrupted them, saying, Mr. Carluccio, did you observe that the Jew of Verona scrupulously avoids mentioning persons except those whose names are in print? Of the others, he speaks so darkly, that a person cannot understand to whom he alludes. That Bartolo, for instance, who is he? That Mimo, that Lando, that Polis-

sepa, and so many other characters in his narrative, go seek out their names if you can. You can see that the author has constantly in view a *special event* and a special person, but he veils him from the public eye,—and he is right. He to whom they apply says to himself: 'This is for me.' And who knows to how many they apply?

"About a month ago I had gone to visit a relation of mine, and I accidentally met the author of this wonderful Jew. I was struck with the appearance of a singular-looking personage, and I inquired of a person near me, 'Who is that pale and wrinkled little man?' 'That is the author of the "Jew of Verona,"' was the reply. I turned towards him a piercing look, and eyed him from head to foot, then mustering all my courage, with diffidence I addressed him, saying, 'You relate wonderful things to us in your Jew; no doubt you draw from the depth of your imagination. I see you are all mind, for of body you have but a small portion.'—'You are mistaken, sir,' he replied. 'In special cases, such as anecdotes and the like, there the credit rests with the author, who was an eye-witness to them, or heard them from reliable sources; but in questions that relate to Rome, you yourself, and the whole city, are witnesses of the truth of the facts. They are so public and so notorious, and developed under the eyes of so many thousands, that their truth cannot be objected to.'

" 'Oh, as for facts, we Romans can all bear witness to them.'

" 'And as for sayings,' replied the author, 'it ought to be the same. For, in the little dialogues in which Ciceruacchio, and such like characters, are introduced, I only repeat literally their fulsome speeches, their pleasant jests, their wise sentences, and acute syllogisms. If, afterwards, on finding them registered in the Jew, some may laugh, and call them foolish nonsense, nevertheless, they are what you yourselves have heard a thousand times, and which have been widely circulated in the public prints.'

" 'But they are uttered there in jest, and you have turned them into ridicule against their authors.'

" 'Oh, be quiet a little. No man who is possessed of a particle of humour could refrain from laughter. A facetious friend of yours sent me a catalogue of such phrases as *country, liberty, resurrection of Italy, shaking off the Croatian bondage, the gravity and dignity of the people, supreme position, national destiny, faith in futurity*, and such like high-sounding phrases, enough to fill a folio volume.'

" 'Well, I admit that these dialogues are true; but tell me, how did you get to know all about those spectres and grim furies which flew so frightfully around Babette, for she was alone? Really, you must be a poet, as I have heard other grave persons express it.'

" 'Wait a moment, I will clear your doubts. The wicked, whose souls are overwhelmed with anguish and bitter remorse, endeavour in every possible way to disburden themselves, and, therefore, to the first rogue they meet, they confide their secrets and ease their souls. Just so with Babette; proud and indomitable though she was, in the hospital she chanced to have some furious female friends near her bed, and, like good friends, they confided to each other the inward furies

that tore their souls, and from these the secret leaked out. Are you satisfied with this?

"Perfectly. But all unanimously agree that this *Babette* is a monster of your own fancy, and that *Cestius* was not assassinated at *Montréal*."

"It is well known that *Cestius* was assassinated and it matters little whether it were in one place or in another. We read a few days ago that a priest was assassinated at the very altar in the church of *Magounza*, while he was offering the holy sacrifice of mass, and that, too, in the presence of a multitude of people. The secret societies abound with more desperate characters like these than many good Christians are inclined to believe. That *Babette* was a real character may be learned from the public papers, which recently announced the arrest of two similar characters, who are now in prison. One of these, a young woman of about twenty-seven years of age, was taken in male attire, armed with a pair of pistols and a dagger, and then on her way to assassinate the venerable pastor of a neighbouring church. She boasted in the presence of the judge, that it was her firm purpose to murder the priest, and that if she escaped from his hands, she would yet accomplish her diabolical design. Is it possible to find greater constancy in crime?"

"And there is that *Ersula*, buried alive in that castle, by the unnatural cruelty of a brother. My God! who can credit that? We must have reverted back to the times of *Esau da Romano*."

"Be not surprised; every one will believe it, who is in the least acquainted with the wickedness of the secret societies; and learn, moreover, that this is the third instance of this kind of cruelty which has come to my knowledge, and one of these victims was comforted by me individually."

"Hence," continued the apothecary, speaking to the company, "after my interview with the author, I was satisfied."

"You should have asked him," resumed the lawyer, "if those horrid sacrileges committed during the midnight orgies, described in Chapter V., are really true. My goodness! is this the time to come out with the devilish stories of *Martin del Reo*, which nobody believes nowadays?"

"Exactly; I had almost forgotten the best part. Certainly I asked him, and very minutely, too. And he answered me with a sarcastic laugh: 'Of course; the devil has nothing more to do in our time.' Wherefore, seeing him somewhat changed, I was continuing to say: 'Truly, sir, pardon me; you undoubtedly wrote a little too seriously, and now I see you were joking. Yes,—in fact, they are frightful sacrileges. Abuse sacred things to such a degree! Perjure the worship due to God, to dedicate it to the devil! Utter blasphemies so nefarious and atrocious, to know how to utter them and to choose to do so, is itself even the peril of damnation. I understand it—they are wicked—but—'

"But what?" answered he. "I did not state in those pages, one-half of the abominations committed in these regions of the infamy."

But let inquiry be made, and the knowledge of those frightful crimes will come to light; the very houses in which they were perpetrated, may be pointed out. And, my dear sir, do you think that I am so unacquainted with the world, as not to know to how much talk, laughter, and mockery, I would expose myself in writing in that manner? But truth will finally prevail. Never did I endure more labour in my life than in endeavouring to withdraw one of these unfortunate persons from the depth of crime into which he had fallen. But he, like the world, was thrown into convulsions every time he heard the devil spoken of; hence, my labour was in vain.' There is something for you," continued the apothecary; and the conversation was thus protracted.

Observe in the mean time, how much talk in a single apothecary store. What must it have been throughout Italy? Some would say, that this Jew was a monster; his feet were placed where his head ought to be; his arms projecting from his middle; and he has not even a nose on his face. In fact, there is no uniting him: he is but fragments thrown at random."

"Not so," answered a poet; "I can see more truth in it than appears at first sight. All his art consists in drawing some unobserved distant threads, and joining them to the warp; he gives descriptions of places through which he passes in his travels; but in the whole narrative, he does not step out of his circuit, which is thrown within the years of '46 and '49."

Blessed be this good poet! He has, at least, tried to replace the head and arms of this poor Jew; otherwise, they would have torn it up.

Others protest against the obstinacy of the author for asserting, that his Jew is not a romance, but a narrative. "But this is wishing to deny evident truth; for you can discover the romance in it at every step. Don't one know that Bartolo and Alisa are poetical fictions, mere shadows, and dreams, that vanish into mist?"

One day the author of the "Jew" was walking alone down the Cherchi, when, lo! a prelate came up to him, and taking him by the hand said: "Oh, my dear sir, there is great murmuring going on against you; even in company of persons of high rank I hear it said, that you are amusing yourself at the expense of your readers; that Alisa is an adventurer; that Aser is a hero of your own imagination; and that Bartolo baffles all the researches made about him in Rome. What a strange idea is this of yours."

"Monsignore," replied the author, "there is more than one Bartolo walking the streets of Rome; let them search diligently, and they will find them. As for Alisa, she is only one of the many young ladies of Rome of her age, endowed with amiable qualities of mind and heart; beautiful, virtuous, and accomplished; the only daughter of a devoted father, who lives in affluence and ease."

"Indeed! And yet they regard her as a creature of your own, embodied under that name. But is it then true, that all you tell us, has happened to her?"

"One moment, monsignore. The characters of the narrative, with exception of public and well-known individuals, who are mentioned by name, are all true; but to give unity to the narrative, there are many things, true in themselves, attributed to them, which belong to others. In this, I have imitated the artists. They, in drawing the likenesses of a man and a woman, select two handsome personages in real life; and thus in a painting of Cleopatra, one of them would represent Anthony, and the other the queen of Egypt. And in the painting of Paolo and Francesca da Rimini, they are the same identical heads under the Italian costume of the Middle Ages. Now these heads are true and real, the fact which they represent is also historical, and they only vary in the dress, in the attitude, in the furnishings, in ornamenting, and in being painted in a different manner. They are, however, the exact portraits of the patterns chosen by the artists. So, with Bartolo, Alisa, and Asa, I have represented, in them at one time, the adventures of Marco and Isabella, at another, those of Livina, Mariade, and Paulina, and of Francesco, Giacomo, and Giovanni. But the facts have really happened to my certain knowledge, and of many of them I have been an eye-witness. For should I not be credulous, the world will not come to the conclusion that I have invented some well-known characters, to give to my story the most unimpeachable, I received in Vienna the most generous treatment for it, even when I mention those who would have thought would cover them with immortal glory, still they were not ashamed to come through fear of the future, others being afraid of their own past, or their fellow-citizens.

In the other hand, I was importuned by letters to be more severe against the persecutors who so cruelly subverted the peace and happiness of this land with eyes from their banishment, threaten

and to send to the authorities who were greatly offended that - which have persecuted me, and whom in connection with the principles which they entertain. I am the man who have so much band rush furiously upon my person and take it to be sure to be that another party besiege it, and to whom it is necessary to be ready. Finally arrived in the very heart of the matter, the danger at least, hazard their lives, while the latter, who were made the object of their

the authorities do not believe it: they are fully persuaded, they have done the necessary for all the wounds of this corrupt and gangrened state, by introducing a medium course between God and devil, between Catholicity and Protestantism."

They enjoy their notions and indulge in whims and changes, their hearts content! I cleave to the pillar that never varies, to the pillar of Eternal Truth, which is always the same, *heri et hodie et semper*.

Yet poor man, you have had your own trouble, no nevertheless, I have heard more than one say, absolutely:

'That the Jew was an infamous libel; a string of extravagant falsehoods, wherein you sought to give vent to your spleen. Some imagine, that you are a proud, haughty, untractable fellow; while others suppose you to be a busy-body, who meddles with every one's affairs, and pries into every secret, who intrudes his face into every house, into every hotel, and even into——' I had almost said it."

"He must be a hobgoblin, or some black spirit, and an attendant on the arch-fiend. . . . All favours and kindness on the part of my good friends, monsignore. But the truth is, if every one ventured out as little as I do, the world would be as solitary as the desert of Netria, or that of Thebais?"

The good man had scarcely parted with the prelate, when he saw a certain attorney hastening down the street after him, and looking daggers at him, cried out:

"Halloo, you Mr.! What will I call you?"

"To whom do you speak?" said the astonished author.

"To you, sir! yes, yes, to you, you Croatian! you enemy of Italy! here amidst these monuments of Roman glory and magnificence, why, I ask, did you offer such an insult to Italians, as to prefer the Croatsians before them?"

"Mildly, sir, if you please," replied the author. "You have certainly mistaken me for some other. I am an Italian, and I am proud of the name; I love Italy with the first love of my heart, and proclaim her as the greatest country in the world, the mistress of nations, the land of heroes, the cradle of science, and the patroness of all that is priceless in the arts——"

"What, you impudent fellow! Are you not the man who in that Jew of yours praised the Austrians, and made that Croatian Olga utter the vilest reproaches against the Italians?"

"If it be only for this, favour me with a short truce; listen to me for a few moments."

"But what can you say for yourself?"

"Why, I can say this, that in my description of battles, I have been accurate in every particular, and I have done even justice to the valour on both sides."

"But when you speak of the Austrians, your pen seemed to leap with joy."

"Just as it leaped in the hands of those journalists, when they drew the most disgusting picture of those same Austrians. After all, what did I say? Only that they were fine-looking men, wore splendid uniforms, and excelled in dexterity and ability in the use of their arms. I have not sold the reputation of Italy."

"But you make your Croatian say many things to the shame and confusion of Italy."

"She does not say more or less than what many of the demagogues have said, and still say through the press, in complaining of the divisions, the feuds, the hatred, and intestine quarrels, caused by the ambition, envy, and want of patriotism among the leaders of the

Italian revolutions. They cry out aloud that a corrupted people are not fit to enjoy liberty, the same which has been proclaimed by numerous writers, both of ancient and modern times."

"But death to the miserable wretch, who could say, 'That Italy could never be free, until she should become Croatian!'"

"Pardon me! In this she is more of a democrat than Mazzini; for Mazzini wished liberty without religion; whereas Olga wished to see religion, morality, justice, and sobriety, go hand in hand with liberty; and this is what she calls being a Croat. Tell me, is this correct?"

"You are totally wrong in putting this grave question in the mouth of a Croatian, to the great shame of Italy."

"Ah!—Reproach in the mouth of an enemy has always been a most pungent stimulus. I would wish to see an Olga at the ear of every demagogue in Italy."

The attorney, having thus given vent to his spleen, went on his way murmuring, leaving the author of the Jew, who thought he had got out of the scrape, cheap enough.

One day, the author had sat down to rest, in the neighbourhood of Santa Croce, when lo! two religious, who were taking their evening walk, accosted him, saying,—

"Oh, you make all the rascals die *in oculis Domini*! The hypocrite Polissena dies a St. Margaret; and your readers shed more tears at her death than they do over the angelic life of her sister *Ombellina*. *Alessandria*, at *Curtatone*, dies, kissing her crucifix; and how piously *Cestius* breathes his last! *Aser* dies clothed with his baptismal innocence; and even that wicked *Ursulina* is converted on her deathbed. Gracious goodness! This is as much as to say: 'Heap sin upon sin, and crime upon crime, during life, at your death they will be changed into so many beautiful and sweet-scented flowers.'"

"My dear fathers," replied the poor author, "deaths like these will never burden the world. Yet in the midst of such horrors, it is soothing to the Christian soul to see these strokes of Divine mercy; and believe me, they have a happy influence over the minds of the readers; and I know of several to whom they have been fruitful unto salvation; God be praised for it!"

"Truly, the death of *Babette* was represented to the letter; and it is the ordinary end of these fiends, who infest the world; we ourselves have seen many dying in a similar manner, in the hospitals."

"No doubt of it. I might relate things of those who were wounded at the *San Pancrazio* gate, and who afterwards died at the *Trinita de Pellegrini*, which would make the hair rise on one's head."

"But tell us, if we do not make too free, why did you soil your narrative with so many ugly words?"

"My reverend fathers, I confess that it may appear a fault; but my narrative moves through a fearful and horrid period, and I wished to portray, in some measure, the abominations which germinated in our midst; and that, too, from a civilization which boasts in words of its gentility, its courtesy, and its refinement, but which in deeds is more

savage, inhuman, and cruel, than any age that has passed over Italy. I shuddered myself in writing these things ; but I excuse myself in the words of Dante, that I spoke the language of the infernal regions, when I expressed the flowery sentiments of the regenerators' Italy."

The good friars took the excuse of the author, and moved off, apparently satisfied. Finally, as he was returning home, a troop of young men assailed and surrounded him in the road.

"What is it?" exclaimed the affrighted author. "What has happened? Mercy! What do you mean?"

"Yes, indeed! what do you mean? Is this the plight you leave people in? That poor Aser, we looked upon as the future husband of Alisa; and lo! you killed as a lion that sleeps in his lair! And that poor girl, what has become of her? Ah, you hard-hearted creature! To leave her there in a swoon in the seat of a carriage. This is really to make sport of your readers. Why did you not at least tell us what became of her? whether she became a Sister of Charity at Geneva, or whether she returned to Italy with her father?"

The ill-fated author, caught between the door and the wall, not knowing at once how to answer so many questions, finally said:—

"Sirs: Aser is dead, and how can I help it? Alisa fell into a swoon, was that any fault of mine? Have a little patience, and you may yet learn what became of her. She was so dear, so affectionate, and so pious. Oh, no indeed, she must not make her exit in a swoon! A person who is possessed of as much virtue as that good girl, knows, even in the greatest misfortune, how to preserve his mind undisturbed, and by raising it to God, to draw from the accomplishment of his Divine will, that comfort which the world knows not and cannot give. Continue to read, and you will hear again of both her and Bartolo. But the object of the Jew of Verona was to show Italy the perfidiousness of secret societies; to exhibit them in full light; to persuade the Italian youth, with the blessing of God, not to permit themselves to be caught in their snares, nor to be enticed by their allurements, nor deceived by their fallacious promises.

"My friends, the Jew has proclaimed it aloud, has risked his life, and has shown clearly to every unbiassed mind, that it is no longer time to flatter the public as to the intentions of secret associations. Therefore, he warns, exhorts, and entreats the brave and generous youth of Italy, through the love of parents, their country, and their souls, to flee and abhor those associations, as death and desolation."

As they were about to depart, one of the company turned and said:—

"Well, since you have commenced to speak of the fruits of secret societies, be not discouraged to continue the development of their works in Rome, at the time of the Republic; for if the preliminaries and preparation yielded so much, what may we not expect at the banquet itself? The great national feast of '47, at the villa of Bartolo, will be nothing when compared with it."

"You are right," replied the author. "That entertainment will dwindle into insignificance in comparison with the splendid feast of the Republic. The table will be spread on the great square of the

capital. In the midst of this table will rise, as a trophy, a colossal statue drawn by Don Pirlone. He will represent to us, Italy dressed in natural robes, with a plume flowing gracefully from her shoulder ; a brilliant star glitters upon her head ; with her left hand she gathers her robes upon her breast, and holds in her right a spacious watering-pot, with which she waters a great rose-bush. In the midst of this bush there towers aloft, mature and flaming, a RED CAP, the sovereign emblem of the Republic. The pot which sprinkles widely its contents on the precious stock of the Phrygian cap, bears on its side, in gilt letters : THE SWEAT AND BLOOD OF ITALY ! But Don Pirlone forgot to put there, the third honour, which is far more copious than either of the other two : THE TEARS OF ITALY ! ”

THE END.

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